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KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER X.

"It was just a very bonny ball," said Mary. "No, I was not disappointed at all. I danced with young Mr. Campbell of the Haigh, and once with old Glendochart, who is a very well-mannered man, though he is not so young as once he was."

"He was by far, and by far, the nicest there," cried Kirsteen with enthusiasm.

"For them that like an auld Joe," said Mary demurely. Kirsteen had no thought of "Joes" old or young, but she thought with pleasure that she had gained a friend.

"The Duke took me for his daughter —and oh! if there was such a person she would be a happy lass. Aunt Eelen, did you ever hear——"

Kirsteen cast a glance round and checked further question, for her father consuming a delicate Loch Fyne herring, with his attention concentrated on his plate, and Mary seated primly smiling over her scone, were not at all in sympathy with the tale she had been told last night. Miss Eelen, with the tray before her on which stood the teapot and teacups, peering into each to count the lumps of sugar she had placed there, did not appear much more congenial, though there were moments when the old lady showed a romantic side. No trace of the turban and feathers of last night was on her venerable head. She wore a muslin mutch, fine but not much different from those of the old wives in the cottages, with a broad black ribbon round it tied in a large bow on the top of her head; and her shoulders were enveloped in a warm tartan shawl pinned at the neck with a silver brooch. The fringes of the shawl had a way of getting entangled in the tray, and swept the teaspoons to the ground when she made an incautious movement; but nothing would induce Miss Eelen to resign the tea-making into younger hands.

"Did I ever hear?" she said. "I would like to know, Kirsteen Douglas, what it is I havena heard in my long pilgrimage of nigh upon seventy years. But there's a time for everything. If ye ask me at another moment I'll tell ye the whole story. Is it you, Drumcarro, that takes no sugar in your tea? No doubt you've had plenty in your time in yon dreadful West Indies where you were so long."

"What's dreadful about them?" said Drumcarro. "It's ignorance that makes ye say so. Ye would think ye were in paradise if ye were there."

"Oh, never with all those meeserable slaves!"

"You're just a set of idiots with your prejudices," said the Laird, who had finished his herrings and pushed away his plate. "Slaves, quo' she! There's few of them would change places, I can tell ye, with your crofters and such like that ye call free men."

"Ye were looking for something, father," said Mary.

"I'm looking for that mutton bone," said her father. "Fish is a fine thing; but there's nothing like a bit of butcher's meat to begin the day upon."

"It's my ain curing," said Miss Eelen. "Ye can scarcely call it butcher's meat, and it's just a leg of one of your own sheep, Drumcarro. Cry upon the lassie, Kirsteen, and she'll bring it ben in a moment. We're so used to womenfolk in this house, we just forget a man's appetite. I can recommend the eggs, for they're all our own laying. Two-three hens just makes all the difference in a house; ye never perceive their feeding, and there's aye a fresh egg for an occasion. And so you were pleased with your ball? I'm glad of it, for it's often not the case when lassies are young and have no acquaintance with the world. They expect ower much. They think they're to get all the attention like the heroines in thae foolish story-books. But that's a delusion that soon passes away. And then you're thankful for what you get, which is a far more wholesome frame of mind."

Kirsteen assented to this with a grave face, and a little sigh for the beautiful visions of ideal pleasure which she had lost.

But Mary bridled, and declared that all her expectations had been fulfilled. "I got a great deal of attention," she said, "and perhaps I had not such grand fancies as other folk."

"I have bidden Glendochart to come and see us at Drumcarro. Ye'll have to see to the spare cha'amer, and that he gets a good dinner," said Mr. Douglas. "Him and me we have many things in common. He's one of the best of his name, with a good record behind him—not to match with our auld Douglas line, but nothing to snuff at, and not far off the head of the house himsel'."

"You would be at the school together, Drumcarro," Miss Eelen said.

"No such a thing—he's twenty years younger than me," said Mr. Douglas angrily. "And I was at no schule, here or there, as ye might well mind."

"Twenty years! If there's ten between ye that's the most of it. There's no ten between ye. When I was a young lass in my teens John Campbell was a bit toddling bairn, and ye were little mair, Drumcarro. Na, na, ye need not tell me. If there's five, that's the most. Ye might have been at the schule together and nothing out of the common. But he's had none of the cares of a family, though maybe he has had as bad to bear; and a man that is not marriet has aye a younger look. I ken not why, for with women it's just the contrair."

"Mr. Campbell is a very personable man," said Mary. "I'm no judge of ages, but I would say he was just in middle life."

"It's but little consequence what you say," said her father roughly. "If Kirsteen was to express an opinion——"

Kirsteen's mind had a little wandered during this discussion. Glendochart's age appeared to this young woman a subject quite unimportant. He was of the age of all the fathers and old friends. Had she been a modern girl she would have said he was a darling, but no such liberties were taken in her day.

"And that I will," she said, "for we made friends though I've only seen him one night. He is just a man after my own heart," said Kirsteen with warmth, with a sigh at the thought of his sad story, and a rising colour which was due to the fact that her imagination had linked the idea of young Ronald with that of this old and delightful gentleman who had been what her young lover was—but born to a less happy fate.

"Well," said Drumcarro, "now ye've spoken, Kirsteen, ye've made no secret of your feelings; and, so far as I can judge, he has just as fine an opinion

of you. And if you give your attention to making him comfortable and let him see the mettle you're of, there is no saying what may happen. And it's not me that will put obstacles in the way."

"Drumcarro," cried Miss Eelen, "ye get credit for sense among your own kind, but if ever there was a donnered auld fool in affairs of a certain description! Cannot ye hold your tongue, man, and let things take their course? They will do that without either you or me."

Mr. Douglas had disposed of a great deal of the mutton ham. He had made a very good breakfast, and he felt himself free to retire from the table with a final volley. "If you think," he said, "that I am going to give up my mind to manage, as you womenfolks call it, and bring a thing about, and draw on the man and fleech the lassie, ye are just sair mistaken, Eelen. When I say a word in my house I'm accustomed to see it done, and no nonsense about it. If a man comes seeking that I approve of, it's my pleasure that he shall find what he's askin' for. I'll have no picking and choosing. Men are no so plenty, and lasses are just a drug in the market. You have never got a man yourself."

"The Lord be praised!" said Miss Eelen. "I would have broken his heart, or he would have broken mine. But I've kent them that would have married me, Niel Douglas, if it was for me or for my tocher I leave you to judge. I'm thankful to think I was never deceived for a moment," said the old lady with a nod which sent the black bow upon her head into a little convulsion of tremulous movement. "I name nae names," she said.

Drumcarro walked to the window discomfited, and turned his back upon the party, looking out upon the village street. To tell the truth he had forgotten that trifling incident in his life. To taunt a woman who has refused you with never having got a man is a little embarrassing, and his daughters exchanged astonished looks which he divined, though it took place behind his back. Their opinion did not interest him much, it is true, but the thought that they had discovered a humiliation in his past life filled him with rage, insignificant as they were. He stood there for a moment swallowing his fury; then, "There's the gig," he said, thankful for the diversion. "Ye'll better get on your things and get back to your work, and mind your mother and the concerns of the house instead of senseless pleasure. But it's just what I said, when ye begin that kind of thing there's no end to it. When the head's once filled with nonsense it's a business to get it out."

"Well, father," said Mary, "the ball's done, and there is no other coming if we were ever so anxious. So you need not be feared. It's a little uncivil to Auntie Eelen to rise up the moment we've swallowed our breakfast."

"Oh, dinna take me into consideration," said Miss Eelen. "Ye must do your father's bidding, and I'll never lay it to your charge. But you'll take a piece of yon fine seed cake to your mother, poor thing, and some of the bonny little biscuits that were round the trifle at the supper. I just put them in my pocket for her. It lets an invalid person see the way that things are done—and a wheen oranges in a basket. She has very little to divert her—though, poor thing, she has got a man."

Drumcarro did not appear to take any notice of this Parthian arrow, though he fumed inwardly. And presently the girls' preparations were made. The muslin dresses did not take up so much room as ball-dresses do nowadays, and had been carefully packed early in the morning in a box which was to go home by the cart in the afternoon. And they tied on their brown bonnets and fastened their cloth pelisses with an activity becoming young persons who were of so little account. To mount beside their father in the gig, squeezed

together in a seat only made for two persons, and in which he himself took an undiminished share, with a basket upon their knees, and several parcels at their feet, was not an unalloyed pleasure, especially as he gave vent to various threats of a vague description, and instantly stopped either daughter who ventured to say a word. But they had few pleasures in their life, and the drive home, even in these circumstances, was not without its compensations. The girls knew that every cottar woman who came out to the door to see them pass was aware that they had been at the ball at the Castle, and looked after them with additional respect. And even the shouting children who ran after the gig and dared a cut of Drumcarro's whip in their effort to hang on behind amused them, and gave them a feeling of pleased superiority. Coming home from the ball—it was perhaps the best part of it, after all. When they were drawing near the house their father made a speech to them which Kirsteen at least listened to without alarm but with much wonder. "Now," he said suddenly, as if adding a last word to something said before, "I will have no nonsense whatever you may think. If a man comes to my door that I approve, I'll have no denial thrown into his teeth. You're all ready enough when it's to your own fancy, but, by —— this time I'll make ye respect mine."

"What is it, father?" said Kirsteen with astonished eyes.

Mary gave her sister a smart poke with her elbow. "We'll wait till we're asked before we give any denial," she said.

"Ye shall give none whether or no," said Drumcarro, unreasonably it must be allowed; "but it's no you I'm thinking of," he added with contempt.

Kirsteen felt herself deficient in Mary's power of apprehension. It was not often that this was the case, but her sister had certainly the better of her now. There were, however, many things said by Drumcarro to which his family did not attach a great interest, and she took it for granted that this was one of the dark sayings and vague declarations in which, when he was out of humour, he was wont to indulge. Her heart was not overwhelmed with any apprehension when she jumped lightly down from the gig glad to escape from these objurgations and feeling the satisfaction of having news to tell, and a revelation to make to the eager household which turned out to the door to meet her: Marg'ret in the front with cap-ribbons streaming behind her and her white apron folded over her arm, and little Jeanie with her hair tumbled and in disorder, her mouth and her ears open for every detail, with one or two other heads in the background—they had never seen the Castle, these ignorant people, never been to a ball. The mortifications of the evening all melted away in the delight of having so much to tell. Certainly the coming home was the best; it brought back something of the roseate colour of the setting out. And what a world of new experiences and sensations had opened up before Kirsteen since yesterday. "Was it bonny?" said little Jeanie. "Did you see all the grand folk? Was it as fine as ye thought?" And then Mrs. Douglas's voice was heard from the parlour, "Come ben, come ben, this moment, bairns. I will not have ye say a word till ye're here." She was sitting up with a delicate colour in her cheeks, her eyes bright with anticipation. "Now just begin at the beginning and tell me everything," she said. Certainly the best of it was the coming home.

Mary gave her little narrative with great composure and precision, though it surprised her sister. "Everybody was just very attentive," she said. "It was clear to be seen that the word had been passed who we are. It was young Mr. Campbell of the Haigh that took me out at the first, but I just could not count them. They were most ceevil. And once I saw young Lord John looking very hard at me, as

if he would like to ask me, but there was no person to introduce him. And so that passed by."

"Oh, Mary, I wish ye had danced with a lord and a duke's son," cried little Jeanie, clapping her hands.

"Well, he was no great dancer," said Mary. "I liked the young laird of the Haigh far better, and even old Glendochart—but he was Kirsteen's one."

"He was the nicest of all," cried Kirsteen. "But, Jeanie, ye should have seen all the bonnie ladies with their diamonds like sparks of light. You would have thought the Duchess had stars on her head—all glinting as they do in a frosty sky—and a circle about her neck that looked just like the King's Ellwand,[1] but far more of them. It's not like stones or things out of the earth, as folks say. It's like wearing little pieces of light."

"Oh, I wish I had seen them," said Jeanie.

"Whisht, whisht. I've seen diamonds many a time, but I never thought them like pieces of light. They're more like bits of glass, which I have seen just as bonny. And who was it you danced with most, Kirsteen? You have not given us a list like Mary."

"I danced with Glendochart," said Kirsteen, looking down a little. "I stood a long time just looking about me. When you are dancing you cannot see the rest of the ball, and it was very bonny. Glendochart took me into the tea-room and showed me all the pictures and things."

"But Lord John never looked in that fixed way at you?"

"No," said Kirsteen very shortly, perceiving that it was inexpedient to repeat the little episode of Lord John.

"Then ye were not so much taken notice of as Mary?" cried Jeanie with disappointment.

"But she spoke to the Duke—or at least he spoke to Glendochart when Kirsteen was on his arm—and there was Lady Chatty that made great friends with her," said Mary with benevolence, not to leave her sister quite in the background. But there was a momentary pause of disappointment, for they all felt that Lady Chatty was not so suggestive—had not in her name so many possibilities as Lord John.

"I hear of nothing but Glendochart," said Mrs. Douglas; "if he is the man I mind upon, he will be the same age as your father; and what was he doing dancing and hanging about the like of you, a man at his time of life?"

Mary gave a little laugh, and repeated, "He was Kirsteen's one."

"What is the meaning of that, Kirsteen?"

"The meaning of it is that Glendochart, though he is old, is a real gentleman," said Kirsteen; "and he saw that we were strangers and neglected, and nobody looking the way we were on—"

At this there was an outcry that drowned the rest of the sentence. Strangers, the daughters of Drumcarro!—neglected when Mary had just said how attentive everybody had been! "You are just in one of your ill keys, Kirsteen," said her mother.

"No," said Mary, "but she's looking for him to-morrow: for my father has asked him, and she is feared you will not like him when ye see him. But my opinion is, though he is old, that he is still a very personable man."

CHAPTER XI.

A FEW days afterwards Glendochart appeared at Drumcarro riding a fine horse, and dressed with great care, in a custom very different from the rough and ill-made country clothes to which the family were accustomed. Jock and Jeanie who had come home from school rushed emulously to take the horse to the stable, and the household was stirred to its depths with the unaccustomed sensation of a visitor, a personage of importance bringing something of the air of the great world with him. He was conducted to the

[1] The belt of Orion.

Laird's room by Marg'ret herself, much interested in the stranger—and there remained for a short time to the great curiosity of the family, all of whom were engaged in conjectures as to what was being said within those walls, all but Kirsteen, who, being as it appeared most closely concerned, had as yet awakened to no alarm on the subject, and assured her mother quietly that there was nothing to be fluttered about, "For he is just very pleasant, and makes you feel at home, and like a friend," she said. Mrs. Douglas had come down to the parlour earlier than usual in expectation of this visit. She had put on her best cap; and there was a little fresh colour of excitement in her cheeks. "But what will he be saying to your father?" she said. "Sitting so long together, and them so little acquainted with each other." "Oh, but they were at the school together, and at the ball they were great friends," replied Kirsteen. She was the only one about whom there was no excitement. She sat quite cheerfully over her work "paying no attention", as Mary said.

"Why should I pay attention? I will just be very glad to see him," replied Kirsteen. "He is just the kind of person I like best."

"Whisht, Kirsteen, whatever you may feel ye must not go just so far as that."

"But it's true, mother, and why should I not go so far? He's a very nice man. If he had daughters they would be well off. He is so kind, and he sees through you, and sees what you are thinking of."

"You must not let him see what you are thinking of, Kirsteen!"

"Why not?" she said, glancing up with candid looks. But after a moment a vivid colour came over Kirsteen's milk-white forehead. Then a smile went over it like a sudden ray of sunshine. "I would not be feared," she cried, "for he would understand." She was thinking of his own story which he had told her, and of the one who was like him, away in a far distant country. How well he would understand it! and herself who was waiting, more faithful than the poor lady who had not waited long enough. Oh, but that should never be said of Kirsteen!

Presently the two gentlemen were seen to be walking round the place, Drumcarro showing to his visitor all that there was to show in the way of garden and stables and farm offices, which was not much. But still this was the right thing for one country gentleman to do to another. The ladies watched them from the window not without an acute sense of the shortcomings of the place, and that there was no horse in the stable that could stand a moment's comparison with Mr. Campbell of Glendochart's beautiful beast. Drumcarro was a house in the wilds, standing on a grassy bank without so much as a flower plot near, or any "grounds" or "policy", or even garden to separate and enclose it, and a sense of its shabbiness and poverty came into the minds of all, instinctively, involuntarily. "If that's what he's thinking of he will never mind," Mrs. Douglas said under her breath. "Whisht, mother," said Mary. Kirsteen did not even ask Mary what her mother meant. Mrs. Douglas indeed said a great many things that meant little or nothing, but this did not quite explain the fatal unconsciousness of the girl upon whose preoccupied ear all these warnings seemed to fall in vain.

The dinner had been prepared with more than usual care, and Marg'ret herself carried in several of the dishes in order to make a further inspection of the visitor. She had not been precisely taken into anybody's confidence, and yet she knew very well that he had come more or less in the capacity of a suitor, and that Drumcarro's extreme politeness and the anxiety he displayed to please and propitiate the stranger were not for nothing. Marg'ret said to herself that if it had been anybody but the laird, she would have thought it

was a question of borrowing money, but she knew that Drumcarro would rather die than borrow, with a horror and hatred not only of debt but of the interest he must have had to pay. So it could not be that; nor was the other gentleman who was so well preserved, so trim, "so weel put on", at all like a money-lender. It became clear to her, as she appeared in the dining-room at intervals, what the real meaning was. Glendochart had been placed next to Kirsteen at table, and when he was not disturbed by the constant appeals of Drumcarro, he talked to her with an evident satisfaction which half flattered, half disgusted the anxious spectator. He was a real gentleman, and it was a compliment to Miss Kirsteen that a man who had no doubt seen the world and kings' courts and many fine places should distinguish her so—while on the other hand the thought was dreadful that, in all her bloom of youth, Kirsteen should be destined to a man old enough to be her father. As old as her father! and she so blooming and so young. But Marg'ret was perhaps the only one in the party who thought so. The others were all excited by various interests of their own, which might be affected by this union between January and May. Mrs. Douglas, with that fresh tint of excitement on her cheeks, was wholly occupied by the thought of having a married daughter near her, within her reach, with all the eventualities of a new household to occupy and give new interest to life; and Mary with a sense that her sister's house to visit, in which there would be plenty of company and plenty of money, and opportunity of setting herself forth to the best advantage, would be like a new existence. The young ones did not know what it was that was expected to happen, but they too were stirred by the novelty and the grand horse in the stable, and Glendochart's fine riding-coat and silver-mounted whip. Kirsteen herself was the only one unexcited and natural. There was little wonder that Glendochart liked her to talk to him. She was eager to run out with him after dinner, calling to little Jeanie to come too to show him the den, as it was called, where the burn tumbled over successive steps of rock into a deep ravine, throwing up clouds of spray. She took care of the old gentleman with a frank and simple sense that it was not he but she who was the best able to guide and guard the other, and used precautions to secure him a firm footing among the slippery rocks without a single embarrassing thought of that change of the relationship between old and young which is made by the fictitious equality of a possible marriage. Far, very far were Kirsteen's thoughts from anything of the kind. She felt very tenderly towards him because of the tragedy he had told her of, and because he had gone away like Ronald, and had trusted in some one less sure to wait than herself. The very sight of Glendochart was an argument to Kirsteen, making her more sure that she never could waver, nor ever would forget.

When they came back from this expedition to the dish of tea which was served before the visitor set out again, Mrs. Douglas exerted herself to fill out the cups, a thing she had not been known to do for years. "Indeed," she said, "I have heard of nothing but Mr. Campbell since they came back from the ball: it has been Glendochart this and Glendochart that all the time, and it would ill become me not to show my gratitude. For I'm but a weak woman, not able myself to go out with my daughters; and they are never so well seen to, Mr. Campbell, when they are without a mother's eye."

Drumcarro uttered a loud "Humph!" of protest when this bold principle was enunciated; but he dared not contradict his wife, or laugh her to scorn in the presence of a visitor so particular and precise.

"You might trust these young ladies, madam," said Glendochart gallantly, "in any company without

fear; for their modest looks would check any boldness, whatever their beauty might call forth."

This was still the day of compliments, and Glendochart was an old beau and had the habits of his race.

"Oh, you are very kind," said Mrs. Douglas, her faint colour rising, her whole being inspired. "If gentlemen were all like you, there would be little reason for any uneasiness; but that is more than we can expect, and to trust your bairns to another's guidance is always a very heavy thought."

"Madam, you will soon have to trust them to the guidance of husbands, there can be little doubt."

"But that's very different: for then a parent is free of responsibility," said the mother, rising to the occasion; "that is just the course of nature. And if they are so happy as to chance upon good, serious, God-fearing men."

"Let us hope," said Glendochart, not without a glance at Kirsteen, "that your bonny young misses will be content with that sober denomination; but they will no doubt add for themselves, young and handsome and gay."

"No, no," Mrs. Douglas said, led away by enthusiasm, "you will hear no such wishes out of the mouths of lassies of mine."

"Let them answer for themselves," said Drumcarro, "they're old enough: or maybe they will wait till they're asked, which would be the wisest way. Glendochart, I am very sorry to name it, and if ye would take a bed with us, I would be most pleased. But if you're determined to go to-day, I must warn ye the days are short and it's late enough to get daylight on the ford."

"If ye would take a bed—" Mrs. Douglas repeated.

The visitor protested that he was much obliged but that he must go. "But I will take your permission to come again," he said, "and my only fear is that you will see too much of me, for there are strong temptations here."

"Ye cannot come too often nor stay too long; and the more we see of you, the more we will be pleased," said the mistress of the house. And the girls went out to see him mount his horse, which the boys had gone to fetch from the stable. Never was a visitor more honoured. A third person no doubt might have thought the welcome excessive and the sudden interest in so recent an acquaintance remarkable. But no one, or at least very few are likely to consider themselves and the civilities shown to them in the same light as an impartial spectator would do. It seems always natural that friends new or old should lavish civilities upon ourselves. Glendochart rode away with a glow of pleasure. He was not at all afraid of the ford, dark or light. He was as safe in his saddle as he ever had been, and had no fear of taking cold or getting damp. He feared neither rheumatism nor bronchitis. He said to himself, as he trotted steadily on, that fifty-five was the prime of life. He was a little over that golden age, but not much, nothing to count; and if really that bonny Kirsteen with her Highland bloom, and her fine spirits, and her sense— It was a long time since that tragedy of which he had told her. Perhaps, as his Grace had said, it was never too late.

"Ye havering woman," said Drumcarro to his wife, "you are just like your silly kind. I would not wonder if going so fast ye had not just frightened the man away."

"I said nothing but what ye said I was to say," said Mrs. Douglas, still strong in her excitement; "and it was never me that began it, and if him and you are so keen, it's not for me to put obstacles in the way."

Drumcarro stood for a moment astonished that his feeble wife should venture to indulge in a personal effort even when it was in his own aid: then he gave a shrug of his shoulders.

"A man knows when to speak and when to refrain from speaking," he said; "but you womenfolk, like gabbling geese ye can never keep still if once you have anything to cackle about."

CHAPTER XII.

ALL this time, strange to say, Kirsteen took no fright about old Glendochart whom she had calmly set down, as is not unusual at her age, upon the footing of a man of eighty or so, an old, old gentleman to whom she could be as kind as her friendly young soul dictated, giving him her hand to lead him down the rough road to the linn, and feeling with her foot if the stones were steady before she let him trust his weight to them. It had been quite natural to come out to the door to see him mount and ride away, to stroke and pat the shining well-groomed horse, who looked as great an aristocrat as his master beside the sober and respectable matron Mally, who drew the gig and sometimes the cart, and had carried barebacked all the children at once as carefully as if she had been their mother. Kirsteen was even pleased with the sense that she herself was Glendochart's favourite, that he had talked more to her than to any one, perhaps even had come to see her rather than the rest, with the pleasant partiality of an old friend. To be preferred is delightful to everybody, and especially to a girl who has had little petting in her life. It was an exhilarating consciousness, and she took the little jibes that flew about in the family and the laugh of Mary and the shout of the boys with perfect good humour. Yes, very likely Glendochart liked her best. He was a true gentleman, and he had seen her standing neglected and had come to her help. But for him the ball, if indeed always an experience and a fine sight, would have left only a sting in Kirsteen's mind instead of the impression bitter-sweet which it had produced. If she were glad now that she had gone, and pleased with the sight and the fact of having been there, it was to Glendochart chiefly that the credit was due. She had taken him into her heart warmly in the position of an old friend, an old kind and true gentleman whom she would always run to meet and brighten to see. In this easy state of mind, pleased with him and even better pleased with herself because of his liking for her, she received calmly all the family jests, quite satisfied that they were true.

Glendochart became a frequent visitor. He would ride over, or sometimes drive over, in a high gig much better appointed than the old gig at Drumcarro, saying that he had come "to his dinner" or to eat one of Marg'ret's scones, or to see how they all were this cold weather. And he would permit Jock to drive the gig for a mile or two to the boy's delight, though it took all the strength of his young wrists to hold in the horse. Once even upon a great occasion Glendochart managed to persuade Drumcarro, who was ready to attend to all his suggestions, to bring the girls to a great hurling-match, at which—for he was a master of the game—he himself appeared to great advantage and not at all like the old, old gentleman of Kirsteen's thoughts. And when the New Year came he brought them all "fairings", beautiful boxes of sweets such as had never been seen in the Highlands, and gloves wonderful to behold, which he begged Mrs. Douglas's permission to offer to her daughters. These visits and his pleasant ways, and the little excitement of his arrival from time to time, and the hurling-match which afforded a subject of conversation for a long time, and the little presents, all quickened existence at Drumcarro, and made life more pleasant for all concerned. Kirsteen had taken him by this time for many a walk to the edge of the linn, springing down before him, by the side of the waterfall, to point

out which of the stepping-stones were safe to trust to.

"Put your foot here, and it is quite steady, but take care of that moss, Glendochart, for it's very soft, and I've nearly sunk into it," she would call to him stopping in mid-descent, her young voice raised clear above the roar of the water, and her hand held out to help. If there was one thing that fretted the elderly suitor it was this, and sometimes he would make a spring to show his agility, not always with successful results. "You see you should do as I bid you," said Kirsteen gravely, helping him to get up on one such occasion, "and let me try first whether it will bear you or not."

"I will always do as you bid me," said the old gentleman, trying to look younger and younger and as if he did not mind the fall at all; "but it is my part to take care of you, and not you of me."

"Oh no, not when the moss is so wet and the stones so shoogly," Kirsteen said.

All this was very pretty fooling; but Drumcarro was not the man to be kept hanging upon the chances of a propitious moment when it might please the wooer to make the leap. The additional cheerfulness of the household did not extend to him. He became very tired of Glendochart's "daidling", and of the over-delicacy of his attentions. His eyes grew fiery and his grizzled eyebrows menacing. He would come into the parlour where the visitor was making himself very agreeable, keeping up the pleasantest conversation, paying compliments to Mrs. Douglas (whose health had greatly improved at this period), and with a devotion which was half fatherly, though he had no such intention, distinguishing Kirsteen who was always pleased to think that he liked her best. Drumcarro would come in with his hands thrust into the depths of his pockets, and his shoulders up to his ears. "Are ye not tired yet of the weemen, Glendochart? Weel, I would not sit there phrasin' and smilin', not for a king's ransom." "Perhaps, my friend, I'm getting more than any king's ransom, for what could buy such kind looks?" the old beau would reply. And then Drumcarro, with an oath muttered under his breath, would fling out again, not concealing his impatience, "I cannot put up with such daidling!" Whether Glendochart understood, or whether his host took the matter into his own hands, never was known by the female portion of the household. But one morning shortly after the New Year, Glendochart having paid a long visit on the day before, Kirsteen received a most unexpected summons to attend her father in his own room.

"My father wants to speak to me! You are just sending me a gowk's errand," she said to Jock who brought the message.

"It's no a gowk's errand. It's just as true as death," said Jock. "He sent me hissel'."

"And what can he want to say to me in his own room?" cried Kirsteen.

"He did not tell me what he wanted to say; but I can guess what it is," said Jock.

"And so can I," said Jeanie.

"What is it, ye little mischief?" cried Kirsteen. "I have done nothing. I have a conscience void of offence, which is more than you can say."

Upon this they both gave vent to a burst of laughter loud and long.

"It's about your auld Joe, Kirsteen. It's about Glendochart," they cried in concert.

"About Glendochart?—he is just my great friend, but there is no harm in that," she cried.

"Oh, Kirsteen, just take him, and I'll come and live with ye," said Jeanie.

"And I'll come," added Jock encouragingly, "whenever we have the play."

"Take him!" said Kirsteen. She bade them with great dignity to hold their tongues and went to her father's room with consternation in her breast.

Mr. Douglas was sitting over his newspaper with the air of being very much absorbed in it. It was no less than a London paper, a copy of the Times which Glendochart had brought, which had been sent to him from London with the news of the escape of Boney, news that made Drumcarro wild to think that Jock was but fourteen and could not be sent off at once with such chances of promotion as a new war would bring. He had given the lad a kick with a "Useless monkey! Can ye not grow a little faster;" as Jock had clattered up to bed in his country shoes the previous night. But he was not reading, though he pretended still to be buried in the paper when Kirsteen came in. He took no notice of her till she had been standing for a minute before him repeating, "Did you want me, father?" when he looked up, as if surprised.

"Oh, you're there. I calculated ye would take an hour to come."

"Jock said you wanted to speak to me, father."

"And so I did—but you might have had to put your gown on, or to brush your hair or something—for anything I knew."

"I never do that at this time of the day."

"Am I to mind your times of day? Kirsteen, I have something to say to you."

"So Jock told me, father."

"Never mind what Jock told ye. It is perhaps the most serious moment of all your life; or I might say it's the beginning of your life, for with the care that has been taken of ye, keepit from the cold and shadit from the heat, and your meat provided and everything you could require—the like of you doesn't know what life is as long as ye bide in your father's house."

Kirsteen's heart gave a throb of opposition, but she did not say or scarcely think that this position of blessedness had never been hers. She was not prepared to blaspheme her father's house.

"Well! now that's all changed, and ye'll have to think of acting for yourself. And ye are a very lucky lass, chosen before your sister, who is the eldest, and according to the law of Laban—— But I think he was too particular. What the deevil maittered which of them was to go first so long as he got them both safe off his hands?"

"I have no light," said Kirsteen with suppressed impatience, "as to what you're meaning, father!"

"Oh, ye have no light! Then I'll give ye one, and a fine one, and one that should make ye thankful to me all your days. I've settled it all with Glendochart. I thought he was but a daidlin' body, but that was in appearance, not in reality. He's just very willing to come to the point."

Kirsteen said nothing, but she clasped her hands before her with a gesture which was Marg'ret's, and which had long been known to the young people as a sign of immovable determination. She did not adopt it consciously, but with the true instinct of hereditary action, an impulse so much misrepresented in later days.

"Very willing," said Drumcarro, "to come to the point; and all the settlements just very satisfactory. Ye will be a lucky woman. Ye're to have Glendochart estates for your life, with remainder, as is natural, to any family there may be; and it's a very fine downsitting, a great deal better house than this, and a heap of arable land. And ye're to have——"

"For what am I to have all this, father?" said Kirsteen in a low voice with a tremble in it, but not of weakness.

"For what are ye to have it?" He gave a rude laugh. "For yourself I suppose I must say, though I would think any woman dear at the price he's willing to pay for ye."

"And what does Glendochart want with me?" said Kirsteen with an effort to steady her voice.

"Ye fool! But you're not the fool ye pretend to be. I cannot wonder

that you're surprised. He wants to mairry ye," her father said.

Kirsteen stood with her hands clasped, her fine figure swayed in spite of her with a wave of agitation, her features moving. "Glendochart!" she said. "Father, if he has friends ye should warn them to keep him better and take care of him, and not let him be a trouble to young women about the country that never did any harm to him."

"Young women," said Drumcarro, "there is not one I ever heard of except yourself, ye thankless jaud!"

"One is plenty to try to make a fool of," said Kirsteen.

"I would like to see him make a fool of one belonging to me. Na, it's the other way. But that's enough of this nonsense," he added abruptly; "it's all settled. Ye can go and tell your mother. He's away for a week on business, and when he comes back ye'll settle the day. And let it be as soon as possible, that we may be done wi't. It's been as much as I could do to put up with it all this time. Now let any man say I've done much for my sons and little for my daughters!" said Drumcarro, stretching his arms above his head with the gesture of fatigue. "I've got them their commissions and outfit and all for less trouble than it has cost me to get one of you a man!" He yawned ostentatiously and rubbed his eyes, then opening them again to see Kirsteen still standing in the same attitude before him he gave vent to a roar of dismissal. "G'away with ye. Go and tell your mother. I've said all I have to say."

"But I have something more to say," said Kirsteen. "I'll not marry Glendochart. It's just been a mistake, and I'm sorry, but——"

"You'll not mairry Glendochart! Ye shall marry whatever man I choose for ye."

"No, father!" said Kirsteen clasping her hands more closely.

"No!" he said, pushing back his chair. He was honestly astonished, taken completely by surprise. "No! Lord, but ye shall though when I say it. And what ails ye at Glendochart? And him running after ye like a fool the whole winter, and nothing but pleasant looks for him till now."

"I'm very sorry," repeated Kirsteen. "I'm very sorry—I never, never thought of that. He's an old man, and it seemed all kindness, to one as much as another. Oh, I'm sorry, father. Tell him, I would not have vexed him for the world."

"I'll tell him no such thing. I'll tell him ye're very proud and pleased, as sets ye better; and I'll take you to Glasgow to buy your wedding-gown." He said this with an attempt at seduction, perhaps a little startled by the first idea that to subdue Kirsteen by violence would not be so easy as he thought.

"Father, you're meaning it for great kindness; but oh, if ye would just understand! I cannot marry Glendochart. I could not if there was no other man."

"It is just Glendochart ye shall marry, and no other. It's all settled. You have nothing more to do with it but what I've promised and fixed for ye."

"No, father——"

"But I say yes," he said, bringing down his clenched fist on the table with a noise that made the windows ring.

"It cannot be settled without me," said Kirsteen, growing first red and then pale, but standing firm.

"You're not of the least importance," he said, foam flying from his lips. "What are ye? A creature of no account. A lass that has to obey her father till she gets a man, and then to obey him. Say what ye like, or do what ye like, it will never alter a thing I've fixed upon; and of that ye may be as sure as that you stand there. G'away to your mother, and tell her it's to be soon, in a month or so, to get done with it—for I've made up my mind."

Kirsteen stood silent for a moment,

not daunted but bewildered, feeling with a force which no girl in her situation would now recognize the helplessness of her position, not a creature to take her part, seeing no outlet. She burst forth suddenly when a new idea occurred to her. "I will speak to him myself! He is a good man, he will never hold me to it. I will tell him——"

"If ye say a word to him," cried Drumcarro rising from his chair and shaking his clenched hand in her face, "one word! I'll just kill ye where ye stand! I'll drive ye from my doors. Neither bit nor sup more shall ye have in this house. Ye may go and tramp from door to door with a meal-pack on your shoulder."

"I would rather do that," cried Kirsteen, "far rather than make a false promise and deceive a good man. Oh, father, I'll do anything ye bid me. I'll be your servant, I'll ask for nothing; but dinna, dinna do this! for I will not marry Glendochart, not if you were to kill me, not if you were to turn me from the door."

"Hold your peace, ye lang-tongued ——ye shall do what I bid you, that and nothing else."

"No, father, no, father!" cried Kirsteen trembling; "I will not—for nothing in the world."

"Go out of my sight," he cried, "and hold your tongue. Away this moment! Ye shall do just what I say."

"Father——"

"None of your fathers to me. Get out of my sight, and make yourself ready to do what I tell ye. It shall be in a fortnight. That's all you shall make by your rebellion. Not another word, or I'll turn you out of my house."

Kirsteen retired as he made a step towards her with his hands raised to her shoulders, to put her out. His fiery eyes, the foam that flew from his lips, the fury of his aspect frightened her. She turned and fled from the room without any further attempt to speak.

CHAPTER XIII.

KIRSTEEN rushed out of the house with the instinct of passion, to shake off all restraint, to get into the free air, where an oppressed bosom might get breath. She flew like a hunted deer, flashing past the window where Mary, sitting at her seam, saw her hurried escape and divined more or less what was the meaning of it.

"Who's that?" said Mrs. Douglas, conscious of the flying shadow.

"It's Kirsteen, and my father will have told her, and she's just beside herself."

"Beside herself!" said the mother tranquilly over her knitting. "She may well be that; for who would have thought of such a prospect for the like of her, at her age." Mary was not so sure that the agitation was that of joy, but she said nothing. And Kirsteen was out of sight in a moment, darting by.

She went towards the linn, without knowing why. The stream was strong with the winter floods, and the roar of it as it poured down the rocky cleft was enough to make all voices inaudible, and to deaden more or less even the sound of one's thoughts buzzing in one's head with the passion and the sweep of them, themselves like a hurrying stream. Kirsteen fled as to a covert to the "den," down which this passionate rivulet, swollen into a torrent, stormed and poured, flinging its spray over the wet and spongy turf into which her feet sank. She cared nothing for this in the absorption of her excitement, and flung herself down upon that damp slope, feeling the spray on her forehead and the roar of the water in her ears as a sort of relief from herself. Her feelings had been like to burst her heart and her brain together as she flew along, like some struggling things shut up in a space too narrow for them. She could not get her breath nor contain the hurry and confusion of her own being. But in that damp retreat where nobody would be likely to pursue her, where she could

scarcely even hear the thumping of her own heart nor any voice calling her, nor be subject to interruption of any kind, Kirsteen after a moment began to come to herself. The shock, the fright, the horror quieted a little; her mind became accustomed, as it does so rapidly, to the new alarm, to the frightful danger which had suddenly revealed itself. It was a danger which Kirsteen had not expected or foreseen. She had very well understood when she pledged herself to wait for Ronald what that meant. It was in all the traditions of romance with which she was acquainted—not waiting relieved by constant communication, and with a certain distinct boundary, but silent, unbroken, perhaps for life, certainly for years. In the beginning at least such a visionary burden may be taken up with enthusiasm, and Kirsteen had been proud of it and of the deep secret of which there was nothing to tell, which was in spirit alone, with no bond to be displayed in the sight of men. But it had never occurred to her that she might be bidden to foreswear herself as she said, that she might have to struggle against all about her for the right to keep her vow. This danger had never appeared before her as a possibility. She had not thought of any wooer, nor had any such presented himself to her consciousness. Without warning, without thought of precaution or self-defence, the danger had come.

To marry Glendochart: Glendochart—there burst through Kirsteen's distressful thoughts a sudden picture of the old gentleman descending the side of the linn guided by her hand, the safe places selected for him; and then his little plunge, his slip, her cry, "Oh, Glendochart, you have hurt yourself!" and there burst from her in the midst of her trouble an irrepressible laugh, which rang into the roar of the linn and went down with it into the depths echoing among all the rocks. Kirsteen had been ashamed to laugh when that accident happened for fear of hurting his feelings, but all the ludicrousness of the incident burst upon her now. He had got so red, poor old gentleman! he had seized upon a thorn bush to pull him up, rather than take her hand. He had said that it was nothing, nothing, though her keen young senses, compunctious of their own perceptions, had seen how he limped up the bank again. She had not dared to offer her support any more than to laugh, seeing it hurt his feelings. And it was because he wanted to marry her, her—Kirsteen, troth-plighted to her own lad—and him as old as her father. Oh, for shame, for shame!

That laugh did Kirsteen good. It liberated her soul; she escaped as from the hand of fate and became able to think. And then a wild anger swept over her mind against her father, who wanted nothing but to get her, as he said, off his hands, and against Glendochart for daring to think that she would take him, an old, old man. All the sense of his kindness disappeared in this illumination as to his motives: indeed the more Kirsteen esteemed him before, the more she despised and hated him now. She thought of auld Robin Gray, but that was too good for him. The old, ill man, to tell her a story of faithfulness and make her cry and mix him up in her mind with Ronald and her own love, and then to betray her, and want to marry her,—doubly faithless, to her that died for him, and to Kirsteen that had wept for him! It was for constancy and pity and true love that the girl had been so sorry, so touched in her heart, so wishful to please him and make him smile. And now to turn upon her, to try to tear her from her own lad, to make her mansworn! There was nothing that was too bad for him, the old ill man! Kirsteen saw herself stand before him indignant, her eyes flashing with injured honour and a sense of wrong.

But then suddenly all this sustaining force of anger went from her as Glendochart's kind and gentle face so full of feeling came before her imagination. Oh, he knew better than that! If she could but speak to him, and

tell him! perhaps show him that little blue Testament, whisper to him that there was One—away with his regiment, fighting for the King, like Glendochart himself, like the story he had told her! Tears filled Kirsteen's eyes. Her father might be dour and hard, but Glendochart would understand. It was just his own story; he would never let her break her heart and die on her wedding-day like his own lass. Oh, no! oh, no! he would never do that. He would never let it happen twice, and all for him. With a quick gleam of her imagination, Kirsteen saw herself in her white wedding-gown, lying at his feet, the second bride that had burst her heart! Oh, no! oh, no! Glendochart would never do that: the tears streamed from Kirsteen's eyes at the thought, but her quivering mouth smiled with generous confidence. No, no! She had only to speak to Glendochart and all would be well.

But then came her father's threat, his blazing fiery eyes, his hand clenched and shaken in her face, the fury of his outcry: "I'll just kill ye where ye stand—I'll put you to the door." Kirsteen remembered Anne, and her soul sank. Anne had a husband to take care of her, she had a house, wherever it was; but Kirsteen would have nothing. And what would become of her if she were put to the door? Where would she go to find a shelter? Another grotesque vision—but not so grotesque to her imagination—of the poor beggar-woman with a meal-pack on her shoulder which her father had evoked, flitted before her mind. No, she would not be like that. She would take care of bairns, or keep a house, or even make muslin gowns like Miss Macnab. There were plenty of things she could do!—it would be long, long before she need come to the meal-pack. But then there burst over Kirsteen's mind another revelation: the shame of it! She, a Douglas—one of the old Douglases, that had been the lords of the whole land, not only of poor Drumcarro—a gentlewoman of as good blood as the Duchess or any grand lady, and one that could not be hidden or made to appear as if she were a common person! And the scandal of it, to open up the house and all its concerns to ill talk—to make it open to all the world to say that Drumcarro was an ill father, and the house a cruel house, or that the Douglas lassies were not what ladies should be, but lightheaded and ill-conducted, rebels against their own kith and kin. This was the most terrible thought of all. The others seemed to open up a way of escape, but this closed the door; it is an ill bird that files its own nest. How could Kirsteen do that? shame her family so that even Sandy and Nigil and Charlie and Donald in India, even little Robbie, should hear of it and think shame—so that *he* should hear that Kirsteen had let herself be talked about? so that Drumcarro should be lightly spoken of and all its secrets laid bare? This new suggestion brought back all the passion and the confusion that the influence of the air and the freedom out of doors, and the quiet time to think had calmed down. To endure is always possible if you set your heart to do it, whatever happens; but to shame and to expose your own house!

"Where have ye been, Kirsteen?" said Mrs. Douglas. "I never saw a person like you for running out when you're most wanted. You should not take your walks in the forenoon when we're all at work."

"Did you want me, mother? I was not fit to sit down to my work. I had a—buzzing in my head."

"'Deed I think ye have always a buzzing in your head. Sometimes I speak to ye three times before ye answer me."

"She's uplifted with her prospects," said Mary, "and no wonder. I think ye should excuse her this day."

Mary intended to be very kind to Kirsteen. She had made up her mind to be a very frequent visitor at her sister's house.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Douglas, "that may be true enough; but I think she might have come and told me the

news herself, instead of letting me find it out through your father—not that I had not judgment enough to see what was coming this many a day."

Kirsteen was still trembling with the results of her self-argument at the linn—which indeed had come to no result at all save the tremor in her frame and the agitation in her heart. She had knelt down by her mother's side to wind the wool for which it appeared Mrs. Douglas had been waiting, and she was not prepared with any reply.

"She doesn't seem to have much to say to us now, mother," said Mary.

"Kirsteen, you should not be so proud. You will be a finer lady than ever your mother was, with a carriage and horses of your own, and no doubt everything that heart can desire; for an auld man is far more silly than a young one."

Kirsteen gave the wool a jerk which tangled it wildly. "Mother, I just wonder what you are all havering about," she said.

"Kirsteen, I'm well used to rude speaking," cried the mother, ready to cry at a moment's notice; "but not from my own bairns."

"Oh, mother, I beg your pardon. It was not you that was havering. Dinna speak to me, for I cannot bear it. My heart is just like to break."

"With pleasure!" said Mary in her soft tones.

Kirsteen darted a glance of fire at her calm sister, but turned nervously to her occupation again and answered nothing. She had enough to do with her yarn which, in sympathy with her confused thoughts, had twisted itself in every possible way and refused to be disentangled. Her mother remarked the tremor of her hands.

"Ye have got the hank into a terrible tangle, and what are ye trembling at, Kirsteen—is it the cold?"

"I'm not trembling, mother," said Kirsteen.

"Do ye think I am blind or doited and cannot see? Na, I'm a weak woman, sore held down with many infirmities; but I'm thankful to say my eyes are as good as ever they were. Ye're all trembling, Kirsteen; is it the cold?"

"She has gotten her gown all wet, mother. She has been down by the linn, it's no wonder she's trembling. She ought to go and change her things."

"Are your feet wet, Kirsteen?"

"Oh," said Kirsteen springing to her feet, "if ye would just let me alone; I'm neither wet nor cold, but my heart's like to break. I don't know what I am doing for misery and trouble. If ye would only have peety upon me and let me alone!"

"Dear Kirsteen, how can ye speak like that? Where will ye get any person you can open your heart to like your mother? Just tell me what's wrong and that will ease your mind. What can Mary and me mean but what is for your good? Eh, I never thought but what you would be pleased, and a blithe woman this bonny day."

"She'll maybe open her mind best between you two, if I were away," said Mary rising. She was really full of good feeling towards her sister, with no doubt an anticipation of good to come to herself, but yet a certain amount of solid sympathy genuine enough of its kind.

"Now, Kirsteen, my bonny woman, just tell me what's the maitter," said Mrs. Douglas when Mary was gone.

"It seems you know what has happened, mother, and how can you ask me? Am I likely to be a blithe woman as ye say when it's just been told me?"

"That a good man and a good house are waiting for ye, Kirsteen? And one that's very fond of ye, and asks no better than to give ye all ye can desire?"

"That I'm to be turned out of the house," cried Kirsteen; "that I'm no more to see your face; that I'm to go from door to door with a meal-pack like a beggar woman!"

"Whisht, whisht, and don't speak nonsense: that will be some of your father's joking. Whiles he says things

that are hard to bear. What should bring all this upon ye, Kirsteen? You will be the Leddy of Glendochart and an honoured woman, holding your head as high as ainy in the whole county, and silk gowns as many as ye desire, and coaches and horses; and what ye'll like best of all, my bonny bairn, the power to be of real service and just a good angel to them that ye like best."

"Oh mother, mother," cried Kirsteen, burying her face in her mother's lap, "that is the worst of it all! Oh, if ye have any peety don't say that to me!"

"But I must, for it's all true. Oh, Kirsteen, I hope I'm not a complaining woman; but just you think what it would be to me to have my daughter's house from time to time to take shelter in. Many and many a time have I been advised change of air, but never got it, for who dared name it to your father? I have been thinking this whole morning it would make me just a new woman. To get away for a while from this hole—for it's just a hole in the winter though it may be bonny at other times, and to see my bairn sitting like a queen, happy and respectit."

"Not happy, mother!"

"That's just your fancy, my dear. You think he's old, but he's not really old, and as kind a face as ever I saw, and full of consideration, and not one that ever would say ye had too many of your own folk about ye, or that ye ought to forget your father's house. Oh, Kirsteen, it's very little a lassie knows: ye think of a bonnie lad, a bright eye or a taking look, or a fine figure at the dancing, or the like of that. But who will tell ye if he may not be just a deevil in the house? Who will tell ye that he may not just ding ye into a corner and shame ye before your bairns, or drive ye doited with his temper, or make your bed and your board a hell on earth? Oh," cried poor Mrs. Douglas in accents of deep conviction, "it's little, little a lassie kens! She thinks she will please her fancy, or she listens to a flattering tongue, or looks to a bonny outside. And all the time it's just meesery she's wedding, and not a bonny lad. But, Kirsteen," she said, giving a furtive little kiss to the rings of hair on Kirsteen's milk-white forehead, "Kirsteen, my bonny woman, when ye take a man that everybody knows, that is just kent for a good man and a kind man, and one that loves the very ground you tread on, oh, my dear! what does it maitter that he's not just that young? Is it anything against him that he knows the world and has had trouble of his own, and understands what it is to get a bonny lass and a good bairn like you? And oh, Kirsteen, think what ye can do for us all if you take him, for your sisters and for the callants, he's just made the house a different thing already; and though that's scarcely worth the thinking of, for I'm very near my grave and will want nothing long,—Kirsteen, for me, too!—"

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried the girl with her face still hidden in her mother's lap, "ye just break my heart."

"Na, na," said Mrs. Douglas in soft quick tones like one who consoles a child, "we'll have no breaking of hearts. Ye will not be a month marriet before ye'll think there's no such a man in the world. And there's nothing he will deny ye, and from being of little account ye'll be one of the first ladies in the country side. Whisht, whisht, my darling! Ye'll make him a happy man, and is not he worthy of it? Kirsteen! Rise up and dry your eyes. I hear your father coming. And dinna anger him, oh! dinna anger him, for he never minds what ill words he says!"

(To be continued.)

JAMES HOGG.

"WHAT on earth will you make of Hogg?" it has been asked of the present writer. I think that there is something to be made of Hogg, and that it is something worth the making. In the first place, it is hardly possible without studying "the Shepherd" pretty close to fully appreciate three other persons, all greater, and one infinitely greater, than himself; namely, Wilson, Lockhart, and Scott. To the two first he was a client in the Roman sense, a plaything, something of a butt, and an invaluable source of inspiration or at least suggestion. Towards the last he occupied a very curious position, never I think quite paralleled elsewhere—the position of a Boswell who would fain be a Boswell and is not allowed to be, who has wild notions that he is really a greater man than Johnson and occasionally blasphemes against his idol, but who in the intervals is truly Boswellian. In the second place, he has usually hitherto been not criticized at all, but either somewhat sneered at or else absurdly over-praised. In the third place, as both Scott and Byron recognized, he is probably the most remarkable example we have of absolute self-education, or of no education: for Burns was an academically instructed student in comparison with Hogg. In the fourth, amid a mass of rubbish he produced some charming verse and one prose-story which, though it is almost overlooked by the general, some good judges are agreed with me in regarding as one of the very best things of its kind, while it is also a very curious literary puzzle.

The anecdotic history, more or less authentic, of the Ettrick Shepherd would fill volumes, and I must try to give some of the cream of it presently. The non-anecdotic part may be despatched in a few sentences. The exact date of his birth is not known, but he was baptized on December 9th, 1770. His father was a good shepherd and a bad farmer—a combination of characteristics which Hogg himself inherited unimpaired and unimproved. If he had any early education at all, he forgot it so completely that he had, as a grown-up man or at least youth, to teach himself writing if not reading a second time. He pursued his proper vocation for about thirty years, during the latter part of which time he became known as a composer of very good songs, "Donald McDonald" being ranked as the best. He printed a few as a pamphlet in the first year of the century, but met with little success. Then he fell in with Scott, to whom he had been introduced as a purveyor of ballads, not a few of which his mother, Margaret Laidlaw, knew by heart. This old lady it was who gave Scott the true enough warning that the ballads were "made for singing and no for reading". Scott in his turn set Hogg on the track of making some money by his literary work, and Constable published "The Mountain Bard" together with a treatise called "Hogg on Sheep" which I have not read, and of which I am not sure that I should be a good critic if I had. The two books brought Hogg three hundred pounds. This sum he poured into the usual Danaids' vessel of the Scotch peasant—the taking and stocking of a farm, which he had neither judgment to select, capital to work, nor skill to manage; and he went on doing very much the same thing for the rest of his life. The exact dates of that life are very sparely given in his own Autobiography, in his daughter's Memorials, and in the other notices of him that I have seen. He would appear to have spent four or five years in the pro-

mising attempt to run, not one but two large stock-farms. Then he tried shepherding again, without much success; and finally in 1810, being forty years old and able to write, he went to Edinburgh and "commenced", as the good old academic phrase has it "literary man". He brought out a new book of songs called "The Forest Minstrel", and then he started a periodical, "The Spy". On this, as he tells us, Scott very wisely remonstrated with him, asking him whether he thought he could be more elegant than Addison or Mackenzie? Hogg replied with his usual modesty that at any rate he would be "mair original". The originality appears to have consisted in personality; for Hogg acknowledges one exceedingly insolent attack on Scott himself, which Scott seems, after at first resenting (and yet Hogg tells us elsewhere that he never resented any such thing), to have forgiven. He had also some not clearly known employments of the factorship or surveyorship kind; he was much patronized by two worthy hatters, Messrs. Grieve and Scott, and in 1813 the book which contains all his best verse, "The Queen's Wake", was published. It was deservedly successful; but by a species of bad luck which pursued Hogg with extraordinary assiduity the two first editions yielded nothing, as his publisher was not solvent. The third, which Blackwood issued, brought him in good profit. Two years later he became in a way a made man. He had very diligently sought the patronage of Harriet Duchess of Buccleuch, and, his claims being warmly supported by Scott and specially recommended by the Duchess on her deathbed to her husband, Hogg received rent free, or at a peppercorn, the farm of Mossend, Eltrive or Altrive. It is agreed even by Hogg's least judicious admirers that if he had been satisfied with this endowment and had then devoted himself, as he actually did, to writing he might have lived and died in comfort, even though his singular luck in not being paid continued to haunt him. But he must needs repeat his old mistake and take the adjacent farm of Mount Benger, which, with a certain reckless hospitable way of living for which he is not so blamable, kept him in difficulties all the rest of his life and made him die in them. He lived twenty years longer; married a good-looking girl much his superior in rank and twenty years his junior, who seems to have made him an excellent wife; engaged in infinite magazine and book writing, of which more presently; became the inspirer, model and butt of Blackwood's Magazine; constantly threatened to quarrel with it for traducing him, and once did so; loved Edinburgh convivialities more well than wisely; had the very ill luck to survive Scott and to commit the folly of writing a pamphlet more silly than anything else on the "domestic manners" of that great man, which estranged Lockhart, hitherto his fast friend; paid a visit to London in 1832, whereby hang tales; and died himself on November 21st, 1835.

Such, briefly but not I think insufficiently given, is the Hogg of history. The Hogg of anecdote is a much more considerable and difficult person. He mixes himself up with or becomes by turns (whichever phrase may be preferred) the Shepherd of the "Noctes" and the Hogg who is revealed to us, say his panegyrists, with "uncalled-for malignity" in Lockhart's Life of Scott. But these panegyrists seem to forget that there are two documents which happen not to be signed either "John Gibson Lockhart" or "Christopher North", and that these documents are Hogg's Autobiography, published by himself, and the "Domestic Manners of Sir Walter Scott", likewise authenticated. In these two we have the Hogg of the *ana* put forward pretty vividly. For instance, Hogg tells us how, late in Sir Walter's life, he and his wife called upon Scott. "In we went and were received with all the affection of old friends. But

his whole discourse was addressed to my wife, while I was left to shift for myself. . . . In order to attract his attention from my wife to one who I thought as well deserved it, I went close up to him with a scrutinising look and said, 'Gudeness guide us, Sir Walter, but ye hae gotten a braw gown'". The rest of the story is not bad, but less characteristic. Immediately afterwards Hogg tells his own speech about being "not sae yelegant but mair original" than Addison. Then there is the other capital legend, also self-told, how he said to Scott, "Dear Sir Walter, ye can never suppose that I belang to your school of chivalry! Ye are the king of that school, but I'm the king of the mountain and fairy school, which is a far higher ane than yours!" "This", says Professor Veitch, a philosopher, a scholar, and a man of letters, "though put with an almost sublime egotism, is in the main true". Almost equally characteristic is the fact that, after beginning his pamphlet by calling Lockhart "the only man thoroughly qualified for the task" of writing Scott's life, Hogg elsewhere, in one of the extraordinary flings that distinguish him, writes: "Of Lockhart's genius and capabilities Sir Walter always spoke with the greatest enthusiasm: more than I thought he deserved. For I knew him a great deal better than Sir Walter did, and, whatever Lockhart may pretend, I knew Sir Walter a thousand times better than he did".

Now be it remembered that these passages are descriptive of Hogg's Hogg, to use the always useful classification of Dr. Holmes. To complete them (the actual texts are too long to give here) it is only necessary to compare the accounts of a certain dinner at Bowhill given respectively by Hogg in the "Domestic Manners" and by Lockhart in his biography, and also those given in the same places of the one-sided quarrel between Scott and Hogg, because the former, according to his almost invariable habit, refused to collaborate in Hogg's "Poetic Mirror". In all this we have the man's own testimony about himself. It is not in the least incompatible with his having been, as his panegyrists contend, an affectionate friend, husband, and father; a very good fellow when his vanity or his whims were not touched; and inexhaustibly fertile in the kind of rough profusion of flower and weed that uncultivated soil frequently produces. But it most certainly is also not inconsistent, but on the contrary highly consistent, with the picture drawn by Lockhart in his great book; and it shows how, to say the least and mildest, the faults and foibles of the curious personage known as "the Shepherd of the 'Noctes'" were not the parts of the character on which Wilson need have spent, or did spend, most of his invention. Even if the "boozing buffoon" had been a boozing buffoon and nothing more, Hogg, who confesses with a little affected remorse, but with evident pride, that he once got regularly drunk every night for some six weeks running, till "an inflammatory fever" kindly pulled him up, could not have greatly objected to this part of the matter. The wildest excesses of the *Eidolon*-shepherd's vanity do not exceed that speech to Scott which Professor Veitch thinks so true; and the quaintest pranks played by the same shadow do not exceed in quaintness the immortal story of Hogg being introduced to Mrs. Scott for the first time, extending himself on a sofa at full length, (on the excuse that he "thought he could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house", who happened at the time to be in a delicate state of health) and ending by addressing her as "Charlotte". This is the story that Mrs. Garden, Hogg's daughter, without attempting to contest its truth, describes as told by Lockhart with "uncalled-for malignity". Now it may most assuredly and confidently be asserted that no one reading the Life of Scott without knowing what Hogg's friends have said

of it would dream of seeing malignity in the notices which it contains of the Shepherd. Before writing this paper I gave myself the trouble, or indulged myself in the pleasure (for perhaps that is the more appropriate phrase in reference to the most delightful of biographies, if not of books), of marking with slips of paper all the passages in Lockhart referring to Hogg and reading them consecutively. I am quite sure that any one who does this, even knowing little or nothing of the circumstances, will wonder where on earth the "ungenerous assaults", the "virulent detraction", the "bitter words", the "false friendship", and so forth, with which Lockhart has been charged, are to be found. But any one who knows that Hogg had just before his own death, and while the sorrow of Sir Walter's end was fresh, published the possibly not ill-intentioned but certainly ill-mannered pamphlet referred to—a pamphlet which contains among other things, besides the grossest impertinences about Lady Scott's origin, at least one insinuation that Scott wrote Lockhart's books for him—if any one further knows (I think the late Mr. Scott Douglas was the first to point out the fact) that Hogg had calmly looted Lockhart's biography of Burns, then he will think that the "scorpion", instead of using his sting, showed most uncommon forbearance. This false friend, virulent detractor and ungenerous assailant describes Hogg as "a true son of nature and genius with a naturally kind and simple character". He does indeed remark that Hogg's "notions of literary honesty were exceedingly loose". But (not to mention the Burns's affair, which gave me some years ago a clue to this sentence) this remark is subjoined to a letter in which Hogg calmly suggests that he shall write an autobiographic sketch, and Scott, transcribing it and substituting the third person for the first, shall father it as his own. The other offence I suppose was the remark that "the Shepherd's nerves were not heroically strung". This perhaps might have been left out, but if it was the fact (and Hogg's defenders never seem to have traversed it) it suggested itself naturally enough in the context, which deals with Hogg's extraordinary desire when nearly forty to enter the militia as an ensign. Moreover the same passage contains plenty of kindly description of the Shepherd. The sentence on Hogg's death is indeed severe: "It had been better for his memory had his end been of earlier date; for he did not follow his benefactor until he had insulted his dust". It is even perhaps a little too severe considering Hogg's irresponsible and childlike nature. But Lockhart might justly have retorted that men of sixty-four have no business to be irresponsible children; and it is certainly true that in this unlucky pamphlet Hogg distinctly accuses Scott of anonymously puffing himself at his, Hogg's, expense, of being over and over again jealous of him, of plagiarising his plots, of sneering at him, and, if the passage has any meaning, of joining a conspiracy of "the whole of the aristocracy and literature of the country" to keep Hogg down and "crush him to a nonentity". Neither could Lockhart have been exactly pleased at the passage where Scott is represented as afraid to clear the character of an innocent friend to the boy Duke of Buccleuch.

> He told me that which I never knew nor suspected before; that a certain gamekeeper, on whom he bestowed his maledictions without reserve, had prejudiced my best friend, the young Duke of Buccleuch, against me by a story; and though he himself knew it to be a malicious and invidious lie, yet seeing his grace so much irritated, he durst not open his lips on the subject, farther than by saying, "But, my lord duke, you must always remember that Hogg is no ordinary man, although he may have shot a stray moorcock." And then turning to me he said, "Before you had ventured to give any saucy language to a low scoundrel of an English gamekeeper, you should have thought of Fielding's tale of Black George."

"I never saw that tale," said I, "and dinna ken ought about it. But never trouble your head about that matter, Sir Walter, for it is awthegither out o' nature for our young chief to entertain ony animosity against me. The thing will never mair be heard of, an' the chap that tauld the lees on me will gang to hell, that's aye some comfort."

Part of my reason for quoting this last passage is to recall to those who are familiar with the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" the extraordinary felicity of the imitation. This, which Hogg with his own pen represents himself as speaking with his own mouth, might be found textually in any page of the "Noctes" without seeming in the least out of keeping with the speeches of the ideal Hogg. And this brings me to the second charge of Hogg's friends, that Wilson wickedly caricatured his humble friend, if indeed he did not manufacture a Shepherd out of his own brain. This is as uncritical as the other, and even more surprising. That any one acquainted with Hogg's works, especially his autobiographic productions, should fail to recognize the resemblance is astonishing enough; but what is more astonishing is that any one interested in Hogg's fame should not perceive that the Shepherd of the "Noctes" is Hogg magnified and embellished in every way. He is not a better poet, for the simple reason that the verses put in his mouth are usually Hogg's own and not always his best. But out of the "Confessions of a Sinner" Hogg has never signed anything half so good as the best prose passages assigned to him in the "Noctes". They are what he might have written if he had taken pains: they are in his key and vein; but they are much above him. Again, unless any reader is so extraordinarily devoid of humour as to be shocked by the mere horseplay, it must be clear to him that the Shepherd's manners are dressed up with extraordinary skill, so as to be just what he would have liked them to be. As for the drinking and so forth, it simply comes to this—that the habits which were fashionable when the century was not yet in its teens, or just in them, were getting to be looked on askance when it was entering or entered on its thirties. But, instead of being annoyed at this Socrates-Falstaff, as somebody has called it, one might have thought that both Hogg himself and his admirers would have taken it as an immense compliment. The only really bad turn that Wilson seems to have done his friend was posthumous and pardonable. He undertook the task of writing the Shepherd's life and editing his Remains for the benefit of his family, who were left very badly off; and he not only did not do it but appears to have lost the documents with which he was entrusted. It is fair to say that after the deaths, which came close together, of his wife, of Blackwood, and of Hogg himself, Wilson was never fully the same man; and that his strongly sentimental nature, joined to his now inveterate habit of writing rapidly as the fancy took him, would have made the task of hammering out a biography and of selecting and editing Remains so distasteful from different points of view as to be practically impossible. But in that case of course he should not have undertaken it, or should have relinquished it as soon as he found out the difficulties. Allan Cunningham, it is said, would have gladly done the business; and there were few men better qualified.

And now, having done a by no means unnecessary task in this preliminary clearance of rubbish, let us see what sort of a person in literature and life this Ettrick Shepherd really was—the Shepherd whom Scott not only befriended with unwearied and lifelong kindness, but ranked very high as an original talent, whom Byron thought Scott's only second worth speaking of, whom Southey, a very different person from either, esteemed highly, whom Wilson selected as the mouthpiece and model for one of the most singular and (I venture to say

despite a certain passing wave of unpopularity) one of the most enduring of literary character-parts, and to whom Lockhart was, as Hogg himself late in life sets down, "a warm and disinterested friend". We have seen what Professor Veitch thinks of him—that he is the king of a higher school than Scott's. On the other hand, I fear the general English impression of him is rather that given by no Englishman, but by Thomas Carlyle, at the time of Hogg's visit to London in 1832. Carlyle describes him as talking and behaving like a "gomeril", and amusing the town by walking about in a huge gray plaid, which was supposed to be an advertisement suggested by his publisher.

The king of a school higher than Scott's and the veriest gomeril—these surely, though the judges be not quite of equal competence, are judgments of a singularly contradictory kind. Let us see what middle term we can find between them.

The mighty volume (it has been Hogg's ill-fortune that the most accessible edition of his work is in two great double-columned royal octavos, heavy to the hand and not too grateful to the eye) which contains the Shepherd's collected poetical work is not for every reader. "Poets? where are they"? Wordsworth is said, on the authority of De Quincey, to have asked, with a want of graciousness of manners uncommon even in him and never forgiven by Hogg, when the latter used the plural in his presence, and in that of Wilson and Lloyd. It was unjust as well as rude, but endless allowance certainly has to be made for Hogg as a poet. I do not know to whom the epigram that "everything that is written in Scotch dialect is not necessarily poetry" is originally due, but there is certainly some justice in it. Scotch, as a language, has grand accommodations; it has richer vowels and a more varied and musical arrangement of consonants than English, while it falls not much short of English in freedom from that mere monotony which besets the richly-vowelled continental languages. It has an almost unrivalled provision of poetical *clichés* (the sternest purist may admit a French word which has no English equivalent), that is to say, the stock phrases which Heaven knows who first minted and which will pass till they are worn out of all knowledge. It has two great poets—one in the vernacular, one in the literary language—who are rich enough to keep a bank for their inferiors almost to the end of time. The depreciation of it by "glaikit Englishers" (I am a glaikit Englisher who does not depreciate), simply because it is unfamiliar and rustic-looking, is silly enough. But its best practitioners are sometimes prone to forget that nothing ready-made will do as poetry, and that you can no more take a short cut to Parnassus by spelling good "guid" and liberally using "ava", than you can execute the same journey by calling a girl a nymph and a boy a swain. The reason why Burns is a great poet, and one of the greatest, is that he seldom or never does this in Scots. When he takes to the short cut, as he does sometimes, he usually "gets to his English". Of Hogg, who wrote some charming things and many good ones, the same cannot be said. No writer known to me, not even the eminent Dr. Young, who has the root of the poetical matter in him at all, is so utterly uncritical as Hogg. He does not seem even to have known when he borrowed and when he was original. We have seen that he told Scott that he was not of his school. Now a great deal that he wrote, perhaps indeed actually the major part of his verse, is simply imitation and not often very good imitation of Scott. Indeed Hogg had a certain considerable faculty of conscious parody as well as of unconscious imitation, and his "Poetic Mirror", which he wrote as a kind of humorous revenge on his brother bards for refusing to contribute, is a fair second to "Rejected Addresses". The amusing thing is that he often parodied where he did

not mean parody in the least, and nowadays we do not want Scott-and-water. Another vein of Hogg's, which he worked mercilessly, is a similar imitation, not of Scott, but of the weakest echoes of Percy's "Reliques":

O sad, sad, was young Mary's plight:
She took the cup, no word she spake,
She had even wished that very night
To sleep and never more to wake.

Sad, sad indeed is the plight of the poet who publishes verses like this, of which there are thousands of lines to be found in Hogg. And then one comes to "Kilmeny", and the note changes with a vengeance:

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring,
The scarlet hip and the hindberry,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.

. . . . . .

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look and as still was her ee
As the stillness that lay on the emeraut lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she kent not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell and the wind never blew.

No matter that it is necessary even here to make a cento, that the untutored singer cannot keep up the song by natural force and has not skill enough to dissemble the lapses. "Kilmeny" at its best is poetry — such poetry as, to take Hogg's contemporaries only, there is none in Rogers or Crabbe, little I fear in Southey, and not much in Moore. Then there is no doubt at all that he could write ballads. "The Witch of Fife" is long and is not improved by being written (at least in one version) in a kind of Scots that never was on land or sea, but it is quite admirable of its class. "The Good Grey Cat", his own imitation of himself in the "Poetic Mirror", comes perhaps second to it, and "The Abbot McKinnon", which is rather close to the imitations of Scott third, but there are plenty of others. As for his poems of the more ambitious kind, "Mador of the Moor", "Pilgrims of the Sun", and even "Queen Hynde", let blushing glory — the glory attached to the literary department — hide the days on which he produced those. She can very well afford it, for the hiding leaves untouched the division of Hogg's poetical work which furnishes his highest claims to fame except "Kilmeny", the division of the songs. These are numerous and unequal as a matter of course. Not a few of them are merely variations on older scraps and fragments of the kind which Burns had made popular; some of them are absolute rubbish; some of them are mere imitations of Burns himself. But this leaves abundance of precious remnants, as the Shepherd's covenanting friends would have said. The before-mentioned "Donald Macdonald" is a famous song of its kind: "I'll no wake wi' Annie" comes very little short of Burns's "Green grow the rashes O!". The piece on the lifting of the banner of Buccleuch, though a curious contrast with Scott's "Up with the Banner" does not suffer too much by the comparison: "Cam' ye by Athol" and "When the kye comes hame" everybody knows, and I do not know whether it is a mere delusion, but there seems to me to be a rare and agreeable humour in "The Village of Balmaquhapple".

D'ye ken the big village of Balmaquhapple?
The great muckle village of Balmaquhapple?
'Tis steeped in iniquity up to the thrapple,
An' what's to become o' poor Balmaquhapple?

Whereafter follows an invocation to St. Andrew, with a characteristic suggestion that he may spare himself the

trouble of intervening for certain persons such as

Geordie, our deacon for want of a better,
And Bess, wha delights in the sins that beset her—

ending with the milder prayer :

But as for the rest, for the women's sake save them,
Their bodies at least, and their sauls if they have them.
. . . . . .
And save, without word of confession auricular,
The clerk's bonny daughters, and Bell in particular ;
For ye ken that their beauty's the pride and the stapple
Of the great wicked village of Balmaquhapple !

"Donald McGillavry" which deceived Jeffrey is another of the half inarticulate songs which have the gift of setting the blood coursing ; and plenty more charming things will reward the explorer of the Shepherd's country. Only let that explorer be prepared for pages on pages of the most unreadable stuff, the kind of stuff which hardly any educated man, however great a "gomeril" he might be, would ever dream of putting to paper, much less of sending to press. It is fair to repeat that the educated man who thus refrained would probably be a very long time before he wrote "Kilmeny," or even "Donald McGillavry" and "The Village of Balmaquhapple".

Still (though to say it, is enough to make him turn in his grave) if Hogg had been a verse-writer alone he would, except for "Kilmeny" and his songs, hardly be worth remembering, save by professed critics and literary free-selectors. A little better than Allan Cunningham, he is but for that single, sudden, and unsustained inspiration of "Kilmeny", and one or two of his songs, so far below Burns that Burns might enable us to pay no attention to him and not lose much. As for Scott, "Proud Maisie" (a simply unapproachable thing), the fragments that Elspeth Cheyne sings, even the single stanza in "Guy Mannering", "Are these the Links of Forth ? she said", any one of a thousand snatches that Sir Walter has scattered about his books with a godlike carelessness will "ding" Hogg and all his works on their own field. But then it is not saying anything very serious against a man to say that he is not so great as Scott. With those who know what poetry is, Hogg will keep his corner, "not a polished corner" as Sydney would say, of the temple of Apollo.

Hogg wrote prose even more freely than he wrote verse, and after the same fashion—a fashion which he describes with equal frankness and truth by the phrases, "dashing on", "writing as if in desperation," "mingling pathos and absurdity", and so forth. Tales, novels, sketches, all were the same to him ; and he had the same queer mixture of confidence in their merits and doubt about the manner in which they were written. The "Brownie of Bodsbeck", the "Three Perils of Man" (which appears re-fashioned in the modern editions of his works as "The Siege of Roxburgh"), the "Three Perils of Woman", the "Shepherd's Calendar", and numerous other uncollected tales exhibit for the most part very much the same characteristics. Hogg knew the Scottish peasantry well, he had abundant stores of unpublished folk lore, he could invent more when wanted, he was not destitute of the true poetic knowledge of human nature, and at his best he could write strikingly and picturesquely. But he simply did not know what self-criticism was, he had no notion of the conduct or carpentry of a story, and though he was rather fond of choosing antique subjects, and prided himself on his knowledge of old Scots, he was quite as likely to put the baldest modern touches in the mouth of a heroine of the fourteenth or fifteenth century as not. If anybody takes pleasure in seeing how a good story can be spoilt, let him look at the sixth chapter of the "Shepherd's Calendar", "The Souters of

Selkirk", and if any one wants to read a novel of antiquity which is not like Scott, let him read "The Bridal of Polmood".

In the midst, however, of all this chaotic work, there is still to be found, though misnamed, one of the most remarkable stories of its kind ever written—a story which, as I have said before, is not only extraordinarily good of itself, but insists peremptorily that the reader shall wonder how the devil it got where it is. This is the book now called "The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Fanatic", but by its proper and original title, "The Confessions of a Justified Sinner". Hogg's reference to it in his Autobiography is sufficiently odd. "The next year (1824)", he says "I published 'The Confessions of a Fanatic [Sinner]', but, it being a story replete with horrors, after I had written it I durst not venture to put my name to it, so it was published anonymously, and of course did not sell very well—so at least I believe, for I do not remember ever receiving anything for it, and I am sure if there had been a reversion [he means return] I should have had a moiety. However I never asked anything, so on that point there was no misunderstanding". And he says nothing more about it, except to inform us that his publishers, Messrs. Longman, who had given him for his two previous books a hundred and fifty pounds each "as soon as the volumes were put to press", and who had published the "Confessions" on half profits, observed, when his next book was offered to them, that "his last publication (the 'Confessions') had been found fault with in some very material points, and they begged leave to decline the present one until they consulted some other persons". That is all. But the Reverend Thomas Thomson, Hogg's editor, an industrious and not incompetent man of letters, while admitting that it is "in excellence of plot, concentration of language and vigorous language, one of the best and most interesting [he might have said the best without a second] of Hogg's tales", observes that it "alarmed the religious portion of the community who hastily thought that the author was assailing Christianity". "Nothing could be more unfounded," says the Reverend Thomas Thomson with much justice. He might have added that it would have been much more reasonable to suspect the author of practice with the Evil One in order to obtain the power of writing anything so much better than his usual work.

For, in truth, "The Confessions of a Justified Sinner", while it has all Hogg's merits and more, is quite astoundingly free from his defects. As its original edition, though an agreeable volume, is rare, and its later ones are buried amidst discordant rubbish, it may not be improper to give some account of it. The time is pitched just about the Revolution and the years following and, according to a common if not altogether praiseworthy custom, the story consists of an editor's narrative and of the "Confessions" proper imbedded therein. The narrative tells how a drinking Royalist laird married an exceedingly precise young woman, how the dissension which was probable broke out between them, how a certain divine, the Reverend Robert Wringham, endeavoured to convert the sinner at the instances of the saint, and perhaps succeeded in consoling the saint at the expense of the sinner; how the laird sought more congenial society with a certain cousin of his named Arabella Logan, and how, rather out of jealousy than forgiveness, such a union or quasi-union took place between husband and wife that they had two sons, George and Robert, the elder of whom was his father's favourite and like, while the younger was pretty much left to the care of Mr. Wringham. The tale then tells how, after hardly seeing one another in boyhood, the brothers met as young men at Edinburgh, where on extreme provocation the elder was with-

in an ace of killing the younger. The end of it was that, after Robert had brought against George a charge of assaulting him on Arthur's Seat, George himself was found mysteriously murdered in an Edinburgh close. His mother cared naught for it; his father soon died of grief; the obnoxious Robert succeeded to the estates and only Arabella Logan was left to do what she could to clear up the mystery, which, after certain strange passages, she did. But when warrants were made out against Robert he had disappeared, and the whole thing remained wrapped in more mystery than ever.

To this narrative succeed the Confessions of Robert himself. He takes of course the extreme side both of his mother and of her doctrines, but for some time, though an accomplished Pharisee, he is not assured of salvation, till at last his adopted (if not real) father Wringham announces that he has wrestled sufficiently in prayer and has received assurance.

Thereupon the young man sallies out in much exaltation of feeling and full of contempt for the unconverted. As he goes he meets another young man of mysterious appearance, who seems to be an exact double of himself. This wraith, however, presents himself as only a humble admirer of Robert's spiritual glory, and holds much converse with him. He meets this person repeatedly, but is never able to ascertain who he is. The stranger says that he may be called Gil Martin if Robert likes, but hints that he is some great one—perhaps the Czar Peter, who was then known to be travelling incognito about Europe. For a time his illustrious friend (as he generally calls him) exaggerates the extremest doctrines of Calvinism and slips easily from this into suggestions of positive crime. A minister named Blanchard, who has overheard his conversation, warns Robert against him, and Gil Martin in return points out Blanchard as an enemy to religion whom it is Robert's duty to take off. They lay wait for the minister and pistol him, the illustrious friend managing not only to avert all suspicion from themselves, but to throw it with capital consequences on a perfectly innocent person. After this initiation in blood Robert is fully reconciled to the "great work" and, going to Edinburgh, is led by his illustrious friend without difficulty into the series of plots against his brother which had to outsiders so strange an appearance, and which ended in a fresh murder. When Robert in the course of events above described becomes master of Dalchastel, the family estate, his illustrious friend accompanies him and the same process goes on. But now things turn less happily for Robert. He finds himself, without any consciousness of the acts charged, accused on apparently indubitable evidence, first of peccadillos, then of serious crimes. Seduction, forgery, murder, even matricide are hinted against him, and at last, under the impression that indisputable proofs of the last two crimes have been discovered, he flies from his house. After a short period of wandering, in which his illustrious friend alternately stirs up all men against him and tempts him to suicide, he finally in despair succumbs to the temptation and puts an end to his life. This of course ends the Memoir, or rather the Memoir ends just before the catastrophe. There is then a short postscript in which the editor tells a tale of a suicide found with some such legend attaching to him on a Border hillside, of an account given in "Blackwood" of the searching of the grave, and of a visit to it made by himself (the editor), his friend Mr. L———t of C———d [Lockhart of Chiefswood], Mr. L———w [Scott's Laidlaw] and others. The whole thing ends with a very well written bit of rationalization of the now familiar kind, discussing the authenticity of the Memoirs, and concluding that they are probably the work of some one suffering from religious mania, or perhaps a sort of parable or allegory worked out with insufficient skill.

Although some such account as this was necessary, no such account, unless illustrated with the most copious citation, could do justice to the book. The first part or Narrative is not of extraordinary, though it is of considerable merit, and has some of Hogg's usual faults. The Memoirs proper are almost wholly free from these faults. In no book known to me is the grave treatment of the topsyturvy and improbable better managed; although by an old trick it pleases the "editor" to depreciate his work in the passage just mentioned. The writer, whoever he was, was fully qualified for the task. The possibility of a young man of narrow intellect—his passion against his brother already excited, and his whole mind given to the theology of predestination—gliding into such ideas as are here described is undoubted; and it is made thoroughly credible to the reader. The story of the pretended Gil Martin, preposterous as it is, is told by the unlucky maniac exactly in the manner in which a man deluded but with occasional suspicions of his delusion would tell it. The gradual change from intended and successful rascality and crime into the incurring or the supposed incurring of the most hideous guilt without any actual consciousness of guilty action may seem an almost hopeless thing to treat probably. Yet it is so treated here. And the final gathering and blackening of the clouds of despair (though here again there is a very slight touch of Hogg's undue prolongation of things) exhibits literary power of the ghastly kind infinitely different from and far above the usual raw-head-and-bloodybones story of the supernatural.

Now, who wrote it?

No doubt, so far as I know, has been generally entertained of Hogg's authorship, though, since I myself entertained doubts on the subject, I have found some good judges not unwilling to agree with me. Although admitting that it appeared anonymously, Hogg claims it, as we have seen, not only without hesitation but apparently without any suspicion that it was a particularly valuable or meritorious thing to claim on the one hand, and without any attempt to shift the responsibility, though it had been a failure, on the other. His publishers do not seem to have doubted then that it was his; nor, I have been told, have their representatives any reason to doubt it now. His daughter I think, does not so much as mention it in her Memorials, but his various biographers have never, so far as I know, hinted the least hesitation. At the same time I am absolutely unable to believe that it is Hogg's unadulterated and unassisted work. It is not one of those cases where a man once tries a particular style and then from accident, disgust, or what not, relinquishes it. Hogg was always trying the supernatural, and he failed in it, except in this instance, as often as he tried it. Why should he on this particular occasion have been saved from himself? and who saved him?—for that great part of the book at least is his there can be no doubt.

By way of answer to these questions I can at least point out certain coincidences and probabilities. It has been seen that Lockhart's name actually figures in the postscript to the book. Now at this time and for long afterwards Lockhart was one of the closest of Hogg's literary allies; and Hogg, while admitting that the author of "Peter's Letters" hoaxed him as he hoaxed everybody, is warm in his praise. He describes him in his Autobiography as "a warm and disinterested friend". He tells us in the book on Scott how he had a plan even later than this that Lockhart should edit all his (the Shepherd's) works, for discouraging which plan he was very cross with Sir Walter. Further, the vein of the Confessions is very closely akin to, if not wholly identical with, a vein which Lockhart not only worked on his own account but worked at this very same time. It was in these very years of his residence at

Chiefswood that Lockhart produced the little masterpiece of "Adam Blair" (where the terrors and temptations of a convinced Presbyterian minister are dwelt upon), and "Matthew Wald", which is the very history of a lunatic as full of horrors, and those of no very different kind, as the Confessions themselves. That editing, and perhaps something more than editing, on Lockhart's part would have been exactly the thing necessary to prune and train and direct the Shepherd's disorderly luxuriance into the methodical madness of the Justified Sinner—to give Hogg's loose though by no means vulgar style the dress of his own polished manner—to weed and shape and correct and straighten the faults of the Boar of the Forest—nobody who knows the undoubted writing of the two men will deny. And Lockhart, who was so careless of his work that to this day it is difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain what he did or did not write unassisted, would certainly not have been the man to claim a share in the book, even had it made more noise; though he may have thought of this as well as of other things when, in his wrath over the foolish blethering about Scott, he wrote that the Shepherd's views of literary morality were peculiar. As for Hogg himself, he would never have thought of acknowledging any such editing or collaboration if it did take place; and that not nearly so much from vanity or dishonesty as from simple carelessness, dashed perhaps with something of the inveterate habit of literary trickery which the society in which he lived affected, and which he carried as far at least as any one of its members.

It may seem rather hard after praising a man's ewe lamb so highly to question his right in her. But I do not think there is any real hardship. I should think that the actual imagination of the story is chiefly Hogg's, for Lockhart's forte was not that quality and his own novels suffer rather for want of it. If this be the one specimen of what the Shepherd's genius could turn out when it submitted to correction and training, it gives us a useful and interesting explanation why the mass of his work, with such excellent flashes, is so flawed and formless as a whole. It explains why he wished Lockhart to edit the others. It explains at the same time why (for the Shepherd's vanity was never far off) he set apparently little store by the book. It is only a hypothesis of course, and a hypothesis which is very unlikely ever to be proved, while in the nature of things it is even less capable of disproof. But I think there is good critical reason for it.

At any rate, I confess for myself, that I should not take anything like the same interest in Hogg, if he were not the putative author of the Confessions. The book is in a style which wearies soon if it be overdone and which is very difficult indeed to do well. But it is one of the very best things of its kind, and that is a claim which ought never to be overlooked. And if Hogg in some unlucky moment did really "write it all by himself", as the children say, then we could make up for him a volume composed of it, of "Kilmeny", and of the best of the songs, which would be a very remarkable volume indeed. It would not represent a twentieth part of his collected work, and it would probably represent a still smaller fraction of what he wrote, while all the rest would be vastly inferior. But it would be a title to no inconsiderable place in literature, and we know that good judges did think Hogg with all his personal weakness and all his literary short-comings entitled to such a place.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

DANTE.

THAT singer who in Italy of old
  Grew lean of sorrow and his great endeavour
To lead life by a passage high and bold
  To gaze upon its destiny, while ever
Love to the living should out mercy hold,—
  They say was proud; nor could his own worth sever
From what he claimed its due from men who went
Up and down Florence on light aims intent.

True! He who with an unclogged purpose lifts
  His heart beyond what even his eyes may reach,
Lays hard hands on himself, and sternly sifts
  For what in him is best and none may impeach;
So that unto mankind Heaven's gracious gifts
  He may impart, and their high uses teach
By means most potent—he of joy forlorn,
May seem to meaner men a man of scorn.

With eye-brows drawn and sad averted face
  He walks beyond the outskirts of the crowd,
And with austere hand holds his robe in place;
  Most silent when men's laughter is most loud;
A blind severity to all the grace
  That vice from virtue steals. Men call him proud;
Yet he himself knows well what is his loss,
And his own hand his heart nails to a cross.

Had Love a secret that she hid from him?
  Her graciousness and glory he had seen;
Her all-sufficing beauty was made dim
  He knew, because the purblind race of men
Sought first to find in her the Seraphim
  Of their desires exalted to be Queen,
Dethroning her they knew not; but he knew.
Yet, was there something hidden from his view?

Nay! All that eye could tell of her he knew,
  And all that brain conceive or fancy draw.
Rapt in majestic vision high he flew,
  Till on the clear steps of God's throne he saw
Her full beatitude, and to him drew
  The sweetness of her look. Still pain did gnaw
His heart. But had she come with gentle breast,
And leaned to him, perchance he had found rest.

THE GARDENS OF POMPEII.

THOSE who have had the good fortune to visit Pompeii will remember that important Greek addition to the Roman house, the *peristylium*, which became the centre of domestic life, while the *atrium* was reserved for the reception of clients. It was a covered gallery with columns round an open court, from which the private rooms of the house received their air and light. It was larger than the *atrium*, and the open space in the centre was also much larger. While the *atrium* had its reservoir, or *impluvium*, for receiving the rain-water, the *peristylium* usually had a fountain, or a *piscina*, surrounded with shrubs and flower-beds. This was often the sole *viridarium* or garden of the house, but many of the houses have besides a garden at the back, which had also frequently a fountain either in the centre or against the wall. In some of these gardens, as well as in the *peristylia* the roots of the plants, the tiles round the beds, and the leaden pipes for the irrigation have been found. In the house of Pansa, one of the largest at Pompeii, in that of Epidius Rufus, and in another nameless house, the long, narrow, symmetrical rows of beds, leaving no room for regular paths, clearly show that the space had been devoted to the cultivation of vegetables. There, no doubt, grew the renowned Pompeian cabbage mentioned by Pliny and Columella. These gardens are divided from the houses by a portico with one small room opening out into it, probably that of the gardener. In Pansa's house all traces of beds have now disappeared; they are preserved in that of Epidius Rufus, and behind the vegetable garden of this house there is a raised piece of ground which may have served as a flower-garden. Mazois, the ardent archæologist, who devoted the best years of a short life to the excavation and study of Pompeii [1] describes the garden of the house of Pansa and his emotion on seeing a small plant appear on the freshly excavated ground. He watched it from day to day with eager attention, but alas! it proved to be nothing but a wild pea common to that neighbourhood, which after the removal of the soil had been swept by the rain into the ancient kitchen garden. "Il fallut", says Mazois, "renoncer au plaisir d'avoir trouvé de *l'herbe antique*, mais malgré l'extravagance de ma première idée, j'eus de la peine à prendre la vérité de bonne grâce, il me semblait qu'elle me volait quelque chose."

These vegetable gardens furnish an interesting illustration of a passage in Pliny's Natural History. Speaking of the way to lay out a garden he says: "The ground should be divided into plots or beds with raised and rounded edges, each of which should have a path dug round it, by means of which access may be afforded to the gardener, and a channel formed for the water needed for irrigation." One perfectly isolated garden has been found with only a small habitation for the gardener attached to it. This was likewise laid out in symmetrical rows of beds which looked more business-like than ornamental; it was to all appearance a nursery-garden kept for mercantile purposes. Round one of the beds a row of pots, consisting of *amphoræ* divided from their upper parts, were found in the earth close together. These were evidently meant to hold plants or seedlings. "There are few establishments at Pompeii," says Overbeck, "which are

[1] He died in 1826 before his work was completed. The architect Gau continued it.

so analogous to our own and present such a familiar look". In the house of Sallust, where there was but little room, the garden consisted of a pathway running along a portico. Flowers were planted in boxes on each side, and the outer wall was painted with fountain-jets, trees and birds to give an enlarged appearance. A charmingly decorated summer *triclinium*, or dining-room with an arbour opened into it. The stone seats, the leg of the table, the adjoining altar for the libations, the marble basin for receiving the fountain which sprang out of the wall, are still there, and it is difficult to realize that the life that once animated this lovely scene vanished from it more than eighteen hundred years ago!

Representations in fresco of gardens such as those on the walls of Sallust are very frequent at Pompeii, and though they are now unfortunately much faded, they still throw a curious light on the arrangements of the gardens in those days. They were introduced into mural decoration by the Roman landscape-painter Ludius, in the reign of Augustus, and seem to have been much in favour. They were especially intended for the walls of gardens and *peristylia*, but they have been found sometimes in other places—chiefly in bath-rooms—both at Pompeii and in Rome, and even in a tomb. Pliny the Younger mentions paintings of this kind in his villa in Tuscany. In the letter describing his house and gardens he speaks of a room, "which being situated close to a plane-tree enjoys a constant shade and green. It is sculptured in marble up to the *podium*, and above it is painted foliage with birds among the branches, which is not less graceful than the marble. Underneath there is a little fountain".

In a place like Pompeii, where the houses and gardens were small, these decorations had special advantages as they were intended to represent an extension of space. The designs were very varied, as may be seen from the fragments that remain. Among flowers and groups of trees there are fountains, statuary, trellis-work, large birds, such as peacocks—all of natural size,[1] and illustrating how much care was bestowed on the ornamental gardening of that period. Of all the paintings of this kind the best executed and best preserved have been found on the four walls of a chamber in the Villa ad Gallinas of Livia, excavated at Prima Porta near Rome in 1863. They represent the whole plan of a garden with trees, flowers and birds, and bear the stamp of a master's touch. In the necessarily rapid fresco-execution the salient features, such as the character of the foliage by which the trees are distinguished, have been vividly brought out, and it is thought not improbable that they may be by the hand of Ludius himself. But though inferior in execution none have come down to us with more touching associations than those which were found in the tomb of a Greek family near Rome on the Latin road between the tomb of the Scipios and the Columbarium. In a frieze above were the portraits of the different members of the family, twelve in number, with the names inscribed, and below it there was a painting of trees and birds with the blue sky seen through the foliage. On a stone in this tomb a remarkable inscription in Greek verse was found. The owner, identifying the painting with the reality, rejoices that no thorns and brambles grow round his tomb, and no night-birds shriek near his resting-place, but that his shrine is surrounded with beautiful trees and fruit-laden boughs, the cicada, the swallow and nightingale singing their melodious songs. His name was Patron. He did good to men on earth that in Hades also some lovely place might fall to his lot. He died in his youth, and all that now remained was the work he had done in his lifetime. The tomb has been described by Padre Secchi, and Wörmann gives a very

[1] This refers only to the garden representations that cover the wall. There are other smaller ones in imitation of panel pictures.

pretty German translation of the lines, which show that there existed in the ancient world, especially among the Greeks, as deep and genuine a love of Nature as could be found in modern times. The paintings have been ruthlessly removed, and it is not even known what has become of them.

In the Casa del Centenario, the remarkable house partly excavated in 1879 at the time of the eighteenth centenary of the eruption, there is a small garden, with a frieze representing an *aquarium* in which zoologists have recognized the present fauna of the Gulf of Naples. Two of the groups—a fight between a polype and a murena, and a lobster killing a murena—are remarkably well executed.

In that beautiful and interesting house of the Faun, the garden is surrounded by a portico with fifty-six Doric columns. In the so-called house of Diomed the garden also has a portico, and it may be remembered that close to the gate were found two skeletons, believed to have been those of the master and his slave who tried to escape while the other members of the family had hidden in the cellars. With the assistance of the Pompeian pictures, and especially the description given by the Younger Pliny of his villa in Tuscany and various passages in the Elder's Natural History, it is not difficult to reconstruct the leading features of the Roman gardens.

They must have borne a close resemblance to those which Le Nôtre laid out in the seventeenth century, and of which we still find traces in old-fashioned country houses. This style had in fact grown out of various attempts made at different periods, especially since the Renaissance, to reproduce the classical gardens of antiquity. Straight alleys, not unfrequently converging to a centre, the so-called quincunx, symmetrically laid-out flower-beds surrounded with box or tiles, close and double plantations of trees, shrubs clipped into hedges, pyramids, and sometimes men, animals, ships, letters, with the trellis-work, statuary and fountains we see in the Pompeian pictures—such were the main features of the gardens in the first century of the Empire. The tradition of them was more or less preserved in the monasteries all through the Middle Ages, and before Le Nôtre's time there had been a growing taste in Italy, in England, and notably in Holland, for reviving the tree-sculpture of Pliny. Horace Walpole speaks of a piece of ancient Arras tapestry at Warwick Castle in which there was a garden exactly resembling those he had seen in the Herculaneum paintings: "Small, square enclosures formed by trellis-work and 'espaliers', and regularly ornamented with vases, fountains and caryatides, elegantly symmetrical and proper for the narrow spaces allotted to the garden of a house in a capital city." This tapestry could only have reproduced the garden of the period, for neither Pompeii nor Herculaneum had been excavated. We know in fact that Hentzner, who travelled in England in Queen Elizabeth's time, saw gardens very like those representations, "groves ornamented with trellis-work", "cabinets of verdure", whole walls covered with rosemary, marble columns and fountains, all reminiscences of classical times.

Le Nôtre, who had studied painting, utilized what was best in the efforts of his predecessors, aiming above all things at unity of design, whence his acknowledged superiority and the credit he often receives of having initiated the style. In the Roman days, as well as in later times, the box was chiefly used for the purpose of clipping, but the laurel, the cypress, the myrtle, and the pitch-tree were sometimes treated in the same way, and the ivy was made to cover the trees and walls. Pliny's gardens were elaborately laid out in this fashion. "In front of the portico", he writes, "is a sort of terrace, edged with box and shrubs cut into different shapes. You descend from the terrace by an easy slope adorned with the figures of animals in box, facing each other, to a lane over-

spread with the soft and flexible acanthus; this is surrounded by a wall enclosed with evergreens shaped into a variety of forms. Beyond it is the *gestatio* laid out in the form of a circus running round the multiform box hedge and the dwarf trees which are cut quite close. The whole is fenced in with a wall completely covered by box cut into steps all the way up to the top." The Elder Pliny describes how the cypress was manipulated: "For a long time it was only used for marking the intervals between rows of pines; at the present day, however, it is clipped and trained to form hedgerows or else is thinned and lengthened out in the various designs employed in ornamental gardening to represent scenes of hunting, fleets and various other objects; these it covers with a small leaf which is always green."

It scarcely required the testimony of Pliny to convince us that this *ars topiaria*, or art of ornamenting the gardens, was a growth of Roman soil and not of Greek origin. With the increasing luxury in the latter days of the Republic, when the Romans began to build villas all round the Bay of Naples and on other beautiful sites, the taste for gardening had greatly increased. The old idea that the garden was for utility only was superseded by an excessive love for ornamental gardening which developed—probably under Oriental influences—into the *ars topiaria*. It was said to have been invented by Caius Matius, surnamed Calvena, a man of noble character and varied accomplishments, the friend of Julius Cæsar, Cicero and Augustus. He is best known by the beautiful letter he wrote to Cicero after the murder of Cæsar; he is believed to have translated the Iliad into Latin; he wrote a book on cookery and he gave his name to the Matian apple. The very name of the ornamental gardener, *topiarius*, and the fact that Pliny in his Natural History specially distinguishes those plants which were suited for this kind of gardening, show how general the practice was. Ludius, the contemporary of Matius, reproduced it in his paintings, and examples of it have been found on the Pompeian walls. At the same time the unconventional beauties of Nature were not lost sight of. In Pliny's villa the two aspects were brought into sudden juxtaposition to set off better the merit of each.

The Romans had received most of their cultivated plants, like all that was best in their civilization, from the Greeks who had themselves imported them from Asia. Little is known of early Greek gardening beyond the Homeric legend of the gardens of Alcinous, where the flowers never faded and the trees gave their fruit all the year round; Herodotus also speaks of the garden of Midas, son of Gordias, full of fragrant wild roses with sixty leaves. Gardening in Greece was greatly stimulated by Alexander's campaigns, which made the Greeks acquainted with a new vegetation and with the celebrated gardens of the East. Pliny describes the trees which created the admiration of the conqueror of this new world, and Diodorus of Sicily relates how he turned out of his way in his march from Celænæ to the Nisæan plains to look at the gardens of Semiramis at the foot of Mount Bagistanus. The first botanical garden was subsequently founded at Athens by Theophrastus, the disciple and successor of Aristotle and the earliest known writer on botany; while private gardens came into use through Epicurus, who is said to have been the first to possess one. At the same time many attempts at acclimatization were made in various parts of Alexander's Empire, whence the plants passed into Italy. The worship of trees had been from the earliest time a great factor in the distribution of plants, as without the tree which the divinity had selected for himself, no temple could be erected to him, nor could his religious rites be performed. Thus the oak was sacred to Zeus, the laurel to Apollo, the olive to Athene,

the myrtle to Aphrodite, the poplar to Heracles; and wherever the worship of these divinities was carried, a cutting from the holy tree of their temple had to be planted. These attempts were of course not always successful. Pliny relates on the authority of Theophrastus that Harpalus (Governor of Babylon under Alexander) vainly tried to naturalise the ivy, the plant of Bacchus, in Media, and he elsewhere mentions that at Panticapæum near the Cimmerian Bosporus (now Kertch in the Crimea), Mithridates and the inhabitants of the place made unsuccessful efforts to cultivate the myrtle and the laurel for certain religious rites. Sometimes, according to tradition, gods had planted their own sacred trees; Demeter brought the first fig-tree to Attica, Athene planted the olive on the Acropolis at Athens, and Aphrodite the pomegranate at Cyprus. The sacred trees and groves where the divinities dwelt afforded, like the altar, protection and right of asylum and were in their turn protected from injury and might not be cut down. Where the tree prospered, the god grew in favour. Sophocles speaks of the sway Bacchus held over Italy, and there can be no doubt that the ascendency of the Dionysian worship was owing to the volcanic soil of southern Italy being so peculiarly favourable to the culture of the vine. "In this blessed country Campania," writes Pliny, "rise those hills clad with vines, the juice of whose grape is extolled all over the world; this happy spot where, as the ancients used to say, Father Liber and Ceres are ever striving for the mastery."

The vine, the olive, the laurel, the myrtle, the fig, the pomegranate, the quince, the rose, the lily, the violet, had all probably been introduced into Italy at an early period by the Greek colonists.[1] The cypress, called by Pliny "an exotic difficult to naturalise", is believed to have come in somewhat later. Among the earliest plane-trees were those brought over from Sicily by the elder Dionysius and planted in his garden at Rhegium, where they were looked upon as a great curiosity, but did not thrive. The plane-tree was famous throughout Greek antiquity, interwoven with many myths and sung by many poets. It was also much valued for its shade by the Romans, who in the latter days of the Republic planted it extensively in their villas and gardens. There existed a superstition that wine was nutritious to their roots, and a story is told of the orator Hortensius asking Cicero to take his turn in the law-court, because he had to go and give wine to his plane-trees at Tusculum. The leafless trunk of the plane-tree appears in the beautiful mosaic of Alexander's battle found in the house of the Faun, and now in the Naples museum. The date-palm, which belongs essentially to hot climates, did not find in Italy suitable conditions to fulfil its destiny. It lived and gave an Oriental beauty to the scene, but became sterile. The dates found in the Scavi were probably imported from Africa, for even Sicily lies outside the zone where they habitually ripen, and the limits of the fructifying palm were exactly the same in ancient times as they are now. The palm-tree probably came to Italy with the worship of Apollo, to whom Latona had given birth under the famous palm-tree at Delos, but its name, *palma*, which is derived according to Hehn from the Semitic *tamar*, shows that it must have first become known to the Romans through a different source. The earliest date with which the existence of the palm-tree in Italy can be connected is 291 B.C., when during a pestilence in Rome the snake brought over from the temple of Æsculapius at Epidauris is said to have glided out of the ship, on arriving at Antium, and to have wound itself round the palm-tree in the sacred grove of Apollo; after having remained there three days it quietly returned to the ship, which continued its voyage to Rome.

[1] This must be understood of the cultivated plants only, for the vine, the myrtle, and the laurel grew wild in Southern Europe.

The oleander, the rhododendron, rhododaphne, or *nerium* of the Greeks and Romans—so frequently seen on the Pompeian walls,—is not mentioned in Greek literature, and not in Roman literature till Virgil. Hehn believes that it came from Asia Minor into Greece after Theophrastus's time, and did not pass into Italy till much later. It was first cultivated in gardens, but it soon began to grow wild by the sides of streams, where it had free play, as sheep and goats would not touch it on account of its being poisonous to them—a fact already mentioned by Pliny. It is now so common that it has been thought to be indigenous in Italy.

The peach, the apricot, and the melon did not come into Italy till the first century of the Christian era. The peach (the *malum persicum*, or Persian apple of the Romans) is, according to A. de Candolle, a native of China as well as the apricot, which Pliny calls *præcocia*, and which was believed to have come from Armenia. The same botanist shows that the pomegranate (the *malum punicum* or *granatum* of the Romans) is a native of Persia and of a few adjacent countries, and not of North Africa; and that the cherry, brought to Italy by Lucullus from Pontus in 64 B.C., was probably an improved variety of a tree which existed in Italy long before. A cut melon found among the fruit painted on the Pompeian walls, and also a representation of a melon in an ancient mosaic in the Vatican, have proved conclusively that the melon of the Romans was the same as ours—a fact for a long time disputed. De Candolle remarks that its quality was probably inferior, as the ancient writers give it but faint praise. Dr. Comes assumes that the *cucumis* which was cultivated under glass for the Emperor Tiberius, was the melon, but this is very doubtful, and it was more probably the cucumber. The native regions of the melon were India and Western Africa.

Dr. Comes gives an interesting account of the plants represented on the Pompeian frescoes and in the mosaics, or found, like the bean and the walnut, solely in the excavations. He has recognized about fifty kinds. Schouw, who had gone over the same ground previously, mentions a few which Comes has not been able to identify, but Comes has found a larger number. The fruit and flowers in the representations of still life are executed with great fidelity; where they are introduced as ornaments or accessories they are not so easily recognized, as the decorators of the latter period gave free scope to their fancy, and made Nature entirely subservient to art. In the celebrated Flower Gatherer, for instance, found at Gragnano, and now in the Naples Museum, the plant from which she gathers the flowers has been drawn not from Nature, but from the imagination of the artist.

The vegetation in Italy was much more limited then than at present. In the days of Virgil and Pliny, even as now, the vine "married to the elm", or in Campania to the poplar, hung in festoons from tree to tree, and the pale green of the olive blended with the soft blue sky, but the orange and lemon-trees, now so inseparably associated with Italy, were absent. They were unknown to the Greeks and Romans. The lemon, which came originally from India through Persia and Arabia, was not cultivated in Europe till about the middle of the thirteenth century. The bitter orange, also a native of India, had come into Europe a century and a half earlier, when it was first cultivated in Sicily. Both were most likely introduced by the Arabs. The sweet orange was, according to some authorities, brought from China by the Portuguese in 1548. De Candolle, however, believes this was only an improved species, and that the fruit had already come into cultivation in Europe in the fourteenth century. The citron tree, a native of India, first seen by the Greeks in Persia and Media during Alexander's campaigns, and described by Theophrastus, probably became acclimatized in Italy in the third century of the Christian era. Virgil, in the

Georgics, describes it as a foreign fruit-tree, and Pliny speaks of vain attempts that had been made to transplant it, saying that in his time it only grew in Media and Persia. It is, therefore, an anachronism to suppose that any of these fruits could have represented to the ancients the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides, with which the citron was afterwards sometimes identified. Pliny speaks of a kind of quince called the *chrysomela* (golden apple), and it is probable that the apples of the Hesperides and of Atalanta were nothing but idealized quinces, the only golden apples known to the ancients. Dr. Comes shows that this is corroborated by the fact that the Hercules Farnese holds three quinces in his hand. The quince, like the apple and the pomegranate, was dedicated to Aphrodite. They all came under the denomination of apples, and the quince was called the cydonian apple because the best came from Cydonia, in Crete. It had, according to Solon's Laws, to be tasted by the bride before marriage. In poetry, it is frequently used as a metaphor, as in some pretty lines of Leonidas of Tarentum in the Greek Anthology. On the Pompeian frescoes there are two representations of a bear eating a quince, and the quince also appears in the mosaic of the house of the Faun.

Among the fruit which are generally represented in the *triclinia*, we find the peach, the melon, the gourd, the pumpkin, the fig, the almond, the pomegranate, the grape, the cherry, the date, the pear, and the apple. The peach, which had not been long introduced into Italy in Pliny's time, and was still a rare and expensive luxury, only appears once, in the house of Sirieus. The *salve lucru* (m) in mosaic letters on the threshold of this house, has led to the supposition that the owner was a merchant, and the decorations and objects found in it showed that he was a wealthy man who liked surrounding himself with the luxuries of life. The asparagus was found represented on the wall of the *triclinium* of the Casa del Gallo. This was an indigenous plant, already cultivated with great care in Cato's time. Pliny praises the kind that grew wild in the island of Nesis off the Campanian coast.

The flora of the Greeks and Romans was much less varied than ours, but they cultivated flowers in great profusion, and they used them largely for making garlands. These were woven either of leaves or flowers, and the flowers were chiefly roses and violets. They were used for religious and funeral purposes, for rewarding the brave, crowning the victors in games, as love offerings, and they were worn in the temples and at the banquets. The Romans distinguished between the *coronæ* and the *serta*, the latter representing chiefly the garlands or festoons for decorating altars, doors, and drinking vessels. A good example of the *serta* may be seen sculptured on a Pompeian tomb known as the tomb of the Garlands.

The tradition about the origin of the banqueter's wreath was that it had originally been worn as a tight band round the head to avert the effects of wine-drinking, and that the first wreath had been made of ivy and worn by Bacchus himself, for which reason the ivy was dedicated to Bacchus. Alexander the Great returned from India crowned with ivy in imitation of Bacchus, the conqueror of India. According to another tradition, wreaths were worn in remembrance of the chains of Prometheus. Strict laws among the Romans forbade their being worn indiscriminately on all occasions. Pliny tells the story of a banker, L. Fulvius, who was imprisoned by order of the Senate for having at the time of the Second Punic War looked down from the balcony of his house into the forum with a chaplet of roses on his head. It was customary to approach the gods with a crown on the head because, according to Aristotle, no mutilated gift could be offered to the gods but only such as were perfect and complete, and crowning anything indicates completing i'

At the banquets wreaths were provided by the host, who thus did honour to his guests. As a crown on the head expressed the fulness of life and joy, it was out of place in the house of mourning.

The Greeks and Romans carried a great refinement into the art of garland-making. They studied the language of flowers and how to blend the perfumes as well as the colours. This art had been developed by the Greek flower-girl Glycera and the painter Pausias in their ingenious contest to outvie each other in the most subtle expression of the beautiful, she, in plaiting the wreaths, he in reproducing them in painting, "a contest," says Pliny, "in reality between Art and Nature." Sometimes wreaths were worn round the neck that the wearer might enjoy the perfume more, and roses were scattered over the table for the same purpose. An illustration of this may be seen in one of the lately excavated houses at Pompeii, the Casa del Simposio, where there are three representations of a *symposium;* the floor and table are strewn with rose-leaves, and one of the guests wears a red garland round his neck. The utmost refinement of luxury consisted in sewing together the petals of the roses alone —the *corona sutilis.* A perfect wreath of this kind was found last year by Mr. Flinders Petrie in the ancient cemetery of Hawara in Egypt. The *lęmnisci,* or ribbons made of the delicate membranes of the lime-bark, were attached to the wreaths.

The rose was in antiquity, as it is now, the queen of the garden, and Campania was the land of roses. It was represented on the coins of Rhodos, Pæstum, Neapolis, Cyrene, and other places famous for the flower. The cultivated rose was one of the few double flowers known to the ancients. It had come to the Greeks from Media, and can be traced through Phrygia, Thrace, and Macedonia. Athenæus quotes from the poet Nicander:

> The poets tell
> That Midas first, when Asia's realms he left,
> Brought roses from th' Odonian hills of Thrace,
> And cultivated them in th' Emathian lands,
> Blooming and fragrant with their sixty petals.

Emathia was part of Macedonia, and the rose garden of Midas was, according to Herodotus, at the foot of Mount Bermion in Macedonia.

Every flower and tree in antiquity had its myth, and was dedicated to some divinity. The rose had, according to one legend, sprung from the blood of the dying Adonis; according to another the white rose had been coloured red by the blood of the goddess Aphrodite herself when she ran through the thorns to succour her favourite. The symbol of all that is most beautiful, most enjoyable, and most perishable, it was dedicated to Aphrodite, and it was also the flower of Dionysus in his double character of the god of blooming nature and the god of the under-world, the mystic form in which his worship had come with the Greek colonies from the Peloponnesus into Southern Italy. It was the flower of the feast and the flower of the tombs. The best authorities consider it almost impossible now to identify the roses of the ancients. Theophrastus mentions that in his time, the inhabitants of Philippi in Macedonia were cultivating the *rosa centifolia,* which they had transplanted there from Mount Pangæus, where it grew in great abundance. Pliny says that the rose which flourished best in Campania was also the *centifolia,* but his descriptions of the roses, though no doubt intelligible to his contemporaries, are very perplexing to modern botanists, and some of them have even doubted whether the ancients knew the *centifolia* of the present day. Schleiden believes the rose of Midas was the *rosa gallica,* the earliest rose cultivated in Greece, and now growing wild there. Comes identifies the rose-buds on the Pompeian walls with the damask rose, which Sprengel believed to have been the celebrated rose of Pæstum that blossomed twice in the

year. Other authorities think that the damask rose did not come into Europe till the time of the Crusades, or even later. The demand for roses was so great in the days of Martial, that in winter the Romans cultivated them under glass or imported them from Egypt, which, on account of its beautiful climate, had proved a fruitful soil for the acclimatization of plants when the Ptolemies had carried Greek culture thither.

The Florentine and the German iris, the yellow water-iris, the narcissus, the daffodil, the hollyhock, the red corn-poppy, the reed, the corn-flag, the *aster amellus* or Italian starwort, "that grew by the winding streams of Mella," the corn-cockle, the ox-eye, the aloe, the soft acanthus, the laurel of Alexandria, the Indian millet, the wheat, are all represented either on the Pompeian walls or in the mosaics. The tamarind, the papyrus, and the lotus flower appear only in the Egyptian scenery. Among the trees on the walls are the oak, the chestnut, the stone pine, the cypress, the laurel, the myrtle, the olive, the ivy, the vine, the palm, the plane, the gum arabic, the black mulberry, and the cherry tree. The importance the Romans attached to their gardens implies that the gardener was a person of some consequence, and we learn from Cicero that the *topiarii* ranked among the superior slaves. Hehn and Friedländer give good reasons for believing that the Roman gardeners were chiefly Orientals. At the very time when Roman power and luxury were in the ascendant, Italy was overrun with Semitic slaves, who were better suited than those of any other race for the servile condition. Their gentleness, and patience, their peaceful, laborious tastes, while rendering them unfit to be soldiers and gladiators, eminently qualified them for domestic service, and especially for the care required in tending plants. Moreover, gardening in the East was held in great esteem, whence the Greek proverb, "There are many vegetables in Syria." Born and bred among such traditions they had brought with them a natural taste, a superior knowledge and aptitude highly useful to the Romans in their attempts at acclimatization. They had been trained in the arts of grafting, of creating new species by judicious selection, of turning every sport of Nature to account, and even of dwarfing the trees—an art which is now carried to such a high degree of perfection in Japan. Virgil's old man of Tarentum, who had made the wilderness blossom like the rose, was himself from Corycus in Cilicia, the country adjoining Syria.

Amidst the passing fashions of a luxurious age Virgil's picture of the old Corycian's garden stands out in immortal beauty and simplicity: "I remember that under the lofty turrets of Æbalia, where black Galæsus moistened the yellow fields, I saw an old Corycian to whom belonged a few acres of neglected land not rich enough for the plough, nor fit for grazing, nor kindly for vines. Yet here planting among the bushes a few pot-herbs, white lilies, vervain and slender poppies, he matched in his content the wealth of kings; and returning late at night was used to load his board with unbought dainties. He was the first to gather the rose in spring and fruit in autumn; and even while stern winter was still splitting the rocks with cold and bridling the rivers with ice, in that very season he would pluck the tender hyacinth, chiding the late spring and the lazy zephyrs. His teeming bees were the first to swarm, he was the first to strain the frothing honey from the pressed combs: abundant limes and pines were his, and for every blossom the fertile tree had borne in early spring, it bore fruit in autumn ripeness. He also was the last to plant out his elms and pear-trees when they had hardened, and the sloes already bearing plums, and the planes grown broad enough to shade the feast."

ELISABETH LECKY.

SETTLING IN CANADA.

A FEW months ago I published a small volume of letters from two of my sons who had emigrated to Canada in the early summer of 1886.[1] I do not know whether it is necessary to say that these letters were not intended for publication. Nothing could have been further from the writers' thoughts; indeed, they were kept in ignorance of my purpose of printing them till the book was half-way through the press. And, I may add, the letters were not edited in any way that diminished their genuineness. Written as they had been to various members of the family, they naturally contained repetitions which had to be removed; allowing for this, and for the correction of a few grammatical errors, they remain substantially the same as when they came into our hands. I now propose to give a sketch of the lads' experiences as they are recorded in the book (for the information of readers into whose hands it may not have happened to fall), and to carry on their story, if it may be so called, up to the present time.

The first year—as a matter of fact the year was curtailed by a couple of months—they spent in the house of a gentleman who farmed some thousand acres of land near the southern extremity of the Georgian Bay in Lake Huron. I paid £40 a year for each of them. Of course this expense could have been avoided. It would have been easy to find farmers who would have taken the young fellows into their houses, and given them board and lodging in return for their labour. But, in view both of the present and the future, I wished to keep the two together. They would be happier, and they would learn to work in concert. And then it seemed desirable to let them down, so to speak, by degrees. Life at a small farm, with its rough accommodation and coarse monotonous fare, might have disgusted them with their new life, and possibly weakened their health. By this arrangement, then, they began their new life in the midst of comforts quite as great as they were accustomed to enjoy at home. They had pleasant society, and, now and then, when the work of the farm permitted, a game of lawn-tennis, a picnic, or dance, with whist or chess in the evening. But they had to work in earnest. Here is a sample from a letter written early in September,—they had entered on their new life about the middle of June.

> On Thursday and Friday we were threshing barley and wheat. The dust was something awful. Not getting the wheat done in one day, we started again the next, and in the afternoon did a full hour's work in thirty-five minutes. The machine-men were rushing it. My place was at the end of the straw-carrier. Dick was next. I passed it to him at the rate of thirty forkfuls a minute, and he kept pace, but the man next him could not, and a great pile rose up next Dick, compelling him to fork higher, and so I had to pass the straw higher too. We built a stack twelve yards long, nearly six yards broad, and about twelve feet high, in the thirty-five minutes, the whole passing through first my hands and then Dick's.

Any one who has watched a threshing machine at work will acknowledge that this result was a good deal above the average.

The lads' most general, and, I doubt not, most instructive, employment was to look after the horses, cattle, and pigs. They learnt to milk, taking at first half an hour to half milk a single cow, and ending by doing it in two or three minutes. They fed and littered down the animals morning and night, and, in fact, grew to be quite familiar with their ways and wants. Another

[1] "Making a Start in Canada; Letters from wo Young Emigrants." London, 1889.

accomplishment which they acquired was the butcher's craft. Altogether they were fully employed. "The work begins", they say in one of their letters, "at 6 A.M., sometimes at 4.30, and it continues till 8 or 9 at night".

Early in 1887 the lads began to feel the common desire of the emigrant to "go west". While they were meditating the change, intending, if possible, to get free passes in charge of cattle, they received from a relative an invitation to join him in prospecting Texada, an island between the mainland of British Columbia and Vancouver. Accordingly they travelled by the Canadian Pacific to Victoria, and started on their voyage of exploration. The next three months they spent in Texada, looking for land which it might be worth while to take up, and for minerals. It was a pleasant time and not unprofitable, for they learnt various things, among them the habit of self-reliance and the art of shifting for themselves; but they did not find what they were looking for, and they determined to give up the experiment. I see from the newspapers that gold has been lately found in Texada Island; but I am not sorry that the discovery came after my sons' departure.

By the end of August they had passed the Rocky Mountains again, and were looking for work in Calgary. But work, when the summer was so far advanced, was not easy to find. They could get nothing better than employment on a horse-ranche at fifteen dollars each a month, with board—board meaning pork, damper, and tea, with an occasional change of bread for damper. After a while they bought a team—two bay mares—with forty pounds which they had in my hands, purchasing also a waggon and harness with a little money which they had saved out of their wages. The winter they spent with a settler, who happened, by great good luck, to be a relative of an old home-friend, working for their own keep and the keep of their team, and now and then putting in a day on their own account.

Towards the end of the year a relative made the boys a present of £200. The news of this gift reached them on Christmas Eve. For the next two or three months they looked about them as occasion offered, and in March homesteaded [1] one hundred and sixty acres each, and preempted as much more. Before the end of May they had finished and were installed in their house, a building of logs with a roof of turfs, twenty-four feet by twenty (inside measure), divided into a kitchen and a living-room by a timber partition.

Money, as may be supposed, was scarce, as the young farmers had nothing to sell. Working out for others was their resource, and promised well. A small job of cutting and raking hay for a neighbour gave them a few pounds, and then they took a contract to supply a neighbouring ranche with two hundred tons. This was to be delivered by September 15th, and was to bring in a gross sum of more than £90, and, as the lads hoped, a profit, after paying for labour, &c., of £60 or more.

But now came their first mishap—"rather a misfortune", as they philosophically described it. Just before the ranche-company took over the hay, half of it was burnt by a prairie-fire. Not only did they lose the stipulated pay for this half, but they were liable to supply the amount, if called upon to do so by the company, at market price. Accordingly on January 18th in this year I find them buying a stack for twelve pounds ten shillings and getting nine pounds for it.[2] The affair was finally wound up in the course of

[1] Any British citizen who has reached the age of eighteen may claim as a "homestead" one hundred and sixty acres of land on paying a small registration fee. It becomes his freehold if certain conditions of cultivation are fulfilled. He is allowed to "pre-empt" the same amount of land, paying for it eighty pounds in ten annual instalments of eight pounds.

[2] The last letter published in the book is dated October, 1888.

March, and the result was the loss of all their capital and labour.

Prairie fires are indeed the chief enemies with which the farmers in a sparsely settled country have to contend. One of the lads' earliest experiences after coming to the North-West had been a struggle with one of these fires. This lasted from 2 P.M. in the afternoon of one day till 4.30 in the morning of the next. Some thirty men with two teams and thirteen saddle-horses were at work. The flames were put out with two raw hides, weighted down by earth and hitched with long ropes to two saddle-horses, which were driven along on either side of the fire, men following behind to stamp out any sparks that had been left. One that escaped notice was caught by the wind, and passed over six miles of country in twenty minutes, leaving a streak as clear as if a road had been made. In the September of the following year (1888) came the disaster to the hay that has been already mentioned; and then, in the latter half of April last, another conflagration, from which, however, they escaped without any very serious loss.

They describe the flame on this occasion as having been six or seven feet through, and travelling faster than a horse could gallop, so fast, indeed, that it seemed to leap over the depressions in the prairie, leaving them, so to speak, to burn afterwards at their leisure. It was too big to stop, and the only thing to be done was to save the buildings. These were surrounded by a fire-guard—a space of ploughed land on which nothing is permitted to grow. This, however, was not broad enough to stop flames travelling at such a rate. They leapt across it, caught a small stack of hay, and burnt it in a few minutes. The house was safe, for it had been prudently surrounded by an extra guard; but the stable was in danger. The manure round it caught fire, but was put out, partly by sousing the stuff with water, partly by taking it away. Then the flames reached a pile of building-logs, but were extinguished with pails of water; finally they got to a pile of five hundred posts to be used for fencing. This was the hardest work of the day. One lad pulled the posts away from the pile, the other watched to see that the piles round did not catch,—no easy matter, as the wind was blowing the sparks in every direction. In the end four out of the five hundred posts were saved, and none of the other piles were injured. One of the brothers had started earlier in the day for Calgary, and thus describes his experiences.

> I was on my way to town, and when I crossed the hills just north of us I saw a vast black plain, and thought the fire had gone out; but suddenly the wind got up very strong from the north, and in an instant I saw a line of flame five or six miles long almost in front of me. I drove into some ground burnt over last fall, and watched the fire go past, and I never saw anything like it before. When it reached the hills, where the grass is two feet long in places, it just rushed along in great leaps and bounds, jumping *coulées* fifty to a hundred feet broad. In five minutes it was out of sight, having travelled three miles and crossed the range. I knew that it would be past our place inside of five minutes, and also that Dick was prepared for it, and so I drove into town.

This confidence in Dick, who, by the way, had the help of a guest and, during the earlier part of the struggle, of some friends, was not misplaced; but the absentee was very glad, he confesses, to see, when he returned, the roof of their house. That, at least, was still standing. The damage suffered by the brothers consisted in the loss of the hay and of about a mile of fencing, and did not exceed £20. Some neighbours who had neglected to defend themselves with fire-guards suffered far more severely, one of them losing his stable with two horses in it. The severity of the fire was due to the dryness of the grass—there having been no rain since the preceding August—and of course to the strength of the wind.

My readers will doubtless want to know how the settlers make their

living. Their first intention was to breed horses, but they found that to rely on this alone would require more capital than they could command. Accordingly in March last they exchanged some of their horse-stock for cows and poultry, intending to do a little trade in milk, eggs, &c. At the same time they have been planting fruit-trees, and are intending to keep bees, an industry of which they gained some practical experience in England. They cultivate about twenty acres of arable land, half of this being their own, half being hired out at ten shillings an acre; from this last they hope to gain, if they have, as they say, anything of a crop, a profit of £30. The fire in March delayed operations in the dairy. Then they look forward to selling colts and calves; and finally they have the resource of working for neighbours with more capital, one or another of them being thus employed during the summer months. Quite lately they have taken a pupil, who is to pay them £30 a year. They are certainly young for teachers, but then everything they know they have learnt for themselves, and this is a condition which is pretty certain to make instruction effective. The cost of living, that is of articles which have to be bought, is small. They estimate it at about £12 or £14 in the year. The stream which bounds their land on one side furnishes them with as many trout as they want. They describe themselves as having caught between thirty and forty, ranging from half a pound to four pounds in weight, in the course of an evening. Even in winter this supply does not fail them. They only have to cut a hole through some eighteen inches of ice to catch as many fish as they please. In the fall and winter there is plenty of shooting, chiefly of prairie chickens, as they are called, a kind of grouse, and of snipe. Deer are also sometimes to be obtained.

I find a balance-sheet in a letter which I received about the end of last year. In this they value their horses (one stallion, five mares, and two colts) at £200. Their land is assessed (after deducting the purchase money due three years after pre-emption) at £370. Other assets increase their property to a total of about £600, clear of liability. They have had altogether something less than £300 supplied to them. To make this account complete two or three other matters must be mentioned. Their outfit, including guns, fishing-rods, &c., cost about £130. It was on a very liberal scale, and much larger than emigrants proceeding at once to the North-West would want. Much of it is still available. Passage-money and agency-fee came to about £80. Beyond this, and the first year's payment for board, my two sons have been no expense to me since May, 1886, when the elder was a month over eighteen and the younger still wanted three months of seventeen.

The life is not an easy one, for the settlers have to do everything for themselves. Vigorous constitutions, physical strength, industry, and a certain aptitude for turning the hand to anything that may be wanted, are necessary qualifications; and I need not say that self-control, especially in the matter of drink, is absolutely essential. A certain skill in cooking is important. A vigorous lad can subsist on indifferent food, but his strength and efficiency are undoubtedly increased by good fare. Their first Christmas dinner in the North-West, when they were not their own masters, consisted of green bacon and potatoes. Last year, in their own house, they dined off a sirloin of beef, a grouse-pie, apple-tart, and plum-pudding, all cooked by the younger brother, and "done", as he declares with pardonable pride, "to a turn". The plum-pudding I should have tasted but for the elaborate precautions of the Canadian Revenue Department. The contents of the parcel were not duly declared, and I received a communica-

tion from the Postmaster-General of the Dominion apprising me of this neglect on the part of the senders. I made an appeal to his tenderer feelings, but in vain. The requisite paper was obtained; and then, some five months after date, the parcel arrived; but, alas! when it came the slice of pudding was a mass of mould.

And what, it may be asked, should be learnt by an intending emigrant? I cannot, I think, do better than answer this question by quoting part of a letter which Dick sent a few months ago to a younger brother who is anxiously looking forward to the time when he will be able to go out.

First try and learn all that you can about practical veterinary work, especially shoeing horses, and treatment of the feet with regard to the same. As regards dairying, learn how to milk, to make butter and cheese, and to keep milch cattle properly. Poultry I suppose you know how to look after already; still it is well to have a special knowledge of the treatment which they should have during the diseases to which they are liable. Carpentering (house-fitting and construction, the building of sheds, &c.) will be very useful. Riding you need not trouble about, till you come out to us. Knowledge of ambulance-work would be very useful, as is also book-keeping. As regards the domestic arts, I would not trouble about them. You will learn what you want to know quick enough out here, with what you know already. It is as well to have some acquaintance with the keeping of pigs and sheep. And then there are bees; but these, I know, you have kept. But bear in mind that if you can shoe a horse well, and are well posted up in treating the intricate machinery of a horse's foot, even if you know nothing else, you will be simply invaluable to us. But if you have time to learn more there are plenty of things that will be useful—ploughing, for instance, harrowing, sowing, gardening, and especially thatching. And don't forget to learn the banjo.

I would especially insist on a point which is mentioned in this letter, namely, ambulance-work. Every young emigrant should attend the lectures given by the Ambulance Association on first aid to the injured, and, if possible, pass the examination. Very likely they will be averse to doing so; my sons were averse, and it was only by making this attendance an absolutely necessary condition for their emigration that I overcame their reluctance. They have now, it will be seen, changed their opinion. Indeed they have had more than one practical experience of the usefulness of this kind of knowledge. On one occasion the elder received a deep wound in the thigh from a clasp-knife. His life, humanly speaking, was saved by his brother making a *tourniquet* on the spot with a pair of ambulance braces.

Another word of advice may be given. Let the young emigrant take with him everything that he is likely to want. The Canadian Government is very liberal in allowing the introduction of property belonging to emigrants; but their protective system puts great obstacles in the way of supplies being sent out to the settler. I had an experience of this in some tools which I forwarded to my sons last year. The cost in England was a little over seven pounds, and the charge for freight and duty came actually to more. This charge may not be unreasonably too great, for the distance is vast, Calgary being further from Montreal than Montreal is from London; but it is nothing less than prohibitive. The only advantage gained by sending the tools from England was that some of them are more easily used when they have been "handselled" by a skilled carpenter. But let the emigrant take them, and anything else he is likely to want, with him—he must, however, look sharply after them, as, I am told, there is a serious danger of tools being stolen when the lad is not in a home of his own.

A. J. Church.

DICK.

WHEN the Rev. John Smith took in hand the parish of Hopetay, there was little to distinguish that parish from its neighbours; its inhabitants were no more industrious, no more intellectual, no more moral, and no less goodnatured, but the twenty-five years of his incumbency had worked a social and moral revolution. The Rev. John came to Hopetay at the age of thirty from a mastership in a public-school, and his ideals and methods were those of a public-schoolmaster. Individually he regarded his parishioners with the professional, somewhat indifferent interest of the teacher, who watches with artistic pleasure the development of his pupils but cannot afford to sympathize with them as fellow beings; collectively they formed the parish, and to the parish the reverend gentleman was devoted body and soul. He took pride in it as a model parish, the result of his own exertions; he liked to speak of "the healthy moral tone" he had created in it, and he grieved over any lapse of morality that might occur, without much care for the interests of abstract morality and still less for the spiritual welfare of the offender, mainly on account of the slur cast on the fair fame of the little community. He carried his public-school ideal still further. Himself an energetic, bustling, wiry little man, he had a great belief in muscular Christianity and its cognate virtues; indolence and untidiness, and the vices derived therefrom, were his pet abominations.

He was in the habit of keeping a book in which the mental and moral progress of the members of his flock were registered, in the form of annual reports solemnly made up at the end of each year; the custom was a pleasant reminiscence of his schoolmaster days. In that book might be read such words of doom as the following: "Pugh, James; has amply fulfilled the promise of last year's report; alike in sport and work a most promising boy; captain of the second eleven; confirmed this year; three prizes; with my approval has persuaded his grandfather to go to the workhouse, a worthless old man, doing him no good; lodges with Mrs. Price at the post-office; have got him on the railway; a regular communicant." And Master Pugh was but a type, the most perfect type, it is true, but still only one example, of the new generation that had grown up under his fostering care. The old folk the Rev. John had been obliged to abandon as hopelessly given over to a reprobate mind, "incorrigibly slovenly" as he described them in his book, selecting the epithet which represented to him the lowest abyss of degradation; but the young people, with a few exceptions, he was content with; they were all that his soul, or the soul of any reasonable, muscular, and nineteenth-century Christian could desire—keen, energetic, uncompromisingly moral, with a great belief in the "healthy moral tone" of Hopetay, and a determination to maintain it at all costs. With a few exceptions; the Rev. John had his crumpled rose-leaves like the rest of us, and with one of these, a rose-leaf so rudely, so viciously, so perversely crumpled that it could hardly be recognized as a rose-leaf at all, it is necessary now to become acquainted.

In the Rev. John's book after the name "Rose, Richard;" follow remarks like these, written from year to year at the annual making up of the reports: "Seems sharp, but idle, . . . requires great care, . . . most disappointing, . . . bad home influence; mother slovenly; have tried to induce

him to leave her; refuses, . . . expelled from cricket-club; have refused to confirm him, . . . won't settle to any work; a disgrace to the parish; have tried to get him and his mother away; refuses; insubordinate, . . . incorrigibly slovenly." Alas! thou Rose, prenamed Richard, who shall now speak a word for thee?

It must be confessed that Dick was a lazy scamp, but circumstances were against him. In a less model parish there might have been a place even for him. He had few positive vices, and even with regard to his one great weakness, his disinclination to work, that did not prevent him being willing, nay anxious, to earn an honest livelihood for himself and his mother, if he had only been permitted to do so in a leisurely, easy-going way. But the moral tone and the moral vicar of Hopetay required of every man a zeal, an enthusiasm for his daily labour which Dick could by no means conjure up. So he had become, and knew himself to be, a social pariah, and possibly the knowledge was not altogether healthy for him.

It was Whitsunday morning, and Dick was wandering aimlessly through the village, newly risen from his couch. When the Rev. John described him in his book as "addicted to fatal habits of self-indulgence," it was the propensity to lie in bed of a morning that he more particularly had in his mind's eye. It represented to the reverend gentleman the unpardonable sin. He was himself one of those men who have a positive dislike to being comfortable, who for choice always sit on hard-bottomed chairs, and he expected the parish to display an independence, equal to his own, of the upholsterer's art. Unfortunately it was just in these points that Dick fell away, and earned his fatal reputation as the profligate of the village. And yet an ingenious apologist might have found excuse even for him. On this Sunday morning, as he slunk along through the empty sunlit streets, he felt guilty enough in all truth, but he also felt in his blundering, slovenly way that his side of the case had not been yet put fairly before the world. What inducement was there to get him out of bed on a Sunday morning? Since he had been refused confirmation, on the specific grounds of his inability to repeat the longer answers in the Church Catechism, but more truly, as it was universally understood, on account of general slovenliness—since that humiliating rejection, which had been regarded both by himself and the village as an informal sentence of excommunication—he had been practically frightened away from the church. It was with him as with not a few—an outward show of recklessness concealed an intensely nervous, almost hysterical apprehension of ridicule, an exaggerated sensitiveness to public opinion. His breakdown in the catechism was the result of nervousness to a great extent, and unfortunately the same nervousness and a wild desire to cover his mortification led him to regale the outside public with a burlesque travesty of his interview with the Rev. John; for, unhappily for himself, he had no small sense of humour and a gift of mimicry. Needless to say, his irreverence soon was carried to the ears of the vicar, and, being straightway put on record in the book, left poor Dick's reputation worse than ever. He had once or twice thereafter timidly ventured to take a seat at the back of the church, but it seemed to him that not only the sermon but the whole service bristled over with covert allusions to his own abandoned condition; and, even if that was mere fancy, there was so little mistaking the tone of the comments on his presence among them made by the outcoming worshippers, that he had not the heart to persist in his devotional exercises. Now if our poor scamp's character had been a less disjointed and incoherent piece of mental machinery, if he had only been a consistent vagabond, his ejection from the fold should not have troubled him overmuch; but the absurdity of his plight

was that the very opposite was the case. No one could be more conscious than he was of the ridiculous incongruity of an outcast like himself desiring to take part in public worship. It put him out of sympathy even with his own class; but the fact remained, there was something in the music or the ritual or what-not of the Church services which appealed over-powerfully to the emotional side of his nature, and all that he could do was to conceal the humiliating fact, as best he could, from the mocking eyes of his little world.

Dick, choosing the most unfrequented ways, was tending steadily in the direction of the church, when, just as he reached the churchyard gate, he was accosted by the very two persons he most desired to avoid. The school was on the opposite side of the road to the church, and on the wall that encircled the playground were perched two aged villagers smoking their matutinal pipes. They represented a past order of things, a school of thought that once dominated the whole village, but was now well-nigh defunct; the order of things before Mr. Smith arrived, when the philosophers were kings in Hopetay, as they still are in nine out of ten of the villages of England. In the porch or the parlour of the Red Horse these sages had in the summer and winter evenings taught their disciples their simple philosophies, until the advent of the new teacher who had overthrown their rule. The amused contempt, with which alone they deigned to recognize the altered condition of affairs, was an eloquent testimony to the value of the doctrines they professed, and one of their favourite amusements was (weather permitting) to sit in their shirt-sleeves on the schoolyard wall and pass humorous and philosophic comments on the ingoing and outcoming worshippers. Their names respectively were Griffiths and Morgan. In a history of philosophy they would be ranked with the Imperfect Socratics, Griffiths being a Cynic, and Morgan holding, with Aristippus, that pleasure was the supreme good; but in justice to both of them it must be added that, while even for the matter of their ideas they were not consciously indebted to their Greek forerunners, the form and language in which they couched them was unmistakably their own.

"Hi, Dick, you bin late, lad!" cried the Cyrenaic; "passon'll be in a precious way if you bain't there to help him out with his prayers. He'll mebbee forget the words."

This was in humorous allusion to Dick's own *fiasco* in the Catechism. Mr. Griffiths, for his part, took his clay pipe from between his lips to permit egress for a comprehensive anathema in which parson, and people, and prayers, and Dick himself, were included in a general condemnation; and then resuming his pipe, pulled at it with feverish energy, as it were to make up for lost time.

Mr. Morgan rebuked his brother philosopher. "Eh, let un alone! Richard's a righteous lad, and a psalm-singer. Well, everyun' to his liking, as the owd 'ooman said as kissed the cow."

Dick felt that something was expected from him; assuming a very fair imitation of the Rev. John's tone and manner, he gravely lectured the two sages on the enormity of smoking in one's shirt-sleeves on a Sunday morning, and drew an enticing picture of the delights that awaited them if they would only enter the sacred edifice; and having elicited a laugh from Mr. Morgan, and an oath from the other, and cleared his own character, as he hoped, from the unworthy imputation of a leaning towards piety, he went on his way. Entering the church porch on tiptoe (further than that he dared not go), he sat down, prepared to see and hear as much as he could. His vision was restricted to a small segment of the nave and a still smaller portion of the gallery, but even in this narrow field he found much to interest him. His glimpse of the

gallery included a view of Mr. James Pugh, who, as a teacher in the Sunday School, sat there with the children, and it was pleasant to note how that gentleman was not too busy, frowning and shaking and nudging his charges into a properly devout frame of mind, but that he found time now and again to incline his own stately head in the attitude of prayer; at such moments his face wore an abstracted smile, as though he were enjoying beatific visions. Then again, how pleasant it was to hear the hearty tones in which to the vicar's "The Lord be with you," he responded, "And with thy spirit." The alacrity of his tone gave to the response the effect of a pretty interchange of compliments. Dick, if he noticed these idiosyncrasies of manner, viewed them with nothing but approval, Pugh being a hero of his. His admiration dated from the time when he used to play cricket under his captaincy, in the old days when they were boys together, and before poor Dick was expelled from the club; and though since then the one had risen in the world as much as the other had fallen, yet Pugh could not prevent Dick worshipping him in secret, and worship him Dick did. Indeed it was in great part this that brought the latter here on a Sunday morning, that he in the porch might watch his big, handsome, clever hero in the gallery, and might let his thoughts run back to the old times, and forget for a bit the great gulf that was fixed between them now. Then too there was the music; and though he did not for the life of him dare to join in the singing himself, he could silently wag his head in time to the voices of the others, and that seemed a bond of union between him and them, the existence of which pleased his fancy. So in due course the time for the sermon arrived. From this point Dick's interest in the service always became more intellectual than spiritual; Dick the worshipper may have been said to leave the porch, and Dick the critic and humorist to have taken his place. It always seemed to his rude intelligence that there was an element in the prayers and hymns which was altogether lacking in the Rev. John's discourses, and that it was just that element, that indescribable something, which drew him to the church at all. Mr. Smith's sermons were very clever productions, but they did not appeal to folks' hearts; indeed they were not meant to do so by their author, who often said he did not believe in namby-pamby, sentimental religion. They were generally drawn from the Old Testament, and seemed to Dick to be very full of cursing, and killing, and quarrelling—topics interesting enough in their way, but to be read about any week in the local paper. While, however, he was indifferent to the matter of these discourses, their form he was never tired of studying. Mr. Smith had the clerical tricks of style and accent in somewhat an exaggerated form, and the observation and imitation of these mannerisms was a never-failing source of pleasure to Master Dick, as well as to the sons of Belial among the villagers in whose presence he would rehearse them.

The sermon this morning was on the subject of Achan's transgression. The preacher started with a vivid picture of the satisfactory completeness with which the people of Jericho had been massacred; and then drew in gloomy contrast the disappointment of the Jews at seeing little Ai still standing, when, in accordance with their pious prognostications and somewhat startling principles of warfare, it should not have contained a single man, woman, or child alive. Warming to his work, he hounded down the miserable Achan with the zest of a vigilance committee, suggesting by the way that it was possibly for some sweetheart that the misguided man had secreted the fatal treasures—a little touch of realism which he doubtless intended to be pathetic, but which struck for some reason the majority of his artless hearers as wildly funny. Having taken summary vengeance on the

culprit, the reverend gentleman got to his moral. Other communities besides the nation of the Jews had their Achans, their troublers; even model parishes, he implied, were liable to such afflictions, and had men in their midst who were blots upon their perfection. How were these Achans to be dealt with? Without going so far as to suggest stoning, he would and did lay stress upon the need now and again of strong and vigorous measures; whatever sentimentalists might say, the majority had a right to defend itself. Notice also the character of Achan's offence! Love of luxury and luxurious things, that was all! A love born of self-indulgence. What kind of a boyhood and youth had Achan's in all probability been?

But here Mr. Smith seemed to Dick to be becoming so very personal that the latter withdrew. Indeed it was about time that he did so, for in a very short time the congregation itself poured forth. From a secure hiding-place Dick watched the procession, mindful not to be seen himself; and the result of his observation was apparently satisfactory, for suddenly with a gleeful gesture he set off running along back lanes towards the opposite end of the straggling village. Emerging on the main street he glanced anxiously up and down, and then dropped into an easy lounge, timing his steps to the strains of one of the hymns he had lately heard, rendered with great deliberation in a shrill whistle and a melancholy minor key. Presently brisk steps sounded behind him, and turning he recognized, with an air of great astonishment, Miss Julia Price, daughter of the postmistress of Hopetay, a pretty, fair-complexioned girl, with whom half the youth of the place were in love. The post-office lay a short distance out of the village, and the artful Richard proposed to escort the fair Julia home. He was received coldly, and found difficulty in keeping up the conversation.

"S'pose Jim Pugh's gone to passon's for the afternoon?"

Miss Price affected equal indifference and ignorance as to the movements of that gentleman.

"He wouldn't be best pleased to hear you talk that fashion!" quoth Dick significantly; but seeing from the lady's face that his attempt at archness was unfavourably received, he hastened to add, "He mostly do go there on a Sunday afternoon, don't he?"

The lady was still unresponsive; but Dick, clinging with rustic tenacity to his topic to avoid the mental wrench involved in changing the conversation, proceeded in a disjointed monologue to eulogize the absent Pugh till they reached the post-office. There matters improved; Mrs. Price, who possessed a sharp tongue but a kind heart, and who was one of the few friends left to Dick in the village, made him stay to dinner; nor did his good fortune end there. Having meekly partaken of the generous meal of wholesome invective which she provided for his soul's nourishment at the same time that she no less liberally attended to his bodily needs, he obtained permission to take her daughter for a walk on the hills. Ah, what a delightful afternoon that was for him! The breezy heather and gorse-clad hills, which stretch to the north of Hopetay, basked and shimmered and gleamed in the sun; the birds sang and the butterflies danced about and above, but no bird and no butterfly was half so gay as he was. Everything conspired to make him happy; he thought with a great burst of inward self-gratulation how well laid out had been the extra pains he had bestowed on his toilet that morning, for with his hair as carefully oiled as it now was, and with his new red and green tie on, he was conscious that he looked his best. Jim Pugh's clothes and boots might be in better condition, but Jim's taste in the important matter of ties had always appeared to him poor and commonplace; and indeed, without considering how far these accessories added to or detracted from his personal

appearance, it was undeniable that Dick's cheery, honest face was by no means an ill thing to look upon. Inspired by these pleasant sights and sounds without, and fortified by a good dinner and such brave reflections within, he found that he could forget his trivial troubles, or, better still, he could talk them over with his companion, awakening that pity which, whether it is really akin to love or not, is at least a most delightful emotion to be the object of, and thus in the spirit of the hymn putting even his "stony griefs" to a most profitable and economical account. For to the same gentle influences which had so cheered up her comrade Miss Julia herself had succumbed, and was in a most melting mood. The divine sympathy which beamed from her pretty grey eyes turned Dick positively giddy, and when, putting on a charming, almost motherly air, she asked him, wouldn't he for her sake give up his lazy ways, and show people what he was really worth, his voice broke when he tried to answer her, but he swore a great oath to himself that from this time henceforth he'd be a different creature. He had a conviction that this was a turning-point of his life; undreamt-of powers and possibilities seemed springing up within him; he would go into the world and make a fortune, and in a few years' time hasten home to fetch one who had been waiting for him to come; and then a delightful picture sprang into existence before his mind's eye, in which he, dressed in the extreme of fashion, was represented leaving the church amid the plaudits of the villagers (led by Jim Pugh), and the congratulations of the Rev. John, bearing on his arm. . . .

But the shadows fall upon the sunniest day; it was getting cold upon the hilltops; it was time to return to the village. The day, so full of unwonted pleasure to Dick, was passing, and the night was at hand; yet he had no misgivings; the brightness of the day had left an afterglow of happiness in his soul, and his heart was full of charity towards his fellow-men.

Unfortunately the society of a lovely female cannot, like the beauties of inanimate nature, be enjoyed by all men with impunity, and without respect of persons; it rather resembles the funds of the capitalist, the plum-cake of the schoolboy, the right to a judgment in matters artistic, and to a breath of fresh air in the metropolis, prizes of life which are supposed to suffer in value by being shared, and are apt to be monopolized by the great ones of the world. So it came about that for Dick, all unconscious as he was, there was at this very moment a heavy reckoning in preparation. And who should his creditor be but Mr. Pugh? That gentleman had taken his Sunday dinner with the vicar, but had left early in the afternoon to take Miss Price for a promenade. His indignation, when he found that he had been forestalled, was extreme. He had had occasion before now to complain of the unseemly catholicity of Miss Julia's taste, but that he should have to give place to such a person as Richard Rose was too galling; a person who had been held up to the reprobation of moral men in that very morning's sermon, for of course Mr. Pugh knew who had been the Achan particularly referred to. He and Parson had frequently talked over the disgrace which the existence and practices of that individual brought upon Hopetay, so he averred to a group of citizens, leaving them with the profound conviction that something ought to be done to show Master Dick the error of his ways, and that right quickly.

Meanwhile that abandoned criminal, having left his fair companion at the post-office, and won from her a half-promise that on the morrow, on which, being Whit-Monday and a general holiday, there was to be a great excursion of the whole village over the hills, he might again act as her squire, had departed in great contentment of mind to his own home. That home

was indeed of a wretched enough description, being a low, dark, stuffy, little one-storeyed hovel, in which no dog of self-respect would have cared to live; neither was it kept, it must be confessed, particularly clean by its inmates; and altogether the fact that Dick and his mother were content to live in such a hole would have been enough of itself to single them out for the Rev. John's special condemnation, had special cause been needed. It did not occur to him that long custom and inherited instincts might have something to do with this passive acceptance of conditions of life which he would have found insupportable, and that possibly on the whole it was lucky for Dick and others like Dick that they had become pretty pachydermatous. But there was more to be said in defence of our poor scamp's unpalatial residence than this; it was not only somewhat removed from the rest of the village, and so less exposed to the prying eyes of unsympathetic neighbours, but in the matter of picturesqueness it was charmingly situated half way up the side of a beautiful glen that ran into the hills. In front of it passed the road by which the orthodox ascent of the heights was made, and beneath, along the foot of the valley, rippled and sparkled a little stream, the waters of which collected at the mouth of the glen to form the pond which was spoken of reverentially by the inhabitants of Hopetay as "The Lake." It sounds absurd to claim for a person like Dick a genuine love of scenery, but I believe that he possessed it nevertheless, and that it helped to endear to him the hovel which he called his home.

The room which he entered had little enough furniture, but that little was too much. Two sides were occupied by two beds, the one (on the side which contained also the door) curtained off in a recess of the wall, the other protruding in undraped ugliness into the room; on the third side was the fireplace, and on the fourth the window, in front of which was a small rickety deal table and a chair of plain wood—the plainer possibly for the loss of its back. The general impression produced by the room and its contents was of the drab and dingy colourlessness of it all; the eye longed for a bit of colour, the brighter the better. From the dirty-white clothes on the bed and the dirty-grey whitewash on the walls, to the melancholy and mutilated china dog on the mantelshelf (the only ornament in the room), and even the drab, cadaverous cat, which had been sitting on the table, but fled spitting and swearing beneath the bed on Dick's entry, the colouring was of the same dismally negative description.

A sound, half-way between a gasp and a whisper, drew Dick at once to the recess in the wall, and there, lying huddled up on the unmade bed, was one who looked the very genius of the dismal place, so mean and shapeless was the dirty, draggled gown that clung to her wasted limbs, so thin and wan were the hands which she feebly rubbed from time to time on the bed-clothes to wipe away the moisture that kept bursting from their pores, so ashy pale and bloodless the poor, pinched face. Without a word, but with a feeling as though something were tugging at his heartstrings, so that he was sick and faint and his breath came heavily and fast, Dick hastened to the table, on which in the midst of a wilderness of chipped and unwashed crockery were two black bottles, the one nearly full, containing milk, the other holding a few precious drops of brandy. With the aid of the latter he had the satisfaction by and by of restoring his mother to a more normal condition, to the nearest approach to life of which she was capable; then he spoke to her with affected cheerfulness, sitting by her bedside and holding her left hand in both of his. "Why, mother, you ain't been took this way this long time! What to goodness took you?"

Mrs. Rose made no answer, but from

the regularity of her breathing, and the quiet way her hand lay in his, Dick hoped that this meant that she had fallen asleep; and so, fearful of disturbing her, he sat there motionless, while the light faded away in the room and the quiet night came down. From the little portion of sky which he could see from where he sat, a few stars stared down at him, and he stared back at them, and attempted a little original astronomy to account to himself for their appearance; but the mental results seemed hardly worth the exertion, and presently his dreamy thoughts strayed to more mundane fields. He thought of the events of the day, of Miss Price, of Heaven, of theology, of the Rev. John, of Jim Pugh, of Julia again, and so for another circular tour through the world of thought, arriving by another equally logical succession of ideas at the same destination. Suddenly there broke the stillness a voice, weak and tired it sounded, but quite steady and very sad.

"Dick, lad, I've been thinking—and I never see'd it so clear as I do to-night, somehow—as passon was in the right of it; you'd best have sent me to the house when he told you. I've kept you back, Dick; you're gallus and ontidy enough by natur', but I've kept you back."

Then our poor emotional Dick broke down altogether; he flung himself down on his knees beside the bed, and cried aloud: "Oh, mother, dunna talk like that! Dunna talk that way, mother! I canna bear it; indeed, indeed, I canna." And he began to pour forth a flood of words, in which he confessed himself an idle, good-for-nothing son, but promised amendment for the future, and declared his fixed resolve to begin a fresh life from that very evening. But Mrs. Rose, who had it in her mind to make up her books with Heaven, and that without delay, became fretful and impatient, when Dick began to indulge in the same melancholy amusement. She somewhat tartly bade him be silent, though she did not attempt to deny that Dick had been a very worthless fellow; of course he had. Hadn't "passon" always said so? And "passon was most always right." Best thing Dick could do was to lose no time in making friends with the vicar, and so become respectable. And Mrs. Rose, having delivered herself of this piece of worldly-wise advice, bade her son leave her and lie down. To the latter command he attempted to demur, but seeing that his protests only irritated her he gave way and lay down, as he was, upon the bed, with the intention however of keeping awake till morning in case she should need him.

Alas for the sternest resolves of our frail human nature! The next thing Dick was conscious of was starting up from his bed with the uneasy conviction that he had been very near yielding to sleep, which conviction seemed to be on the whole an understatement of the truth, for the sun was high in the heavens and it must have been about ten o'clock in the morning. But he had not time to realize that before he became conscious of still another fact. His mother, propped on her elbows, with her hands hanging lifelessly over the edge of the bed, her head bowed upon her breast, and her breath coming in quick, short gasps, was calling his name in a hoarse whisper. He sprang to the table, only to find that the brandy had been exhausted the previous night. With trembling fingers he uncorked the bottle of milk, filled one of the broken cups, and tried to force some of the liquid down the fainting woman's throat; but all his efforts seemed fruitless, and a horrible despair took possession of him, so that he moaned aloud in the agony of his spirit. The moments were flying; something must be done, some help procured, or she would die. Snatching up the empty brandy bottle he rushed from the room.

Mrs. Rose struggled slowly up to life, but so slowly and so feebly, that she would in all probability have soon slipped back again into the sea of

unconsciousness from which she had emerged, had not something occurred to stimulate her flagging senses into temporary activity. There was a hubbub going on in the road outside, and voices were raised and names called which were familiar. She sat up and listened intently, her eyes starting, her whole body trembling; then crawling from her bed she dragged herself across the little room and reached the window. The scene of which she thus became a spectator was sufficiently remarkable in itself, but the effect which it produced upon Mrs. Rose was quite phenomenal, and I am convinced that, had the actors therein known the engrossing interest with which this one spectator, of whom unfortunately they took no account, contemplated their efforts, they would have been gratified beyond measure; for no sooner had they played their little parts and were now retiring from the stage, than Mrs. Rose retired in her turn from the stage of life, on which she had played so poor a part. The last word she uttered was the name of her son, and then, flinging out her hands before her, she sank back lifeless. Falling against the wall, she remained propped up on the backless chair, and Tom, the drab and dilapidated cat, who had watched her movements with much interest and some alarm, was moved to jump upon her lap, to find out what it was all about; arrived there he discovered to his delight that one result of her agitation was that, when she flung out her arms, she had swept over the uncorked bottle of milk, the contents of which were flooding the table. Having thus enjoyed a meal, the like of which he had not had for many a long day, sleep seemed the natural consequent, and, as his late mistress's lap presented a more comfortable couch than the crockery-encumbered table, pussy, after due deliberation, ensconced himself there, and contentedly purred himself off to sleep.

Meanwhile, how had Dick fared? Dizzy with dread, he had barely noticed that, as he emerged from the cottage on to the road, he fell straightway into the thick of a crowd of villagers; nor, intent only on procuring aid for his mother, had he observed the excited cries of "Here a be! Now, get a hold on him, Jim," with which his appearance was hailed. But when he was suddenly seized by a dozen strong hands, and laid on his back in the dusty road, he was roused to the reality of things, and fought lustily for his freedom. The struggle was short but decisive; in less time than it takes to write he was reduced to subjection, and then a curious operation was performed. A light plank, about seven feet long, was produced, and to this he was bound from head to foot with strips of cord, so closely that he could move neither hand nor foot, but lay like an animated mummy, or a babe encased in the old-fashioned swaddling clothes in which infants are represented on mediæval monuments. This done, Mr. Pugh delivered an extemporary address over his recumbent form; pointing out the many particulars in which Dick fell short of the moral ideal of Hopetay, and the urgent need there was that those to whom that ideal was dear should mark their disapprobation of this arch-offender's delinquencies, by making a signal example of him. His remarks were received with rapturous applause, and his proposal that they should take and dip their victim three times in the lake was carried *nem. con.*; but whether this unanimity was due entirely to an unextinguishable zeal for the moral law, or in part at least to a keen sense of the ridiculousness of Dick's position, and a reluctance to spoil the situation by releasing him too soon, it is impossible to say; certainly, many of those most energetic in applause had the reputation, rightly or wrongly, of being not much better than Dick himself, and if they had for all these years kept alight in the recesses of their unassuming characters the pure

flame of a moral enthusiasm, such conduct did more credit to their modesty than their judgment.

Dick had made several attempts to secure the attention of the crowd and explain the errand he was on and the danger in which he believed his mother to be, but the noise was so great, and the laughter which his appearance excited so Homeric, that his entreaties were drowned; indeed, from the very first, from the time he appeared in front of the cottage hatless and but half-dressed, with one brace hanging limply at his side, and with the empty black bottle clasped in his hand, he looked so grotesque that it was impossible to take him seriously. So he relinquished the vain struggle against fate and the mob, and a dull despair took possession of him and sealed his lips. He could not have told how long it took the yelling, delighted band to carry him to the lake; he was dimly conscious that he was in considerable physical pain, and that one cord in particular was tied too tight and was galling his ankle, but it was useless to complain; once he thought he was about to faint and closed his eyes, but the faintness passed away, and, when he re-opened his weary eyes, Jim Pugh was looking down at him with a curious, doubtful look on his face; as soon as their eyes met, Jim turned away and fell back to the rear of the procession. The next incident that impressed itself with any vividness on his memory was his immersion. It resembled somewhat the launching of a ship; he was shot into the pond head downwards, the plank slicing through the water at what seemed a great speed, and then coming slowly bobbing up to the surface, when it was pulled to the shore and the operation was repeated. The feeling of his utter helplessness, stretched motionless as he was on the plank without power to move hand or foot, made his position peculiarly excruciating. Possibly the same reason helped to spoil the sport of the others; possibly the rigidity of his appearance, which gave him such a comic look on land, seemed to some of them to possess an unpleasantly corpse-like semblance, when afloat, while others missed the kicks and struggles of the victim which should have given zest to the entertainment; perhaps they were merely tired of their amusement; whatever the cause, the interest in the show drooped and flagged as suddenly as it had arisen, and presently he was dragged to land, cast, still bound to the plank, on the grass at the side of the lake, and so left.

Soon people began to pass in twos and threes, the villagers on their way to the general picnic that was to be held to-day on the hills, and, as almost all of them had a witticism pointed against him, and Dick did not feel at present particularly humorous, he took an early opportunity to roll over on his front, bury his face in the grass, and pretend to go to sleep. Sleep itself was out of the question; every inch of his body was aching with cramp, and perishing with cold, and these physical tortures, added to his mental distress, were enough to exhaust one who had not had his night's rest disturbed as Dick's had been; but he was too exhausted to sleep, all he could do was to lie in a semi-unconscious, comatose condition. From this state he was roused by the pattering of a shower of tiny pebbles on the plank bound to his back. He turned heavily, wearily over on his side to see his assailant, and met the laughing grey eyes of Miss Price, who was on her way to the picnic. According to the custom of her kind, she was accompanied by a fair creature of her own age and sex, the pair walking with their arms entwined round each other, and an ostentatiously lavish interchange of caresses and smiles and whispered communications, the latter of a highly jocular nature to judge from the little peals of laughter that they evoked. The whole performance was designed to whet the appetites of the two swains who revolved uneasily

about their respective suns, and tried by artless masculine devices to draw down upon themselves the warmth and heat their nature craved. Mr. Pugh, who aspired to be Miss Julia's companion for the day, and was duly going through the probationate we have described, looked particularly embarassed when he saw her stopping at the side of his victim.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, "you do look so funny! I never saw anything so funny!"

A position like his was so utterly out of the range of her experience, that she could not realize that it might be something very much the reverse of funny to him. She meant her words in perfect good faith, and no one could have been more surprised than she was at the way they were received. For Dick could realize her point of view no more than she could his, and the thought that she should join in mocking him was more than he could bear. He rolled over on his face once more to hide his tears. The bystanders were amused, and Julia was piqued. "Oh, you great stupid!" she said pettishly. "Cry, baby, cry!" And then she passed on.

How the hours passed after that Dick hardly knew. His clothes slowly dried on him, and now and again he seemed almost free from discomfort, but these times were always followed by spells of acute pain, when his whole body ached and throbbed. The village was almost deserted, but the two Sages had not gone up the hills, and paid him a visit, each deriving much pleasure from what he saw. Morgan laughed from the time he came till the time he went away, and at intervals during the rest of the day, while Griffiths cursed Dick for his folly in falling into such a plight; cursed his tormentors for not, while they were about it, having drowned such a fool outright; cursed Morgan for laughing so uproariously at nothing, and himself for wasting so much breath on such a pair of idiots. They neither of them offered to release the captive, though possibly, if he had asked them, they might have complied with his request, each in his own way. But poor Dick communed with his own heart, and was still.

At last, early in the afternoon, came a deliverer. The Rev. John sallied forth from the vicarage to join his flock on the hill-top, and bring them back to the fold. The fineness of the day, the sense of having done a good morning's work, the prospect of a good long walk, even the appearance of the village, which, deserted of its inhabitants, looked more neat and less slovenly than its wont—all these things combined to put him in a good humour. Just outside the village his attention was caught by the extraordinary looking object lying on the grass by the side of the lake, and he drew near to inspect it. As soon as he had distinguished with great amazement and some alarm the component parts of the phenomenon, and knew it represented a man bound to a plank, he felt instinctively sure that the man was no other than Richard Rose. It was just, he said to himself as he hurried to the spot, it was just the unseemly exhibition in which Richard would be taking part; he felt, for some reason which he could hardly have explained, personally aggrieved in the matter. So great and growing was his irritation, that his impulse, when he got up to the object, was to use his foot in order to turn it over, face uppermost; but either Dick and the plank were too heavy for such unceremonious treatment, or he was ashamed of his impulse, for he stooped down and used his hands for the purpose, and that with more gentleness than people would have given him credit for possessing.

"What does all this mean? What are you doing here——I mean, who did this, Richard?" There was a distinct fretfulness in his tone, though in consideration for Dick's miserable appearance he tried to keep down the feeling of dislike with which the mere sight of that poor sinner always inspired him.

Dick looked at him for a moment with dull, lack-lustre eyes, and then glanced away, answering him not a word. His silence, his woebegone, unkempt appearance, and the absurdity of the whole affair made Mr. Smith, who was not a man with any sense of humour, more and more angry. A wit had nailed a placard above Dick's head, on which was scrawled, "DIK THE SLUGUD." The sight of this ill-spelt witticism incensed Mr. Smith in a quite unaccountable manner; he was ready to be angry at anything.

"Come, Richard," he said in his peremptory, schoolmasterly manner, while he busied himself cutting the cords with his pocket-knife, "Come, Richard, tell me everything. Don't attempt to deceive me. I will get to the bottom of this. It is the work of some of your low acquaintances. Now tell me all."

But Dick shook his head and made no reply. The Rev. John pressed and urged, and fussed and fumed about him, but all to no purpose; and at last, losing all patience, he departed in a rage, informing Dick he was a worthless fellow, who would come to no good end, and deserved everything he got.

Dick, watching him fume away with the tails of his black coat flapping excitedly about his legs, felt a little of the old sense of amusement, with which the Rev. John always affected him, stealing over him. A dreary little laugh broke from him as he struggled to rise to his feet, and then, gripped by a paroxysm of pain, fell groaning back upon the grass. He was crippled and almost paralyzed with pain. His home was but a little distance off, but it was almost incredible how long he took crawling and dragging himself there. Still it was done at last, and he entered the room where he had left his mother.

Tom, the cat, after his heavy meal, had enjoyed a prolonged sleep; but Dick's entry aroused him. Getting to his feet, he stretched himself, gave a mighty yawn, arched his back, and then, by way of showing his gratitude to the benefactress whose lap he had been using, lazily essayed to rub his cheek against hers. But the cheek felt strangely, unnaturally cold to the sensitive animal, and Tom with a little mew of alarm jumped off Mrs. Rose's lap and took up his station at a safe distance. Dick was in time to see this little episode, and it confirmed for him his worst forebodings; with a cry, as faint and plaintive as a little child's, he crept to his mother's side, trying to persuade himself that she was still alive, and must be revived. He was too feeble himself to do much, but what little he could do he did, pressing her to him with his trembling, aching arms, and trying by holding her to his own chilled breast to impart to her the warmth she lacked. He tried to go for help, but his failing strength would now barely carry him across the room; so crawling back to the window, he sat there and waited for the evening, when the villagers would return from the hills. The night seemed long, very long of coming, but he waited patiently and in silence, and at last there was a sound up the road. It was a boy, in advance of the others, running as fast as he could, but finding breath to whistle as he ran a jerky fragment of a tune. Dick recognized the air as the hymn-tune which he himself had been whistling the day before, and the boy was a young Price, whom his mother employed to carry the letters each night to meet the mail-cart at the corner of the turnpike road; doubtless that was the reason of his haste. He clattered by, making a great noise on the road with his heavy boots, and was soon lost to sight round the corner. A long pause, and again the sound of footsteps approaching; very leisurely these, belonging to two young people, male and female, who had got in front of the ruck to enjoy a quiet *tête-à-tête*. They heard Dick's call, and raised their faces, which had been very close together, to the window. "Doctor!" he cried in a faint, hoarse whisper, "Doctor!" Unfortunately for him, Miss Julia (who happened to be the

lady) had had great difficulty that very day in making her peace with the jealous James, the bone of contention being poor Dick himself, and she was not prepared to risk her "paradise regained," by any further tampering with forbidden fruit; so putting on her most derisive manner she exclaimed, "Oh, the poor dear caught cold this morning, and wants the doctor, and is too lazy to go for him. Why doesn't he ask us to go in and nurse him? Come along, Jim, or *we* shall catch cold. Like his imperence, indeed!" She looked up at her companion for approval, and though Jim hesitated and looked ill-at-ease he did not dare, in the face of what he had been saying to her, to follow his better self. And so they too passed by on the other side.

But Dick staggered to his feet and raised an exceeding bitter cry; clasping his mother's dead body to his breast, he kissed her passionately on her chill, ashen lips. "Oh, mother, canna you take Dick with you?" he cried, and then fell heavily to the ground.

An abrupt knock at the door could not rouse Dick to consciousness. The person who knocked was not wont to wait till his parishioners answered or admitted him; he walked straight in. The Rev. John had been expanding his lungs on the hills after the dispersal of the party, and as he neared the cottage on his return he felt that something was demanded of him in that direction as the parish priest—what, he did not stay to think.

He stepped in, glowing with health, exercise, and the performance of duty. The sight he saw made his long coat-tails quiver with indignation; no first glance of his into a cottage had ever revealed such a state of slovenliness. There was Dick in a heap on the floor, his mother sitting languid and asleep in a chair, and a black bottle on the table.

In another minute or two the coat-tails were still, the look of superfluous energy had vanished from his face, all his high-strung muscles were relaxed. He took off his hat, gently shut the door, drew the pitiful substitute for a curtain, and after a quiet and rapid examination of the two inmates, knelt down for several minutes.

It was not in his nature to be long quiet; exertion was his happiness. He carried the old woman to her bed, laid her softly down, and covered her with the quilt. Then he seized Dick, and without a thought of weight or distance, bore him out of the cottage, and set out on his way home. He had not gone a hundred yards when he felt the burden too great for him, but he staggered on; and a feeling of conscious pride began to overcome the uncomfortable misgivings of the last quarter of an hour. Two strayed revellers—the Cynic and the Cyrenaic—passed him with uncertain gait, and jeered; the Rev. John barely noticed them. Other voices approached; they were Jim Pugh and his Julia, still prolonging the day's enjoyment. Julia gave a little hysterical laugh, and turned aside; Jim hesitated, then offered his help, and began some respectful but futile remarks.

"Go home!" said the vicar, the perspiration running down his face; "you know, James, that I dislike this loitering about the roads at night. You ought to set a better exam—" He stopped short in his fierce little lecture, looked disconcerted, and suddenly hurried on. Mr. Pugh was left wondering.

With his own arms the Rev. John placed Dick on his own bed, when he reached the vicarage, well-nigh exhausted. Nor did he once leave him that night, though the hours of watching, with their forced inactivity, were hard to bear. For the six weeks which elapsed before Dick was well enough to leave his bed, the parish saw little of their parson, and the little they did see showed him in a strange and unwonted aspect. It was during this period that an old friend, paying him a flying visit, said to himself on leaving, that the life of a country parson

was naturally apt to make a man slovenly; "Not the fellow he was, Smith—not at all the good man he was." It was also during this period that one evening, in the dead of night, and by the light of a solitary candle, the reverend gentleman removed Dick's page from the Black Book. The hour and the surroundings had in them tragic suggestions, and, it may be, exerted some influence on the main actor; the stealth and solemnity with which he consigned this record of poor Dick's misdeeds to the avenging flames were awe-inspiring.

All this notwithstanding, I think both Dick and the Rev. John were glad when the time came for them to part, work having been found for the former in a neighbouring county which necessitated his leaving Hopetay. They wished to understand and like each other, but the task was too hard. The vicar tried to force and bully himself into a truly friendly spirit, with the vigour and conscientiousness that was characteristic of him; but with all his praiseworthy efforts he never got further than a pity largely tinged with contempt. But he never knew—he would have been shocked and astonished to know—that that was just the sentiment with which Dick regarded him. Each was always glad in after years to hear of the other's welfare, but they never betrayed any anxiety to meet again.

ETON, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"I WAS out-afresh on Monday, and in-afresh on Wednesday, and on Thursday my tutor gave me penal servitude". It was in this jargon that my grandson addressed me, when I went to see him on the Fourth of June at Eton. He was unconsciously using very old and very new school-slang. Doubtless the terms "out-afresh" and "in-afresh" are nearly as old as the school itself. How familiar they sounded, though I had not heard them for many years. They simply meant that the boy had been staying out of school for illness or some other cause on Monday, and had gone into school again on Wednesday. But the strange expression "penal servitude" almost shocked me. Such a phrase was unknown in England fifty years ago; much less had it been accepted as a slang-term in Eton school-discipline. Happily, it is not so terrible a punishment as it sounds. If a boy is sentenced to "penal servitude", he has to prepare certain lessons, or do some extra work for two or three days, in his tutor's pupil-room instead of in his own snug room; and he may not go out to join in any of the school-games. But I was told that some tutors do not care to enforce the sentence very rigorously.

It is more than fifty years since I went to school at Eton. Half a century has of course seen many changes. The third generation of boys now fills the places of my contemporaries. It is pleasant to see how many of the old names reappear in the present school-lists. Some of the old slang-words have died out, and new ones have come into fashion: several old houses have been pulled down and new ones built; but the spirit of the place is unchanged. There is so much of the old school that remains unaltered, in spite of the Royal Commission and all the reforms in College, that I wish to tell something of what happened in the days of my boyhood, and to see how it compares with the present. The recollection of the old time is something like the indistinct memory of a pleasant dream. If I fall into any error, I can only say, *Parce senescenti.*

My career at Eton lasted from 1836 to 1841. Dr. Goodall was Provost of the College in 1836, and Dr. Hawtrey, was Head-Master. The former, once famous for his Latin quotations, looked very dignified as he sat in his stall in chapel wearing the stiff horsehair wig which was then in vogue with Bishops and other Church dignitaries. His successor was Dr. Hodgson, the friend of Lord Byron, and he rather disappointed us at first by not wearing a wig. But the boys knew little and cared less about the Provost and the Fellows, whose chief duty consisted in making a periodical appearance in chapel during the week, and in preaching a sermon on Sunday. The boys as a rule liked chapel, and with good reason—for when we were in chapel there was no school-work, and we went to chapel every day except on Wednesday, which was a whole school-day. The music and singing were good. The boys generally behaved well. Occasionally there would be some excitement when poor old Gray, the clerk, fell down in a fit and kicked against the panels of his pew till some of the choirmen removed him to the vestry. At times some wicked lads would begin to espy sparrows which flew about near the eaves of the lofty roof where they had their nests. If a few boys turned up their faces and looked steadily at the sparrows, in a very brief time almost every one in the chapel would do the same, until some of the masters responsible for our good behaviour became fidgety,

although those who were more discreet professed to take no notice of it. There was a curious old custom, that when a boy got into the sixth form, or obtained a seat in the chapel stalls assigned to the sons of noblemen, he gave a small packet of almonds and raisins to every one in the sixth form or in stalls. Originally the packets used to be distributed at chapel time, and their contents were eaten in chapel. But even in my time the practice had so far fallen into disuse that the packets were sent to the boys' rooms, and were seldom brought into chapel to be eaten.

On Ash-Wednesday it was the custom to select some of the senior Collegers to repeat the Church Catechism. The Fellow in residence put the questions, and the Collegers answered them from a prominent pew in which they took their places. On one occasion rather a scene occurred. "What is your name?" asked the Fellow, addressing the senior Colleger. "Hyacinth", replied the boy; and there was a roar of laughter through the chapel. The masters might have foreseen this, for they knew that the lad's name was Hyacinth, he being the youngest of the Kirwan family. The mention of Hyacinth Kirwan's name reminds me of the cruel fate that awaited him and his contemporary, Polehampton. These two boys were at first great enemies, but afterwards became close friends at Eton. They both became chaplains in the service of the East India Company, and they were both shut up in the famous garrison with Sir Henry Lawrence during the siege of Lucknow. Kirwan, who had always been delicate, succumbed to disease. Polehampton, who was a muscular Christian (I think he rowed in the Oxford eight), met his death, I believe, from a cannon-ball. Their bodies lie side by side in the Residency grave-yard at Lucknow. They had been friends in youth, and in death they were not divided.

Dr. Hawtrey succeeded Dr. Keate as Head-Master in 1834. Regarding Dr. Keate I can say *Vidi tantum.* But it was a memorable occasion, for he was calling absence in the school-yard at "Montem", and King William the Fourth was standing by his side listening to the names of the boys as they passed by. Presently the king caught sight of the fat little Lord Altamont, now Marquis of Sligo, and stopped him and spoke to him. Keate could hardly restrain his indignation at the interruption. There was a story that Altamont was sent for and swished by Keate next day, but the story is not true. Dr. Hawtrey was very unlike Dr. Keate in many respects. It was said that his family was of French extraction. Certainly, when he was walking along the streets of Windsor on his way to call at the Castle, he looked like a foreigner, his coat and waistcoat exhibiting as much velvet as a clerical dress can show, while the gold chains of his watch and eye-glass were conspicuous. As we knew him in school we all liked him. To the sixth form, who came under his personal tuition, he was an instructive and courteous teacher. His household was managed by his two sisters, kindly old ladies, who presided at the breakfasts and dinners to which he invited us from time to time. Dr. Hawtrey was an elegant scholar, as his contributions to the "Arundines Cami" testify; who that remembers his old age can imagine him as a young man at Cambridge busy with the translation into Greek Iambics of Gammer-Gurton's lines:

> What care I how black I be!
> Twenty pounds will marry me:
> If twenty won't, forty shall,
> For I'm my mother's bouncing girl?

He was not merely a good Latin and Greek scholar, but was also familiar with French and German authors to an extent unusual at the university in his time. His name will be found in the list of the Fellows who joined the nascent Zoological Society in 1829. His correspondence with Mrs. Sarah Austin, as recently published in her

biography, shows the high esteem in which he was held in the best literary society of the day.

I believe that only one of the assistant masters who were in authority at Eton in my time is still alive. This is the Rev. John Wilder, now senior Fellow. John Wilder was one of the most popular masters in the upper division of the school. He was great in the quotation of parallel passages in illustration of the day's lesson in Homer, Virgil, or Horace. It used to be said of him that he never lost his temper; and if he was compelled by the custom and traditions of the school to send up a boy to be swished, he usually interceded with the Head-Master, if there was a chance of getting the punishment remitted. The late Dr. Goodford in 1836 was master of the lowest division of the fourth form in the upper school. He had got the nickname of "Little Post-boy", as he used to ride a big thoroughbred horse which, it was rumoured, had started for the Derby of 1834. Be this as it may, he might be seen jogging along the road through Eton, at that slovenly long trot to which thoroughbreds are addicted, bumping uncomfortably on his saddle to the ill-concealed amusement of the boys. Little did our unprophetic minds then foresee that Dr. Goodford would rise to the dignity of Head-Master and Provost of Eton, in which high offices he acquired a considerable reputation.

One of the most notable changes in the social system of the school is the extinction of the dames' houses. In my time they were as numerous as those of the tutors. In all the various school contests—in cricket, in football, or hockey—the matches of the dames' against the tutors' houses used to excite the greatest rivalry. I was told that the school authorities held that discipline was not sufficiently maintained in the dames' houses, and so they were gradually suppressed. My impression is that there was little difference between the two. The discipline of any particular house, whether tutor's or dame's, varies from time to time, according to the age of the boys in it and other circumstances. At one time at my dame's there were chiefly big fellows, high up in the school, and only two or three lower boys; in the course of four years the proportion had entirely changed. I had to fag for many big masters, but before I left my own fags were so numerous that there was little for them to do. I am sure that my handsome old dame and her two elderly daughters looked after us most diligently. Their supervision was almost too vigilant, for if they heard too much noise in any of our rooms their rap at the door was almost sure to surprise us, when they had come with noiseless step along the passage. One of these good ladies came round every night to see that our candles and fires were put out in our rooms. If we were "staying out" for illness they came to minister to us, and to see that the drugs sent by the doctor were swallowed instead of being thrown out of window. My dame trusted to the head-boy, or captain of her house, to keep order. She had her favourites amongst us, and when she presided at our daily meals she would send the daintiest morsels—seemingly by chance—to those boys who were in her good graces. Some boys migrated from a dame's to a tutor's, but not having done so myself I cannot say how the change was liked. A tutor's wife was sometimes believed to be too great a lady to undertake those domestic duties towards the boys which a dame considered to be incumbent on her. There was a story current that in a certain tutor's house at dinner, when the boys remonstrated about the toughness of the beef, the tutor's wife went into hysterics and refused to be comforted. If any great noise was made in a boy's rooms at a tutor's there was no one to check it unless it reached the tutor's ears, and he went up to stop it. Then the consequences might be serious. The tutor

could set his own punishments, or send up obstreperous boys to be swished by the Head-Master. At my dame's we were under no such dangerous rule. The good old lady would threaten to report us, but she usually forgave us if we were penitent the next morning.

There has been a large increase in the number of assistant masters (*i.e.* tutors) in late years. There are now about a thousand boys with fifty tutors, including the teachers of mathematics and foreign languages. In my time there were only about twelve masters to more than five hundred boys, with one mathematical master, and one teacher of French and one of German. We had, however, the services of a dancing-master and a fencing-master. When each tutor had about forty of his own pupils to look after, as well as some forty boys in his school-class, it was hardly possible for him to take any part in the games of the boys, as the younger masters of the present time endeavour to do. There was but one master, dear old Cookesley, who was personally popular in the estimation of almost every boy in the school. The others lived apart from us; but if any of them knew a boy's friends "at home", they would occasionally ask him to breakfast, a favour perhaps not always fully appreciated. Private tutors for the sons of aristocratic and wealthy families were numerous in my time. The pupil lived in a suite of rooms with his private tutor, and had a monopoly of his instruction in preparing his lessons and verses. It seems to have been supposed that the ordinary tutor could not devote sufficient attention to such precious boys; but a boy with a private tutor sometimes had his work made too easy for him, and it is doubtful if it was a good system. The private tutors were usually old Etonians who had taken their degrees at the university. They formed a sort of connecting link between the masters and the biggest boys in the school. Some of them "devilled" a little to help their old tutors, and many a valuable hint and correction came to us from one of them who used occasionally to look over the Latin verses or the Greek Iambics of some of my tutor's pupils.

I cannot undertake to say what other boys may have thought about their tutors—Edward Coleridge was mine, and I am sure that there was no other to be compared with him. With his handsome face and dark eyes he seemed to look into a boy's inmost thoughts! He was always bright and pleasant, though I may have heard him once or twice sigh with weariness when late at night he was still surrounded by piles of exercises which had to be looked over before next morning's school. Breaking stones or picking oakum must be a trifle in comparison with the toil of correcting hundreds of copies of indifferent prose or verse compositions day after day. But he never shrank from his own work, and was always kind and considerate of the weaknesses of his pupils. I remember how, on the eve of the examination for the Newcastle Scholarship, he advised us to shut up our books and attempt no cram, but take a good night's rest and go into the examination-hall with clear heads and healthy bodies. Several of his pupils were very clever and very successful, both at Eton and the universities, but I have always maintained that their successes were almost as much due to my tutor's admirable training as to their own natural abilities.

There was an old Eton custom which tended, however unintentionally, to keep the masters apart from the boys. If a boy met a master "out of bounds", it was incumbent on the boy to "shirk" him. The school-bounds were so limited that if I put my head out of window on the south side of my dame's house, it was over the boundary line on Barnes Pool bridge. The river itself was out of bounds, and a boy on his way to the boats had, if he saw a master coming along the street,

to pop into an open shop-door and wait till the enemy had passed. No doubt the practice was so unreasonably enforced that it became almost a farce. But although the boys of modern times are said to have been much pleased at the abolition of shirking, it is a question whether they have not gone from the frying-pan into the fire. When shirking was in vogue, a master was understood to be bound in honour not to see a boy if a genuine attempt to shirk was made. Now a boy walks boldly past a master, and touches his hat to him. But the master sees him, and remembers that he has seen him. It may happen that the boy is presently brought up for some other offence, and then the master wants to know what the delinquent was doing up in Windsor last week in the purlieus of the cavalry barracks. It may be that the boy had some relation in the regiment whom he went to see; but there used to be, and doubtless still are, billiard-rooms and other institutions in certain parts of Windsor which it was not desirable for big Eton boys to frequent.

In the recent correspondence in "The Times" about compulsory games at Eton and other public schools, somebody complained that boys are not content to take constitutional walks instead of playing games. I know nothing about compulsory games, for to the best of my recollection they had no existence amongst Oppidans. My impression is that it needed much moral courage in a small boy to abstain from joining in games. No compulsion to play was needed. When we grew older we ventured to take constitutional walks. Windsor Castle and Windsor Park had great attractions for some of us. We often walked to the Castle terrace to see the Queen, or we went to the statue of George the Third (now familiarly called the Copper Horse) at the end of the Long Walk, the latter expedition involving more running than walking, our time being limited; sometimes we would get so far as Maidenhead or Staines. The ruling idea in our young minds was to get as much healthy exercise as we could to strengthen our bodies.

In many points the manners and customs of the boys at Eton fifty years ago differed little from those of the present day. Nor has the popular vocabulary of slang, if it is slang, changed very much. To "sap", and to be a "sap", were then as well known words as they are now. If a boy did anything more than the regular school-work for his own improvement, he was called a sap. In my time the fifth and sixth forms had no periodical examinations, no trials, and no promotions or changes of rank or place, but we all placidly drifted up towards the top of the school as the boys above us left it. Sapping had then its chief object and reward in the competition for the Newcastle Scholarship and Medal—annual prizes of no great pecuniary value, but much coveted. In the examination, the twelve candidates who got the highest marks were called the Select, and it was considered an honour to be among them. In the year 1840 the examiners for the Newcastle were Mr. W. E. Gladstone and his brother-in-law, Lord Lyttelton. They were then young men, recently married, and had acquired a reputation as classical scholars, the one at Oxford and the other at Cambridge. The Eton college authorities used to obtain an examiner from each university, and we were rather pleased at the change from crusty old dons to young and sympathetic scholars. This was the first year in which the boys in my remove could go up for the Newcastle, as no one below the upper division of the fifth form was allowed to compete. It chanced that there were some unusually clever fellows at the head of my remove—Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, the younger son of the historian; Boulton minor, whose father was a member of the firm of Boulton and Watt, of steam-engine fame; Kaye, son of the Bishop of Lincoln; and Joynes, the late under-master, familiarly known as "Jemmy" in modern

times. Goldwin Smith came next, and Hugh Blackburn and Crichton-Stuart. Boys going up for the first time to the Newcastle examination were not expected to do much; and great was the surprise of the masters, and great was the wrath of some of the senior boys, when four names from our remove appeared in the select, and Hallam was declared Medallist. I cannot say if anything was due to the partiality of our juvenile examiners for the younger boys. I remember their personal appearance when it was my turn to go before them for the *vivâ voce* examination. Lord Lyttelton took me in hand, and though his visage was somewhat rugged and his red hair dishevelled, his manner was kind and encouraging. Gladstone sat by, with his large eyes half closed under his drooping eyelids, and occasionally suggesting a question. Perhaps the amateur examiners were beginning to tire over their work, which had lasted for several days, and the number of candidates was above thirty.

It was the ambition of most boys to be a "wet-bob" and to be "in the boats". The school was divided between "wet-bobs" and "dry-bobs", the former taking their pleasure on the river, and the latter in the cricket-field. The Captain of the Eight was regarded by all wet-bobs as the most important person in the school. The Captains of my time were Garnett, 1837; Croft, 1838; Rayer, 1839; Arundell, 1840 and 1841. There were eight boats, of which one was a ten-oar, the Monarch, and the rest eight-oars. Five of them were styled the upper, and three the lower-boats, the latter being usually manned by boys below the fifth form—but now I understand that no boy may be in the boats unless he is in the fifth form. The Captain of the Eight appointed the captain of each boat, but each captain selected his own crew. The lag, or last of the lower-boats, was the most amusing craft. The late Sir William Don, a very tall and eccentric boy, commanded this boat one year. Every summer day "after twelve" Don's crew might be seen starting from Hester's yard and rowing some forty strokes a minute with a wonderful splashing and crab-catching; but Don would never "go easy" until he himself was "blown" by the time they reached Brocas Clump'. Then they proceeded by short stages and spurts to Surley Hall, where much beer and cider were quaffed before they set out on the return voyage. As rowing on a hot day promotes thirst, boating was looked on rather askance by the masters; one curious reason being that all the masters had been Collegers at Eton, and Collegers were not allowed to be in the boats, or to come on the part of the river above Windsor bridge, which was sacred to Oppidans. Times have changed—and now Dr. Warre, the Head-Master, actually superintends the coaching of the school Eight when the boys are in training for the Ladies' Plate at Henley.

In my time the eight-oar races, Lower Eights, Upper Eights, and Dames *v.* Tutors, were all started from the eyot above Windsor bridge, and were rowed against the stream up to the Rushes, and then back again down stream to the bridge, the whole course being about three miles. The boats started side by side, but bumping was allowed at any stage, and if there was no collision at the first bend of the river opposite Bargeman's bridge, there was almost a certainty of a bump at Lower Hope, where the turn of the river is almost at a right angle. There was yet another chance for a bump at the turning of the boat round the rypeck at the Rushes; but the boat which got safely round the Rushes first was usually the first to reach the goal at Windsor bridge. Besides the eight-oar races there were the more popular competitions of the school pulling and sculling sweepstakes. In the sculling perhaps thirty or forty boys would start, of all ages and sizes, and they were arranged in rows according to the reputed skill of

the scullers, there being only room for seven or eight boats in each row. The best and biggest scullers were placed in the hinder rows. There were usually several big fellows who devoted themselves specially to sculling; such, for instance, were the present Lord Coleridge and Lord Cotton, who skimmed swiftly along the water in their "single-streak" wager-boats, for outriggers were not then invented. When the signal-shot for starting was fired, there was a sort of general *mêlée*. Perhaps one or two little fellows in the front row would get clear away; but the others would begin to bump and swamp one another, and to get in the way of the boats in the hinder rows, so that the river was almost blocked. It required much skill and temper to get through the confused fleet of boats; and even when a good sculler had got fairly away, and was gradually passing other competitors, it was not absolutely forbidden by the rules for a losing boat to bump and try to swamp his antagonist as he passed him. It was therefore seldom that the best sculler came in the winner after this sort of chance-medley; and much the same might be said of the contests in the pulling and double-sculling sweepstakes, which were conducted in similar fashion.

Bathing was always in great favour with the Eton boys. A boy who did not bathe was called a "scug", and other opprobrious names. The fourth-form bathed in shallow water at Cuckoo-weir, and the remove went to a rather deeper hole near Bargeman's-bridge, both those places being in the back-water stream which runs from Upper Hope to Bargeman's. For the upper school there were two bathing-places in the main stream of the Thames, of which the favourite was called Athens, a spot about two hundred yards below the Rushes. A little raised point was styled the Acropolis, from which the most expert boys took "headers". The perfection of a header was to plunge into the water without a splash, making such a slight curve beneath the surface that the hands held in front of the head almost emerged from the water before the feet entered it. The late Bishop Selwyn, who was then a private tutor at Eton, was the arbiter of good swimming and diving and headers. Many boys bathed four times a day in a hot summer. This excessive bathing, coupled with an excessive indulgence in strawberry-messes, use to make some of them look rather pale, which their friends who came to see them were fondly prone to attribute to excessive study.

I must devote a few words to the memory of Eton "sock." Sock was an arbitrary word similar to sap. It has no etymological root. Sock may be roughly, but imperfectly, defined as the food which a boy bought with his pocket-money. "To sock a fellow" was to give him something to eat or drink outside his regular meals. Sometimes a boy might say "My governor socked me a book", or "My uncle has socked me a lock-up". A boy has also been heard to ask another "to sock him a construe of his lesson". Beefsteaks and sausages, marmalade and jam, strawberries and strawberry-messes were the principal items of sock. Ices were always sock, and oysters in my time. I knew a boy who socked a friend seventeen dozen of oysters at a sitting at Nason the fishmonger's shop —but oysters only cost a shilling a dozen then. Who does not remember the two itinerant purveyors of sock, Spankie and Webber, who brought their temptations to boys as they were going into school or coming out again? Spankie was a sycophant as well as a sock-vendor. I once heard him ask a big fellow not to fag a little boy named Grey to take a book to his room. "That is Lord Grey of Groby", urged Spankie, "who will be one of the richest peers in England". But the little Grey wisely carried off the book, regardless of Spankie's protest.

Whilst the river Thames presented its attractions to the wet-bobs, the playing-fields had their special charms

for the dry-bobs. Cricket is now such a scientific game that it would not be safe for me to say much about the old style of play. Fifty years ago round-arm bowling was almost a novelty. The best Eton bowlers of that time were famous for their swift under-hand bowling. The names of Kirwan, de St. Croix, Marcon, Ainslie and Fellowes will be remembered by their contemporaries as boys who smashed wickets and required two long-stops. No wicket-keeper, not even the redoubtable Anson, could dispense with the services of a long-stop. Boudier, the red-haired Colleger—Boudier, the plucky and popular boy who fought and threshed the sweep at Windsor Fair—was four years in the Eleven, into which he was chosen at an early age as a trusty long-stop. Bull Pickering was captain of the Eleven in 1837 and 1838; Boudier succeeded him in 1839, and Emilius Bayley ruled in 1840 and 1841. I can remember little George Yonge being put in the Eleven for his round-arm bowling. He was reputed to have been the smallest fellow that had ever been chosen for the Eleven, but Harry Aitken, who played in 1846, was both younger and smaller. Both these tinies became famous cricketers in their day.

There were only four recognized cricket clubs in the playing-fields. The Upper Club had the monopoly of the upper shooting-fields, for the benefit and practice of the Eleven and the next twenty-two. Cricket-fagging had been abolished under Hawtrey's rule, and I was never subject to it; but I have a dim recollection of seeing small boys running after cricket-balls in Upper Club. They must have been volunteers; but perhaps like the native volunteers of the old Indian army, they did not really want to go there. Lower Club occupied the ground known as the lower shooting-fields; its members were aspirants for promotion to the Upper Club. "Aquatics" was a club which consisted of wet-bobs, when they sought to disport themselves on land. It was a cardinal rule of the Aquatics that a ball might not be blocked; if the player did not "swipe" at every ball he was out. Sixpenny Club was the paradise of the lower-boy dry-bob. It occupied the ground along the high wall on the Slough Road where the football at the wall is played in winter. The "keepers" or managers of Sixpenny Club were very important personages among lower boys, and levied their sixpences from all new comers. Any new fellow who was fond of cricket was keen to be asked to play in one of the weekly matches in Sixpenny; there was therefore much competition, and I apprehend considerable sycophancy (known as "sucking") to stand well with the keepers. On practice-days the little patch of ground was covered with stumps, and balls were flying about freely, amidst shouts of "thank you", which was the request to another boy to throw back a ball. I think that on Saturday, after four, the keepers of Sixpenny were bound to provide beer for the players, and two large tin cans of beer from the Christopher used to be brought up to the cricket-ground.

The Sixpenny ground was also known as the appointed spot for a very different diversion. If two boys quarrelled, and no other settlement of their views could be effected, they arranged for "a mill in Sixpenny" after two p.m. on the earliest available day. I understand that in these degenerate days no boy is allowed to strike another with his fist in a quarrel, and an actual "mill" is a serious offence. There were not many fights in my time, and I can only remember to have been present at three. The most protracted contest was between two boys whom I will call Jones and Robinson. Robinson was a tall boy of fifteen, and still a lower boy. Jones was rather a big-boned lad of sixteen, and high up in the fifth form. It was deemed a great condescension on Jones's part to accept Robinson's challenge, the latter being

a lower boy,—but it was really an "affair of honour" between the two youths, one of the fair sex being the *teterrima causa*. When they met in the ring, Jones quickly floored his opponent, The same occurred for several rounds. but Robinson declined to give in. Then Jones's hands began to swell, and he was rather blown by his exertions. So the fight went on, until the sound of the chapel-bell put a stop to it, and the spectators and combatants had all to go to chapel. It certainly seems marvellous that the thousand boys now at Eton should be able to dwell so amicably together that the very word "mill" has ceased to hold its place in the current slang of the school.

It seems to be the belief of some parents that if they send a boy to Eton, the school will make a man of him. So it will, if there is the making of a man in him. But if a weed is sown in the best soil, it remains a weed. It was well said by Sir George Dasent that "Providence sends into the world nine fools for one clever man. The nine serve as stuffing and packing to prevent the clever ones from colliding with one another". It was equally well said by an experienced schoolmaster that the parents of a boy are his worst enemies. Parents almost always fancy that their son is perfect, and that it is the fault of the school if he does not do well. Let them ponder on Sir George Dasent's words about packing and stuffing, and be very thankful if among the thousand boys at Eton their son is not one of the nine hundred.

C. T. Buckland.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY.

Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the story told.
His mercy fills the Khyber hills—his grace is manifold;
He has taken toll of the North and the South—his glory reacheth far;
And they tell the tale of his charity from Balkh to Candahar.

BEFORE the old Peshawur Gate, where Kurd and Kaffir meet,
The Governor of Cabul dealt the Justice of the Street,
And that was strait as running noose and swift as plunging knife,
Tho' he who held the longer purse might hold the longer life.

There was a hound of Hindustan had struck a Euzufzai,
Wherefore they spat upon his face and led him out to die.
It chanced the King went forth that hour when throat was bared to knife;
The Kaffir grovelled under-hoof and clamoured for his life.

Then said the King: "Have hope, O friend! Yea, Death disgraced is hard;
Much honour shall be thine"; and called the Captain of the Guard,
Yar Khan, a bastard of the Blood, so city-babble saith,
And he was honoured of the King—the which is salt to Death;
And he was son of Daoud Shah the Reiver of the Plains,
And blood of old Durani Lords ran fire in his veins;
And 'twas to tame an Afghan pride nor Hell nor Heaven could bind,
The King would make him butcher to a yelping cur of Hind.

"Strike!" said the King. "King's blood art thou—his death shall be his pride!"
Then louder, that the crowd might catch: "Fear not—his arms are tied!"
Yar Khan drew clear the Khyber knife, and struck, and sheathed again.
"O man, thy will is done," quoth he; "A King this dog hath slain."

Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, to the North and the South is sold.
The North and the South shall open their mouth to a Ghilzai flag unrolled,
When the big guns speak to the Khyber peak, and his dog-Heratis fly,
Ye have heard the song—How long? How long? Wolves of the Abazai!

That night, before the watch was set, when all the streets were clear,
The Governor of Cabul spoke: "My King, hast thou no fear?
"Thou knowest—thou hast heard"—his speech died at his master's face.
And grimly said the Afghan King: "I rule the Afghan race.
"My path is mine—see thou to thine—to-night upon thy bed
Think who there be in Cabul now that clamour for thy head."

That night when all the gates were shut to city and to Throne,
Within a little garden-house the King lay down alone.
Before the sinking of the moon, which is the Night of Night,
Yar Khan came softly to the King to make his honour white.
The children of the town had mocked beneath his horse's hoofs,
The harlots of the town had hailed him *butcher!* from their roofs.

But as he groped against the wall, two hands upon him fell,
A voice behind his shoulder spake: "Dead man, thou dost not well!
"'Tis ill to jest with Kings by day and seek a boon by night;
"And that thou bearest in thy hand is all too sharp to write.
"But three days hence, if God be good, and if thy strength remain,
"Thou shalt demand one boon of me and bless me in thy pain.
"For I am merciful to all, and most of all to thee.
"My butcher of the shambles, rest—no knife hast thou for me."

Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, holds hard by the South and the North;
But the Ghilzai knows, ere the melting snows, when the swollen banks break forth,
When the red-coats crawl to the Sungar wall, and the Usbeg lances fail.
Ye have heard the song—How long? How long? Wolves of the Zuka Kheyl!

They stoned him in the rubbish-field when dawn was in the sky,
According to a written word, "See that he do not die."
They stoned him till the stones were piled above him on the plain,
And those the labouring limbs displaced they tumbled back again.

One watched beside the dreary mound that veiled the battered thing,
And him the King with laughter called the Herald of the King.

It was upon the second night, the night of Ramazan,
The watcher leaning earthward heard the message of Yar Khan.
From shattered breast through shrivelled lips broke forth the rattling breath:
"Creature of God, deliver me from agony of Death."

They sought the King among his girls, and risked their lives thereby:
"Protector of the Pitiful, give order that he die!"

"Bid him endure until the day", a lagging answer came;
"The night is short, and he can pray and learn to bless my name."

Before the dawn three times he spoke, and on the day once more:
"Creature of God, deliver me and bless the King therefore!"

They shot him at the morning-prayer, to ease him of his pain,
And when he heard the matchlock clink, he blessed the King again.

Which thing the singers made a song for all the world to sing,
So that the Outer Seas may know the Mercy of the King.

Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the story told.
He has opened his mouth to the North and the South, they have stuffed his mouth with gold.
Ye know the truth of his tender ruth—and sweet his favours are.
Ye have heard the song—How long? How long?—from Balkh to Candahar.

YUSSUF.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

NOT long ago I was in Edinburgh, —for the first time, I am ashamed to say. I arrived late at night, from

> Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
> And Eildon slopes to the plain;

and as a friend had promised to meet me at noon of the next day to do the honours of his town to the stranger, there was a fair morning before me to explore on my own account. Fair indeed the morning was not, in respect that it was conspicuously *soft*, but that did not matter. For one thing, I had grown used to it; and for another, the peculiar atmospheric condition known north of the Tweed as soft has not that aggressiveness of moisture which marks the rainy day of the Southron; *lenis minimeque pertinax* it might be called, gentle and not too violently insisting,—though it does insist. As I stepped out into Prince's Street betimes next morning—after breakfasting on a herring from Loch Fyne, which might have prompted the memorable interpellation, "Aiblins, it was a whale!"—it needed not the tall Gothic monument rising at the eastern end of that stately thoroughfare to remind me in whose romantic town I was. I trust I am not saying unpermitted things when I hint that the chief impression a stranger is likely to get from his first visit to Scotland is, that it was discovered, if not created by Walter Scott. Wherever he goes, whatever he sees, Highland and Lowland, lake and stream, grey ruin and green glen, that potent spirit is lord and master of all. There is nothing quite like it, I think, elsewhere; no other land on which the genius of one man has written his name so deep. Greece still cherishes the memory of Byron, and few Englishmen at least who travel those haunted shores are likely soon to forget that he owed to them his best poetry and gave them in return his life. But Byron's is after all but one of many memories that throng that marvellous land. In Scotland all seems Scott. There Nature and Man, the Present and the Past, all seem to speak to us with his voice, and take the most part of their beauty and their glory from him. The Bruce and the Douglas, Cavalier and Covenanter, noble and moss-trooper,—they start from their graves at every turn to the call of the Great Magician.

> The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
> Mid mouldering ruins low he lies—

yet surely of few men are the old words so true, *He being dead yet speaketh*. But these reflections cannot certainly be very original; and may possibly bring on me the fate of the unlucky Frenchman who, venturing to praise Fenimore Cooper's delightful novels, was scornfully asked by one of Cooper's countrymen what claim he had with his boulevards, his gas-lamps, and his absinthe, to write of the life and the men whom the creator of Leather-Stocking drew.

I had promised myself overnight to devote some part of the morning to tracing the route of Dundee's famous ride out of Edinburgh as set forth in Sir Walter's immortal ballad. Those galloping stanzas were clear enough in my head, and in my pocket was a little map of the city; so I proposed to make this essay in topography without asking help of any man. The motive of this resolve was two-fold; partly it came from a misgiving that the answers might not

be always sufficiently intelligible to my untrained ear; and partly it came, I fear, from a foolish pride (not uncommon, perhaps, among my countrymen) which urged me to assume the airs of old acquaintance — an assumption, as I have good reason to know, which did not for one moment impose on the smallest of the bare-legged urchins who trotted so complacently about the muddy streets.

Burke has observed that "an amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object". To a man enveloped in the wet folds of a macintosh and burdened with an open umbrella, the frequent study of a map entails a conflict with difficulty more considerable than amicable; it was perhaps just this difference which deferred my acquaintance with my object. At any rate it was not till I had made some progress in a directly contrary direction after first debouching into the High Street, and had stumbled into some half-dozen superfluous closes and wynds by the way, that I found myself triumphantly marching down what remains of "the sanctified bend of the Bow" into the Grassmarket (so empty on that dismal morning that I had little difficulty in peopling it with shadowy crowds of sour canting Whigs) and so out through the West Port, and round the Castle back again to my hotel in Prince's Street. There did not, I may here say, seem to me anything so impossible in Dundee's interview with the Duke of Gordon as has been sometimes assumed. An active man, even in riding-boots, might make his way up the north-western face of the rock, and might have made it yet more easily when, as seems probable they did then, the walls came lower down than they do now. At any rate the fact of the interview rests on unimpeachable authority, and it must have taken place somewhere on the side, northern or western, farthest from the town; possibly, as has been urged, at the Wallace or Well-House tower within the gardens, where are gathered what remains of the original fortifications. But Dalrymple gives very confidently a postern which, though built up, was still to be seen in his time.

My friend, like the lady who made that unlucky appointment with Glasgerion, was more than true to his promise. He not only met me to the moment at the hour and place appointed, but gave me a most delicate lunch at his club. As we sat at table I recounted with some exultation my morning ramble, to which my friend, listening, as his manner is, courteously, made answer that it was extremely interesting, but that in point of fact he had always understood that Dundee rode out of the city by a directly opposite road. As there happened to be a copy of Mark Napier's voluminous biography of the gallant Graham in the library of that club, we were able at any rate to refer to authority. My friend was right, if Napier was. Dundee is there reported to have led his troopers down the High Street, through the Nether Bow Port, about where Knox's house stands, then turning to the left down the Leith Wynd, at the back of Jeffrey Street, he gained the Long-gate, the road on the farther side of the North Loch, which is now called Prince's Street, and so came to the Castle on its north-western face. Consequently he went no nearer to the West Bow or the Grassmarket than did Montrose before him (also, I am sorry to say, according to Sir Walter) when he walked from the Tolbooth to be hanged in the High Street. I might indeed have remembered this, having read Napier's book not so very long ago. But I did not; perhaps my head was too full of Sir Walter's romance to have room for the hard facts of history, if facts they were.

But why did Sir Walter do this thing? In his diary for December 22nd, 1825, when the clouds were gathering thick around him though the storm had not yet broken, he notes: "The air of Bonnie Dundee running in my head to-day, I wrote a

few verses to it before dinner, taking the key-note from the story of Clavers leaving the Scottish Convention of Estates in 1688–9 ". "I wonder if they are good", he naïvely adds! The air was an old Scottish one, and among Burns' songs will be found one to it, of which the first stanza (the second only being his work) has this line,

Between Saint Johnston and Bonnie Dundee.

But what was probably running in Scott's head was a not very delicate song, apparently of English manufacture, relating the disreputable adventures of two Highlanders, Jockey the Laird and Sawney the Man, in the town of Dundee. The refrain of this song runs almost on all fours with Sir Walter's:

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horse and call out my man,
Come open the gates and let me go free,
For I'se gang no more to Bonnie Dundee!

The sanctified bend of the Bow, the Grassmarket and the West Port are, then, all inventions of Sir Walter. He took his story of the ride from Dalrymple, who only says that "Dundee left the house [the Parliament House where the Convention was sitting] in a rage, mounted his horse, and with a troop of fifty horsemen who had deserted to him from his regiment in England, galloped through the city". Balcarres, who had promised to ride with his friend, is briefer still: "So he went straight away with about fifty horses". I do not know of any contemporary account of the incident, except Balcarres'; but Napier seems to have read a manuscript in the Advocates' Library, purporting to have been written by some one in the Castle during the siege who may have seen Dundee coming with his troopers along the Lang-gate.

We will not follow Scott's amiable friend (and fellow-antiquary) Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who called him "the greatest dunce and liar in antiquity I ever knew"; but it is certain that he used to kick the "chuckie-stanes" of history aside very freely when they got in his way. Still it is not impossible that he may have read some old narrative or known some tradition which had been lost before Napier wrote, or perhaps become discredited by later information or conjecture. In the case of Montrose's death this excuse will hardly serve. There are several contemporary accounts of the scene which must have been known in his time. He seems to have relied upon Wishart, who merely says that the Marquis was brought from the prison to the place of execution; and as the common place of execution was then, as it was down to Scott's own day, the Grassmarket, the mistake is at least intelligible. But in respect of Dundee's ride, unless we suppose that Scott was using some old authority, whether of tradition or of more substantial weight, we must take it that he merely selected the most picturesque route. The town in those days stretched almost entirely on the south side of the High Street, and it was in the smaller streets and wynds running down from that thoroughfare to the Cowgate that the lower and more turbulent part of the population dwelt. Dundee's lodgings were probably in the High Street, where most of the aristocracy then lived; and as the city proper then ended at the Nether Bow, the Canongate being without the walls, the route down the West Bow and through the Grassmarket would lead him through that part of the town where the Cowls of Kilmarnock, the Westland Whigs who had been brought in by Hamilton to hold the Jacobites in check, and among whom a plot was, or was believed to be, on foot to assassinate the man they most feared and hated on earth, were most likely to be gathered.

This wilful violation of historical fact, or what is at least accepted for such, may give occasion to the enemy

to blaspheme. The apostles of the modern canon that romance is the mortal enemy of history (almost of fiction too, one fancies they must think) may exult to see the king of romance thus condemned out of his own mouth. But there are others who may think it no great crime. Some one once pictured Shakespeare as being reproached by some earnest shade for the many bad lines he had written, and as smiling and answering that it was very true, but that what did it matter? It is hard perhaps to go quite so far as Mark Napier, who quotes two stanzas of Scott's ballad with the comment that there is more of historical truth and accuracy in it than in all the florid pages of Macaulay, and then proceeds to lay bare its violation of historical truth and accuracy. But when the liberties Scott took with history are held up for indignant reproof, we are very much tempted to say it is very true, but what does it matter? And these liberties, let it be remembered, are always with the letter, never with the spirit of history; with the instinct of genius he seizes on the essential characteristics of the individual no less than of the age, and reproduces them with such power and reality as the superior knowledge of later generations has never been able to match. There still perhaps linger among us a few who would sooner risk going wrong with Sir Walter than right with——so as not to be invidious, let me say would sooner "err with Pope than shine with Pye".

OF PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE.

If it be true that there is safety in the multitude of counsellors, critics should rarely in these days go amiss. Hardly a month passes but our magazines furnish us with some exposition of the principles of criticism, framed according to the writer's taste or fancy, and more or less directly aimed against what he conceives to be the shortcomings of its practice. In America, where perhaps the need of such persistent schooling is more acutely felt, they are especially zealous in this direction; and one at least of their professors, if he cannot convince, has apparently the power to mightily irritate some of his fellows on the English side. Such of our weekly journals also as are more particularly concerned with intellectual things are no less prolific in rebuke, advice and exhortation. And these treatises are collected into what is meant for the more lasting form of a book with at least sufficient frequency.

Nothing comes of it all, of course, nor ever can come of it. It is easy enough to say that criticism is no mere matter of individual taste, but is governed by fixed rules like any other art or science with which men are busy. But who shall frame these rules, or who, when framed, shall ensure their acceptance? Cardinal Newman would say that we had no need to go beyond Aristotle, "the oracle of nature and of truth"; and it is certain that on the broad principles of criticism the man would not go far wrong who went with Aristotle. But Aristotle died more than two thousand years ago! Each age, one of our own wise men has warned us, must provide its own literature, though he would not have us depend solely on the provision; and if this be so, it will follow that there must be a vast mass of literature outside Aristotle's jurisdiction, and for the proper judgment of which his rules can be of little service. It might seem also to follow that each age must provide its own criticism, and in a sense it does follow. "The critic", it has been said, "does his work; he recalls the old laws from forgetfulness, he gives them fresh force and currency by applying them to the new occasions that his age provides; yet in doing this he but treads in other men's steps, and other men will in time tread in his. The last word in criticism,—a phrase so much in vogue to-day—is never

really spoken; men will always be finding new ways of spelling and pronouncing it. Literature, manners, theology, politics, in all these matters each age will provide its own criticism, because each age will find fresh occasions for the application of the old laws". This is true enough, but the writer seems to take it for granted that the laws applied will be the old laws. The question is whether they will be found always applicable to the new material. How, for instance, would the literature of the present age—that literature which one of its most copious maufacturers has asserted to stand nearest of all that have come since to the Elizabethan—how would that literature look to the eyes of one trained to believe that beauty consists in magnitude and order; that actions are the proper objects of imitation and that character should be shown only through actions; that vicious or unseemly things can only be excused by necessity,—a rule which it is most agreeably surprising to find that a French critic (to be sure, he lived before these days) has endorsed by the saying, "Monstrosities have no place in literature". Our civil law is based on the old Roman code embodied in the Institutes of Justinian; but the order of the world, and the fabric of modern society could not be preserved by the word of the Institutes alone. The canons of criticism formulated by the author of the Treatise on Poetry are as broadly sound now as when first applied to the epics of Homer and the dramas of Sophocles. They are fixed and immutable; but the value of their practical application for us must inevitably depend on the fashion of the day, and but the other day I read, in a journal which is nothing if not critical, that the epic and the drama are dead! Not quite dead perhaps, but sleeping certainly, and likely to sleep till some Fairy Prince with stouter sinews and more high resolve shall come to wake them. For example, Aristotle says that pity and terror are the emotions which tragedy should excite; we say, or seem to say, disgust. Again, he says that the excellence of diction consists in being perspicuous without being mean; we say, or seem to say, that to be perspicuous is to be mean. Of course the real value of Aristotle's precepts changes not with the shifting fashions of the time, any more than the real value of an author's work changes with our shifting estimates of it. One age may exalt a writer to the clouds, the next may debase him to the dust; but his work remains the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever. "The divine voice has spoken once for all, and the only question is about its meaning." Unfortunately this is precisely the question which no two people are agreed in answering.

Nothing comes of it all, for the simple reason that no man now will be persuaded to accept another for a lawgiver, the moment the law runs counter to his own interests or inclinations. He will yield to the strong arm of the law, but not to the silver tongue. It is the hour of democracy in literature as in other things, when every man is as good as his master and a great deal better. There is no law to punish a man for asserting that Victor Hugo is as great as Æschylus or George Eliot as great as Shakespeare, and there will always be people willing to profess allegiance to such doctrines. The man who shakes his fist in the face of the world's opinion, or lays himself out to exalt the less at the expense of the greater, will never lack his following.

But though it is idle to expect that there will ever be framed a canon of criticism that will command universal acceptance, it by no means follows that every attempt to frame one or to ensure its acceptance need be equally idle. The iteration of truth should never be damnable. "To try and approach truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, nor to persist in pressing forward, on any one side, with violence and self-will—it is only thus, it seems to me, that mortals may hope to gain

any vision of the mysterious goddess, whom we shall never see except in outline, but only thus even in outline. He who will do nothing but fight impetuously towards her on his own, one, favourite, particular line, is inevitably destined to run his head into the folds of the black robe in which she is wrapped." He was a good critic who wrote those words, and would have been even a better one had he remembered them more often. Many attempts to settle the science of criticism on some permanent footing have been petulant and foolish, but not all. Two such have been lately made which, each in its degree, contain matter worth considering; and, though neither can be accepted as conclusive, even in its degree, are certainly not foolish or petulant. One is an article in the Nineteenth Century Review by Professor Knight, called "Criticism as a Trade"; the other is a little volume called "Principle in Art, &c.", selected by Mr. Coventry Patmore out of some papers contributed by him to one of our evening journals which has been always ready to admit good things into its columns. The practice of collecting what our fathers used to call fugitive pieces is commonly more observed than honoured, but were these collections often so good as Mr. Patmore's there would be little need to decry it.

Both writers complain of the criticism of the present day, and both practically find the same ground of complaint. Mr. Knight, as his title suggests, is more direct in his charges than the other, addressing himself more particularly to the professional reviewer,—or rather to the general oracle of the daily press, for his complaints are not confined solely to the treatment of books; and Mr. Patmore also looses a passing shaft at the same quarter when he talks of "a class of critics who have the power to give notoriety, if they cannot give fame"; but both are at one in drawing a large bow against the spirit of the age as manifested in the tendency and limitations of its æsthetic criticisms. I would here venture, with all submission, to deprecate Mr. Patmore's antipathy to the term *æsthetic*. Surely the word itself is not so much to blame as the current application of it. The Greek word originally signified perception by means of the senses, of feeling especially, but also of seeing, hearing, and even of smelling; but latterly it came to include the operation of the intellectual senses, the capacity for perceiving, understanding, and judging. It is true that the Germans, when they took up the idea in the last century, overlaid it, after their custom, with all manner of transcendental foolishness, and what we have pushed it to is matter of common notoriety. But the proper significance of the word is, I venture to maintain, an intelligible and a sound one. Both these gentlemen, then, find criticism sick of the same disease, though both do not give the disease the same name. Mr. Knight finds our criticism wanting in "thoroughness, fairness, and light," —three very sufficient wants, it must be allowed; and he attributes these deficiencies to the irreverence which he finds rampant in every class of society, and even believes to be rooted in the national character. Mr. Patmore finds it wanting in virility and principle,— a want he conceives implied in the aforesaid name of æsthetics with which it delights to adorn itself. "The manikin type of genius" is all the fashion now, he says. "Craziness alone passes at present for a strong presumption of genius, and where genius is really found in company therewith is at once pronounced 'supreme.' This is partly because most people can see that craziness has something abnormal about it, and are ready therefore to identify it with genius, of which most persons only know that it also is 'abnormal'; and partly because the manikin mind is always red republican, and ardent in its hatred of kings, priests, 'conventions,' the 'monopoly' of property and of women, and all other hindrances put in the way of virtue, liberty, and happi-

ness, by the wicked 'civilizer.'" Mr. Knight strikes the same string when he says that the spirit of irreverence shows itself "in almost puerile denunciations of the past, in the spirit of iconoclasm and the demand for drastic reforms of every kind—in short in the miscellaneous self-assertion of the period."

Both these gentlemen undoubtedly speak much truth; unfortunately neither is ready with a remedy, with a remedy at least for practical application. Mr. Knight does indeed suggest that our criticism would be vastly improved did our critics give themselves the trouble to read and digest before passing judgment. No one will gainsay him; but everyone who has the least experience of the circumstances in which the oracle of the daily press is expected to speak will hasten to assure him that his remedy is simply impossible. Mr. Patmore tells us that the proper business of the critic "is not the expression, however picturesque and glowing, of the faith that is in him, but the rendering of sound and intelligible reasons for that faith." But if the faith be wrong, of what avail are the reasons, be they ever so intelligible? Nay, the more clearly they are expressed will they not be likely to work the deeper mischief? However, he does not leave us quite in the dark as to our choice of a faith. "There already exists, in the writings and sayings of Aristotle, Hegel, Lessing, Goethe, and others, the greater part of the materials necessary for the formation of a body of institutes of art which would supersede and extinguish nearly all the desultory chatter which now passes for criticism, and which would go far to form a true and abiding popular taste—one which could render sane reasons for its likings and dislikings." But his modesty constrains him to add that the Justinian for this great work does not exist, or is at any rate unknown.

Every rule we know is proved by its exception, and nothing, moreover, is more unfair (though few things are more amusing) than to try a critic in his own court. Otherwise Mr. Patmore might be reminded that judged by his own standard he could more than once be proved guilty out of this very volume. For example, he roundly asserts Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" to be "probably the very finest lyric in the English language", without assigning any reason for his judgment, with which some good critics, Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Palgrave among the number, do as roundly disagree. Again, he tells us that the power of Rossetti (whom in general he criticises with great acuteness and accuracy) is chiefly shown in his ballad poetry, in such pieces as "Rose Mary", "Sister Helen", and "The King's Tragedy". This is doubtless true; but then he goes on, "Had these been found in Percy's 'Relics' they would have constituted the chief ornament of that collection. As it is, it is impossible not to feel that they are more or less anachronisms, both in spirit and in form." Anachronisms indeed they are, for they essay to revive a form of poetry of which the informing spirit has long been dead and buried with the times and the men who gave it birth, and of which, even were it capable of revival, Rossetti was the last man to revive. Walter Scott could indeed do it by snatches, but he was far too wise a soul and too genuine a poet to attempt to do more. But Rossetti's ballads had been as patent anachronisms a century ago as they are now. The first readers of the Relics were not so conversant with that old poetry as their descendants have grown, but even they would never have taken "The King's Tragedy" or "RoseMary" or "The White Ship" for natives of the soil which Bishop Percy gleaned. It would be impossible for even a school-girl not to feel that such a verse as this—

O my heart, what road shall we roam
Till my wedding-music fetch me home?
For love's shut from us and bides afar,
And scorn leans over the bitter bar
And knows us now for the thing we are—

is not native to the age which produced—

But had I wist before I kist
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinned it with a siller pin.

Or, to take a passage in which Rossetti seems to have had the old Scottish version of the Battle of Otterbourne in his mind, compare—

Four years it is since first I met,
'Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,
A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,
And that shape for thee I knew—

with—

But I have dreamed a dreary dream
Beyond the Isle of Sky :
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.

Take again "The White Ship", and set this passage—

With prayers as vain and curses as vain
The White Ship sundered on the mid-main :
And what were men and what was a ship
Were toys and splinters in the sea's grip—

beside this—

Half o'er, half o'er to Aberdour,
The sea runs fifty fathoms deep ;
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens
With the Scots lords at his feet.

These comparisons might be multiplied to infinity; and indeed it is curious to find Mr. Patmore apparently unaware that Rossetti's ballads are essentially false to their own pattern, for he quotes as applicable to the bulk of Rossetti's poetry (and indeed a better criticism of it could not be made) a comment of Mr. William Rossetti's on the *bouts-rimés* his brother used to amuse himself with making : "Some of them have a *faux air* of intensity of meaning, as well as of expression ; but their real core of significance is small."

The fact surely is that there are certain forms of beauty for the appreciation of which it is not always possible —perhaps we may say it is always impossible—to give sound and intelligible reasons ; they can only be spiritually discerned. The delight we feel in them is akin to that Wordsworth won from Nature.

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms were then to me
An appetite.

What cold standard of criticism could exactly gauge the charm of such verse as,

Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Citherea's breath ?

or as,

—— magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn ?

For this reason among others it seems hopeless to expect that a general canon of criticism, which shall be universally applicable and universally accepted, will ever be framed. Perhaps this is no great loss. A critic who proposed to judge solely by established usage would hardly make a very safe or a very intelligent guide. It is indeed perfectly true to say, as Mr. Patmore says, that "to criticise is to judge ; to judge requires judicial qualifications ; and this is quite a different thing from a natural sensitiveness to beauty, however much that sensitiveness may have become heightened by converse with refined and beautiful objects of nature and works of art." But surely it is no less true that a natural sensitiveness to beauty, when so educated, will often lead its possessor to a correcter judgment than all the rules of Greece and Germany. He may not be able to express his sensations with the precision and clearness of a trained critic, though if his converse with good works of art has included good literature, he need be at no loss even for that : to read good books will not enable a man to write them ; but it should enable him to find words for the thoughts within him, intelligible, adequate, and such as "a man of God's making"

may be content to speak. "You cannot make a man that was none to be an angler by a book", wrote old Walton. Will all the writers in the world from Aristotle to Goethe teach a man to distinguish between good art and bad who is congenitally incapable of the distinction? Mr. Patmore might say that he of course supposes the existence of this natural capacity; but the general tenor of his complaint seems rather to be that too much is granted to the innate sense for beauty, and too little to the judicial training needed to give right expression to that sense. Each undoubtedly is necessary to the other; but the training without the sense is at least as likely to go wrong as the sense without the training.

The root of the matter lies in that one little word *beauty*, and for the understanding heart no one has ever defined this better than Keats with his "Beauty is truth, truth beauty". Every form of art which is genuine and sincere, which is true to itself, its purpose, and its circumstances, has its own beauty. There is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon, and the two must not be, as they too often are, confounded; but each is in its own sphere glorious and beautiful. What is not beautiful, nor ever can be so to discerning eyes, however greatly it may impose on the untrained sensitive nature, or however much it may be exalted by those interested to serve the fashion of the hour, is false art; art which is not based on sincerity, and which is therefore unreal, unmanly, unwholesome. Such art will always flourish with peculiar luxuriance in periods of national excitement. "Whenever a nation", it has been truly said, "first feels the stir of a new life, whether in religion or politics, art or literature, certain follies and extravagancies will inevitably go along with, and for a time impede the movement. But if there be any real vitality in it, these parasites will soon decay and drop off, and then, freed from these retarding influences, the true growth will spread and ripen, and its power will be felt and understood". A mind naturally sensitive to the beautiful—which, as Matthew Arnold, following Keats, has reminded us, is only truth seen from another side—and educated by free communion with it should never need a code of laws to help separate the parasite from the true growth. Of this false art there is indeed too much about us, and it finds too much acceptance; and Mr. Knight and Mr. Patmore are both right in ascribing it, the one to a want of manliness, the other to a want of reverence in the age. And these two deficiencies are as conspicuous in our political no less than in our intellectual condition. The spirit which insists on admiring Shelley for the base and unmanly side of his character—his rare and pure nature they call it!—is at bottom the same spirit which inspires that ignoble herd of adventurers who are doing their best to make their country ridiculous and all government impossible. It is an evil spirit, insincere, selfish, and cowardly; the bastard revolutionary spirit of the time, which loves the darkness and hates the light as do all unclean things. If this spirit had its way, it would indeed "make a sop of all this solid globe".

> Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
> Between whose endless jar justice resides,
> Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
> Then everything includes itself in power,
> Power into will, will into appetite;
> And appetite, an universal wolf,
> So doubly seconded with will and power,
> Must make perforce an universal prey,
> And last eat up himself.

But it is the supreme fortune of art to be in great measure exempt from the common lot of mortal things. The great moral, social, and political fabric which our fathers have builded may be doomed to perish. It may be written in the book of fate

> That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
> Should perish.

But the great literature of the past, the great art of the past will still remain,—unless, indeed, the universal wolf should in his zeal (as the young Sixth Edward did with the Oxford libraries) consider this also a part of the faith of the old dispensation that must go to ensure the acceptance of the new; and before that time we must hope, as is indeed probable, that he will have eaten up himself. Bad books will indeed continue to be written in the future, as they have been in the past, and bad pictures to be painted, but they cannot mar the glory of the good ones. They will have their day, but the day of the others is for ever. As the idol of this new revolution wrote, working in his better part, that which was really true and immortal in him, which they would ignore and obscure:

> The one remains, the many change and pass,
> Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly.

Both Mr. Knight and Mr. Patmore expect perhaps rather more from criticism than it can now give them. It is not the power it once was, nor ever again will be. The condition of criticism might not inaptly be compared to the condition of politics; in both the extension of the franchise is working to its inevitable end, and criticism like politics has become a mere question of party. Disinterested, free and honest, merging the individual in the state, neither is ever again likely to be, save perhaps at those moments of panic when, as Thucydides sagely observed, the people are always ready enough to obey orders. I do not say that there may not be very good critics again, as there have been; I will not say that there may not be some very good critics somewhere even now. But never again will the critic, be he wise as Aristotle and eloquent as Plato, command the hearing he could once command, or hold the keys of life and death in his hand as he was once believed to hold them. Many people no doubt take their culture from the reviews, just as many people take their politics from the summaries in the morning papers; but the purpose of both is the same. They read not with the hope of being guided to a correct judgment either in literature or politics, but in order to get, at the least possible expense of time and trouble, an idea of what is going forward sufficient at least to pass muster in the clubs and at the dinner-tables. And having regard to the general condition both of politics and literature it is hard to deny these readers at least the merit of being wise in their generation. Yet it is not necessary to suppose that Aristotle, Lessing, Goethe, and Coleridge, are forgotten, because there are critics whom, to borrow Johnson's words, nature has made weak and idleness keeps ignorant. They are read still, and their teaching still finds acceptance. Universal acceptance it cannot be expected to find, for a large, if not the largest part of mankind will always prefer the false to the true. Change is the universal law of our being; it is an inevitable part of that great struggle for existence to which we are now bidden to believe we owe this fair world and all that is in it; and it is easier far to change from right to wrong, than from wrong to right. But this fact is not so discomforting as it may at the first glance seem; for so long as no teaching can hope to meet with universal acceptance, so long will the good at least have its chance with the bad.

And so after all the state of criticism is perhaps matter for no very great lamentation. There is an abundance of bad criticism written, no doubt, but Mr. Patmore has proved that some good at least is also written. If the "pseudo-criticism which delights by sympathy with, and perhaps expansion of our own sensations" be at fault, the fault must lie be with our sensations, and we must better them. Is it not the truth

with most of us that criticism seems to us good only when it tallies with our own opinions? And for the hasty, unfair, and interested criticism against which Mr. Knight has taken up his parable, it does no real harm. It imposes upon nobody capable of judging for himself, and it is not among the others, though they be the majority, that the real arbiters of destiny are found. Time settles all disputes, and neither flattery nor detraction affects his award. Men, it is true, will go on disputing to the end of Time, but they will not shake his verdict. At its best this sort of criticism serves only, for those who care to read it, as an agreeable interlude to the monotonous record of the daily paper which forms their staple literature. At its worst it can do no more than annoy, and life without its annoyances would be as insupportable as a perpetual feast of partridges. Perhaps it may also serve to sell an edition or two of a worthless book, while the good ones lie on the counter for a day or two longer; but these are freaks of fortune incidental to the human lot at all times and in all circumstances, and add but another paragraph to the sermon written on the old text, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity". "Many kings have sat down upon the ground; and one that was never thought of hath worn the crown". This need surely stir us to no noble rage. Indeed, as most of us who write books write very bad ones, we should be thankful for the chance of tasting the sweets of popularity if not for so long a period as Catullus hoped for his book, at least for that shorter time which Mr. Swinburne has graciously assigned to the holy spirit of man.

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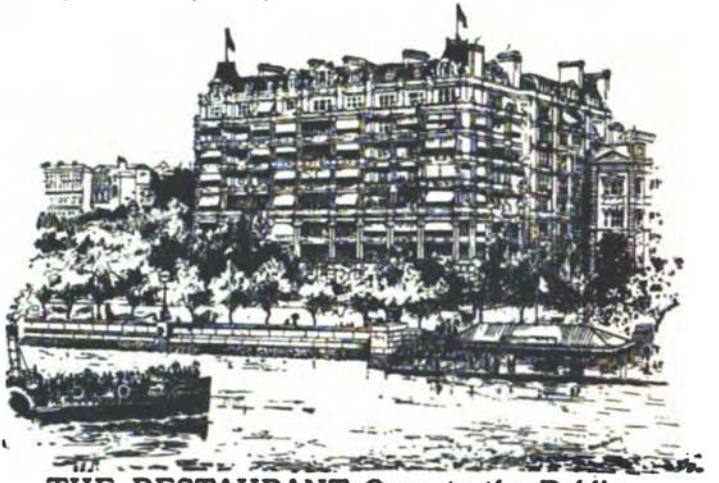

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KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. DOUGLAS retired to her room after dinner in a very tearful mood. She had made a great effort and she had not been successful, and all her hopes which had been gradually built up into a palace of delight came tumbling down about her ears. The only comfort she could feel now was in the source of her chief troubles. "Ye may say what you like to me," she cried as Kirsteen helped her to take off her cap and arrange herself comfortably upon her bed, "but your father will never put up with it. It would have been more natural in ye, Kirsteen, if ye had yielded to your mother, for well I wot ye'll have to yield to him, whether ye like it or no."

"Oh, mother, I think ye might understand," Kirsteen said.

"Understand! it's easy enough to understand. Ye've got a silly notion in your head that ye cannot mairry an old man. Better than you have done it before ye, and it would be a blessing to all your family, and maybe help me to live to see some of my boys come back. But na, ye will never think of that, of nothing but your own pleasure. And you'll see what your father will say to you," said Mrs. Douglas, with a vindictive satisfaction, while Kirsteen drew the coverlet over her and arranged the pillow for her head.

"Are ye comfortable, mother?"

"Oh, ay, as much as I can be, so little considered as I am. Ye need not wait. Put my stick within my reach, I'll chap upon the floor if I want ye, or ye can send Mary if it's too much trouble," the angry mother said. She had been very tender up to this point, very anxious to show how entirely it was for everybody's advantage that this step should be taken. But to spend your strength thus upon an unconvinced and unyielding child is hard to bear, and Mrs. Douglas's disappointment had turned to wrath. "Oh, mother," Kirsteen said with anguish, but the remonstrance met with no reply except a fretful "Go away!" She went down stairs very slowly and reluctantly to the parlour where Mary sat at the household mending, in all the placid superiority of one who is at peace with the world. She had rejected no one's advice. She had not crossed her father or her mother, or disappointed her family. When Kirsteen sat down and took her work, Mary looked at her, and gave utterance to a faint "tshish, tshish" of mild animadversion, but for some time nothing was said. When the silence was broken it was by a question from Mary, "Ye'll not be expecting Glendochart to-day?"

"Me expecting him? I never expected him! He just came of his own will," Kirsteen cried, moved in her anger and wretchedness to a few hasty tears.

"Well, well, I'm saying nothing; but I suppose he's not expected, if that's the right way."

"I know nothing about it," said Kirsteen: which indeed was not quite true.

"It was just to tell Marg'ret she need take no extra trouble about the scones. It's been a great expense a visitor like that, especially when it comes to nothing: often to his dinner, and still oftener to his tea. And always new scones to be made, and jam on the table, and the boys partaking freely: for how could I tell Jock and Jamie before a stranger, 'It's no for you.' And all to come to nothing!" said Mary, holding up her hands.

"What could it have come to?" cried Kirsteen. "I think I will be just driven out of my senses between my mother and you."

"Poor mother," said Mary. "She had just set her heart upon it. It would have been a grand change to her to go and visit ye. It would have done her health good, but there are some that never think on such things. I just wish it had been me that had got the chance."

"And so do I, with all my heart," cried Kirsteen, with a hot and angry blush. She felt however that there was something like a dishonesty, an irritating attempt to despoil her of something belonging to her in Mary's wish.

"I would have put myself in the background," said Mary. "I would not have thought whether I liked it or not. I would just have taken the man however old he had been. I would have said, it will be fine for my mother and a good thing for Kirsteen and all the bairns; and I would just have taken him and never said a word."

"That would have been pleasant for him—that you should take him for the sake of the family."

"He would have been none the wiser," said Mary composedly. "There would have been no necessity to tell him. And he would never have found it out. They say men are very vain; they just think ye are in love with them whether ye are or not. And I would have managed Glendochart fine. But it was not me that had the chance."

Kirsteen cast a gleam of mingled indignation and contempt at her sister, who went on diligently with her mending while she gave vent to these sentiments. Mary was fitting on a patch upon one of the boys' undergarments, carefully laying it by the thread. Her mending was famed in the family; nobody made repairs so neatly. She spoke very softly, never lifting her eyes from the work, which indeed required all her attention. And there is a special power, especially for irritation, in the words of wisdom that are thus addressed to one without any lifting of the eyes.

"But that's just the way of the world," Mary said with a sigh. "The one that would do it, that would not think of herself, but just do it, is never the one that has it in her power. I've seen the same thing many a time. The wilful one that will please herself, it is her that folk seek—"

Kirsteen's heart swelled high with mortification and pain. If there was anything that she had desired in her visionary moods it had been to sacrifice herself, to do some great thing for her mother, to be the saving of little Jeanie. She had made many a plan how to do this, how to perform prodigies for them, to deliver them from dangers. In her dreams she had saved both from fire and flood, from the burning house which fancy sacrificed lightly to give her the chance of a piece of heroism, or from the roaring stream when it ran to its highest, cutting off Drumcarro, which was a thing that had happened once. And now the smooth and smiling Mary,

who would have thought of nobody in such a strait but herself, could reproach Kirsteen! And it was a true reproach. Here was the way, with no need to set the house on fire, or flood the country: here was a deliverance to be accomplished, that was within her power, that she could do so easily with no trouble to any one save to him who was far away, who perhaps would never hear of it, who might have changed his mind and forgotten Kirsteen long before he heard of it. All the best part of her seemed to rise against Kirsteen, demanding of her this sacrifice. Oh, it was so easy to do it in your head, to make a sacrifice of everything when nothing was wanted!—but when the time came—

And as if this was not enough, little Jeanie came running after Kirsteen when the poor girl escaped and wandered out again towards the linn in hope of a little soothing from Nature—Jeanie stole her hand into Kirsteen's and rubbed her golden locks against her sister's sleeve, "When ye go to Glendochart take me with you," said Jeanie. "Oh, I would like to live in a grand house. I would like a powney to ride, and to play upon the harpsichord as my mother did when she was young. They say ye'll be very rich, Kirsteen, when you go with Glendochart."

"But I will never go with Glendochart!" Kirsteen cried.

"Oh, will ye no? And why will ye no, Kirsteen? Will ye send him away? Oh, you could never be so cruel as to do that! Will he come here no more?—and everything be just as it used to be? Oh, Kirsteen!" cried Jeanie, "I wish you would marry Glendochart!—I would if it was me. He is the kindest man in the whole world. He speaks to me as if he was—No, fathers are not kind like that. I like him, Kirsteen, I am awfu' fond of him; and so is Jock and Jamie—Oh, I wish ye would change your mind!"

"But, Jeanie, ye would not wish me to be meeserable," cried poor Kirsteen.

"No," said Jeanie—but she added with youthful philosophy, "you wouldna be meeserable when me and the rest were so happy. And it is us that will be meeserable if you send him away that has been so good to us all. And how would ye like that?"

Jeanie's small voice became almost stern as she asked the question, "How would ye like that?—to make all the rest meeserable—when the alternative was nothing more than being meeserable yourself?" Kirsteen had nothing to say against that logic. She told Jeanie to run to a certain drawer where she would find some oranges and share them with the boys. They were Glendochart's oranges like everything pleasant in the house. And he was the kindest man in the world. And he would be miserable too as well as her mother and Jeanie and the laddies. Oh, poor Kirsteen, with all her best feelings turning traitors to her! would it not be far easier to consent and make them all happy, and just be miserable herself?

But she was not to be left free even now. Before she had got to the side of the linn, to be deafened with the roar and drenched with the spray, which were the only things she could think of in which any solace was, Marg'ret coming round the back of the house interrupted her on her way. "Where are ye going, down by the linn to get your death of cold and maybe an accident into the bargain? You have nothing upon your head, and no gloves on your arms, and the grass is drookit. No, my bonny lamb, ye must not go there."

"Let me be, Marg'ret. What do I care! If I get my death it will be all the better; but I'll no get my death."

"Lord, save us, to hear her speak! Ye'll no get your death,—it's just a figure of speech; but ye may get the cauld or a sair throat, or something that will settle on your chest, and that's as bad. What for would ye go

and tempt Providence? Come into my bonny kitchen that is all redd up and like a new pin, and get a good warm."

"Neither warm nor cold is of any consequence to me," said Kirsteen, "if folk would just leave me alone."

"What's the maitter with my bonny doo? Many a time you've come to Marg'ret with your trouble and we've found a way out of it."

"I see no way out of it," said Kirsteen. She had reached that point of young despair when comfort or consolation is an additional aggravation of the evil. She preferred to be told that everything was over, and that there was no hope.

"Ye may tell me a' the same," said Marg'ret, putting her arm round her nursling, and drawing her close. "It's about auld Glendochart, that's plain for all the world to see."

"You call him auld Glendochart," cried Kirsteen.

"Weel, and what would I call him? He's auld compared to the like of you. He's no blate to come here with his grey pow and choose the best of the flock. But dinna break your heart for that, Kirsteen. Ye must say to him that ye canna have him. He will take a telling. A man of that age he kens most things in this world. He will just mount his horse again, and ride away."

"It's easy speaking," cried Kirsteen, "but it's me that dare not say a word. For my father is just redweed, and will have it, Marg'ret. And my mother, she wants it too. And all of them they are upon me because I cannot consent: for oh, I cannot consent!—whatever folk may think or say, it's just this, that I cannot do it. I would sooner die."

"There is nobody that will force you," said Marg'ret. "Dinna lose heart, my bonny bairn. The laird himself is very fierce sometimes, but his bark is worse than his bite. Na, na, ye must just keep up your heart. Glendochart will soon see, he will let nobody force ye. Things like that never come to pass noo They're just a relic of the auld times. Maybe the auld Douglases that we hear so much about, that had the rights of fire and sword, and dark towers and dungeons to shut ye up in, might have done it. But where would he shut ye up here? There's no a lock to any room door in this house!" Marg'ret's laugh had a cheerful sound in the air, it broke the spell. "Your father may want to frighten you, and bring ye to his will—but he will do nae mair; and as for the mistress, she will reproach ye for a day and then it'll be a' done."

Kirsteen was obliged to confess that there was something in this. Her mother had been in despair for twenty-four hours, and "just her ordinary" the day after on many previous occasions. It might all "blow over" as Marg'ret said, especially if Glendochart should see with his own eyes how little disposed was the bride whom the family were so anxious to put into his arms. No doubt his feelings would be hurt, which was a thing Kirsteen did not like to think of. But somebody must suffer it was clear, and if so, perhaps it was better that it should be Glendochart who was an old man, and no doubt used to it, and who was also a rich man, and could go away and divert himself as Marg'ret suggested.

Marg'ret was of opinion that though it might hurt his feelings it was not likely at his age that it would break his heart. For hearts are more fragile at twenty than at sixty—at least in that way.

CHAPTER XV.

MARG'RET had said with truth that the troubles of her young favourite had often been smoothed away after a consultation with herself. The best of us have our weak points, and the excellent Marg'ret was perhaps a little vain of the faculty of "seeing a way out of it", which she believed herself to possess. She had seen a way out of it in many family tribulations which had a way of appearing less desperate when she took them in hand. And

her last grand success in respect to the ball at the Castle had no doubt added to her confidence in herself. But after having turned it over in her mind for the best part of the night Marg'ret found that even her courage did not sustain her when she thought of confronting Drumcarro and requiring of him that he should give up the marriage on which he had evidently set his heart. Marg'ret was conscious that she was herself partly to blame: had she not set before him in the famous argument about the ball the fact that in no other way was there any likelihood of finding "a man" for either of his daughters? Alas, the man had been but too easy to find, and how was she to confront him now and bid him let go his prize? Marg'ret's heart sank, though it was not given to sinking. She lay awake half the night turning it over and over in her mind, first representing to herself under every light the possible argument with Drumcarro and what he would say, and what she would say. She heard herself remonstrating, "Sir, ye canna force your ain bairn, to make her meeserable", and the response, "What the deevil have you to do with it, if I make her meeserable or no?" She had been *dans son droit* when she had interfered about the muslin gowns and the ball, and the necessity of letting the young ladies be seen in the world—but who was she to meddle with a marriage when everybody was pleased but just the poor lassie herself? A poor lassie will change her mind as Marg'ret knew, and will sometimes be very thankful to those who opposed her foolish youth, and made her do what turned out to be so good for her. There was nothing so little to be calculated upon, as the sentiments of a girl whose position would be unspeakably improved by marriage, and whose silly bits of feeling might change at any moment. It is true that Kirsteen was not silly but full of sense far beyond her years. But even she might change her mind, and who could doubt that Drumcarro's daughter would be far better off as Glendochart's wife?

All this "dautoned" Marg'ret as she would herself have said. She began even to glide away from her conviction that the master must be wrong. This is a fine working sentiment, and helps to surmount many difficulties, but when a reasonable soul is smitten by hesitation and feels that it is possible for even a habitual wrongdoer to be for once in the right, it takes the strength out of all effort. Finding herself less and less likely to be able with any comfort to object, Marg'ret began instinctively to turn to the other side of the question; and she found there was a great deal to be said on that other side. Glendochart was old—but after all he was not so dreadfully old, not in the stage of extreme age, as Kirsteen supposed. He was a "personable man". He would give his young wife everything that heart of woman (in Argyllshire) could desire. She would have a carriage to drive about in and a saddle-horse to ride. She would get a spinet, or a harpsichord, or the new-fangled thing that was called a piany to play upon if she pleased; and as many books as she could set her face to; and maybe a sight of London and the King's court, "decent man! if he were but weel again", said Marg'ret to herself, for the name of the Prince Regent was not in good odour. All this would be Kirsteen's if she could but just get over that feeling about the old man. And after all Marg'ret went on, reasoning herself into a more and more perfect adoption of the only practicable side, he was not such an old man. Two or three years younger than Drumcarro—and Drumcarro had life enough in him, just a very born devil as fierce as ever he was. They would be bold that would call the Laird an old man, and Glendochart was three at least, maybe five years younger. Not an old man at all—just a little over his prime; and a well-made personable man, doing everything that the youngest did,

riding every day and out stalking on the hills in the season, and hurling, as Kirsteen herself had allowed, with the best. When everything was done and said what should hinder her to take Glendochart? He was a far finer gentleman than anybody that Kirsteen was likely to meet with. He was a good man, everybody said. He was what you might call a near kinsman of the Duke's, not more than four or five times removed. She would be in the best of company at Glendochart, invited out to dinner, and to all the diversions that were going. What could a lassie want more? Marg'ret woke in the morning in a great hurry, having overslept herself after a wakeful night, with the same conviction in her mind which was so strongly impressed upon all the others. It was just for everybody's advantage that Kirsteen should marry Glendochart, and for her own most of all.

Kirsteen herself had been much calmed and invigorated by her consultation with Marg'ret. That authority had made so little of the obstacles and the dangers, as if it would be the easiest thing in the world to shake off Glendochart, and convince Drumcarro that nothing could be done. For the moment Kirsteen's heart rose. She was accustomed to put great trust in Marg'ret, to see her cheerful assurances more or less justified. Many a storm had blown over which had filled the girl with terror, but which Marg'ret had undertaken should come to nothing. And if that was what Marg'ret thought now, all might be well. That day Kirsteen bore herself with great courage, getting back her colour, and singing about the house as was her wont, though it was only by a great effort that she dismissed the foreboding from her heart. And this brave front she kept up heroically during the greater part of the week of Glendochart's absence, finding her best help in silence and a determined avoidance of the subject—but the courage oozed out at her finger tips as the days stole away. They seemed to go like conspirators one by one bringing her near the dreadful moment which she could not avoid. It had been on Thursday that her father had spoken to her, and now the week had gone all but a day. Kirsteen had just realized this with a sick fluttering at her heart, as she stood at the door watching the ruddy colours of the sunset die out of the heavens. Something of the feeling of the condemned who watches his last sun setting had come into her mind in spite of herself: what might have happened to her before to-morrow? Would her father's curse be on her, or the still heavier malison of a creature mansworn, false to her dearest vow?

While she was thus musing, all her fictitious courage forsaking her, she felt herself suddenly and roughly caught by the arm from behind. "Well," said her father, "are ye thinking what'll ye say to your joe? He's to be here to-morrow to his dinner, and he'll expect to find all settled. Have ye fixed with your mother about the day?"

"Father," cried Kirsteen in a wild sudden panic, "you know what I said to ye. There's no day to be settled. I will tell him I cannot do it. I cannot do it. There's no question about a day."

He swung her round with that iron grasp upon her arm so that she faced him. His fierce eyes blazed upon her with a red light from under his heavy eyelids. "Dare to say a word but what I tell ye, and I'll dash ye—in pieces like a potter's vessel!" cried Drumcarro, taking the first similitude that occurred to him. He shook her as he spoke, her frame, though it was well-knit and vigorous, quivering in his grasp. "Just say a word more of your damned nonsense and I'll lay ye at my feet!"

Kirsteen's heart fluttered to her throat with a sickening terror; but she looked him in the face with what steadiness she could command, and a dumb resolution. The threat gave her back a sense of something

unconquerable in her, although every limb shook.

"Ye'll see Glendochart when he comes—in my presence—ye'll have the day fixed and all put in order. Or if ye want to appear like a woman and not a petted bairn before your man that is to be, you'll settle it yourself. I give you full liberty if you'll behave yourself. But hearken," he said, giving her another shake, "I'll have no confounded nonsense. If ye go against me in a strange man's presence and expose the family, I will just strike ye down at my feet, let what will come of it. Do you hear what I say?"

"He will not let you strike me," she cried in terror, yet defiance.

"Ye'll be at my feet before he has the chance," cried Drumcarro. "And who's will be the wyte if your father, the last of the Douglases, should be dragged to a jail for you? If ye expose my family to scorn and shame, I'll do it more. Do you hear me? Now go and settle it with your mother," he said, suddenly letting her go. Kirsteen, thrown backward by the unexpected liberation, fell back with a dizzying shock against the lintel of the door. She lay against it for a moment sick and giddy, the light fading from her eyes; and for a minute or two Kirsteen thought she was going to die. It is a conviction that comes easily at such a crisis. It seemed to the girl so much the best way out of it, just to be done with it all.

"The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To bring repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—"

Poor Kirsteen had no guilt, nor had she any clear apprehension what this meant, or what guilt it was—it might have been only the guilt of disobedience, the shame of exposing the family for anything she knew; but the words flashed through her mind in her half-faint, lying speechless against the door. It would bring repentance to them all and wring their bosoms—it would save the shame of a disturbance and the dreadful sight of a struggle between father and daughter. The only art—just to die.

He had said, "Go to your mother." This came vaguely back to her mind as she came to herself. Her mother—no, her mother would say just the same, they would all say the same. She had no one to go to. Then Kirsteen's gradually quickening senses heard something which sounded like an approaching footstep. She roused herself in a moment, and still sick and faint, with a singing in her ears, turned and fled—not to her mother, to Marg'ret in the kitchen, who was her only hope.

The kitchen was, as Marg'ret had said, "like a new pin" at that hour, all clear and bright, the fire made up, the hearth swept, the traces of dinner all cleared away. It was the moment when Marg'ret could sit down to needlework or spell out some old, old newspaper which even the minister had done with; her assistant Merran was out in the byre looking after the kye, and Marg'ret was alone. When Kirsteen rushed in unsteadily and threw herself down in the big wooden chair by the fireside Marg'ret was threading a needle which was a work of patience. But this sudden invasion distracted her completely and made her lay down both thread and needle with a sigh.

"My bonny woman! what is the matter now?"

"Marg'ret, I nearly fainted standing against the door."

"Fainted! bless the bairn! na, na, no so bad as that. Your head's cool and so is your hand. What was it, Kirsteen?"

"Or nearly died would be more like it, and that would maybe have been the best." And then with moist eyes fixed upon her anxious companion and a tremulous smile about her mouth Kirsteen repeated her verse—

"The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To bring repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die."

"Kirsteen! what is that you are saying?" cried Marg'ret, a sudden flush showing even upon her ruddy colour. "Guilt and shame! What have those dreadfu' things to do with you?"

"I am disobeying both father and mother," said the girl solemnly, "isna that guilt? And oh, it's shaming all belonging to me to stand against them; but I canna help it, I canna help it. Oh, Marg'ret, hide me from him, find me a place to go to! What will I do! what will I do!"

"My dear, my dear," said Marg'ret, "you make my heart sair. What can I say to you? I have ever taken your pairt as you ken weel—but oh, my bonny woman, I canna but think you're a little unreasonable. What ails you at Glendochart? He's a good man and an honourable man, and it would please everybody. To think so much of his age when there's no other objection is not like you that had always such sense. And ye would be far happier, Kirsteen, in a house of your own. Because there's white on his head is that a cause to turn your heart from a good man?"

Kirsteen said nothing for a moment: she looked with wistful eyes and a faint smile in Marg'ret's face, shaking her head; then suddenly rising up went away out of the kitchen, hurrying as much as her limbs, still feeble with the late shock and struggle, would let her. Marg'ret stood aghast while her hurried irregular step was audible going up stairs.

"Now I have just angered her," said Marg'ret to herself, "and cast back her bit heart upon herself, and made her feel she has no true friend. Will I go after her,—or will I wait till she comes back?"

This question was settled for her as she stood listening and uncertain, by the sound of Kirsteen's return. Marg'ret listened eagerly while she came down stairs again step by step. She came into the kitchen with the same vague deprecating smile upon her face. She had a little Testament in its blue boards in her hand. She said nothing, but opening it held out to her faithful adviser the fly-leaf upon which there stood the initials together of R. D. and C. D., connected with the feeble pencilling of the runic knot. Kirsteen said not a word, but held it out open, pointing to this simple symbol with her other hand. "R. D.", said Marg'ret, "wha' is that? C. D., that will just stand for yourself. It's not one of Robbie's books—it's—it's—Oh!" she cried with sudden enlightenment, "now I understand!"

Kirsteen put the little page solemnly to her trembling lips, a tear almost dropped upon it, but she shut the book quickly that no stain should come upon it, even of a tear. She did not say a word during this little tender revelation of her heart, but turned her eyes and her faint propitiatory smile to Marg'ret as if there was no more to be said.

"And this has been in your heart all the time!" cried Marg'ret, drying her eyes with her apron. "I thought of that, twa-three times. There was something in his look yon day he gaed away, but I never said a word, for who can tell? And this was in your heart a' the time?"

"He said, 'Will ye wait till I come back?' and I said, 'That I will!,'" said Kirsteen, but very softly, the sweetness of the recollection coming back to soothe her in the midst of all the pain.

"And that's how they've tied their lives, thae young things!" said Marg'ret also with a kind of solemnity. "A word spoken that is done in a moment, and after that—a' thae long and weary years—and maybe for all they ken never to see ilk ither again."

"And if it should be so," said Kirsteen, "it would just be for death instead of life, and all the same."

"Oh, weel I ken that," said Marg'ret shaking her head. She made a pause, and then she added hurriedly, "What's to be done with you, lassie? If Glendochart's coming the

morn to mairry ye there's no time to be lost."

"Marg'ret, I will just go away."

"Where will ye go to? It's easy speaking: a creature like you cannot travel the countryside like a servant lass going to a new place. And ye've nae friends that will take such a charge. Miss Eelen would be frightened out of her wits. I know nobody that will help you but Glendochart himself—and you couldna go to him."

"What is that letter on the table, Marg'ret, and who is it from?"

"The letter? What's in the letter? Can ye think of that at sic a moment? It's a letter from my sister Jean."

"Marg'ret, that's just where I am going! I see it all in a flash like lightning. I am going to London to your sister Jean."

"The bairn is clean out of her senses!" cried Marg'ret almost with a scream.

And then they stood and looked at each other for a long rapid minute, interchanging volumes in the silent meeting of their eyes. Kirsteen had sprung in a moment from the agitated creature who had come to Marg'ret to be hidden, to be sheltered, not knowing what could be done with her, to the quick-witted, high-spirited girl she was by nature, alive with purpose and strong intuition, fearing nothing. And Marg'ret read all this new world of meaning in the girl's eyes more surely than words could have told her. She saw the sudden flash of the resolution, the clearing away of all clouds, the rise of the natural courage, the Kirsteen of old whom nothing could "dauton" coming back. "Oh, my lamb!" she breathed under her breath.

"There's not a moment to be lost," said Kirsteen, "for I must go in the morning before anybody is up. And ye must not tell a living creature but keep my secret, Marg'ret. For go I must, there is no other thing to do. And maybe I will never come back. My father will never forgive me. I will be like Anne cut off from the family. But go I must, for no more can I bide here. Give me the letter from your sister to let her see it's me when I get there. And give me your blessing, Marg'ret—it's all the blessing I will get. And let me go!"

"Not to-night, Kirsteen!"

"No, not to-night; but early—early in the morning before daylight. Dinna say a word—not a word. It's all clear before me. I'll be at nobody's charges, I'll fend for myself; and your sister Jean will show me the way."

There was another silence during which Kirsteen, quite regardless of the rights of propriety which existed no more between Marg'ret and herself than between mother and daughter, took possession of Miss Jean Brown's letter, while Marg'ret stood reflecting, entirely alarmed by the revelation made to her, and by the sudden re-birth of the vehement young creature who had been for a time so subdued and broken down by her first contest with the world. To keep Kirsteen back was, in the circumstances and with the strong convictions of the Scotch serving woman as to the force of a troth-plight and the binding character of a vow, impossible. But to let her go thus unfriended, unaided, alone into an unknown world, far more unknown to Marg'ret than the ends of the earth would be to her representative now, was something more than could be borne. She suddenly exclaimed in a sharp tone with a cruel hope: "And where are ye to get the siller? It's mad and mad enough any way, but madder still without a penny in your pocket. How are ye to get to London without money? It's just impossible."

"I can walk, others have done it before me. I'm well and strong and a grand walker," said Kirsteen, but not till after a pause of consternation, this consideration not having crossed her mind before.

"Walk! it's just hundreds of miles, and takes a week in the coach," cried Marg'ret. "Ye cannot walk, no to say ye would want money even then, for I'm no supposing that you mean

to beg your bread from door to door. Without money ye canna go a step. I'll not permit it. Have ye anything of your ain?"

"I have the gold guinea my grandmother left me in her will; but I have no more. How should I have any more?"

Marg'ret stood for a moment undecided, while Kirsteen waited a little eager, a little expectant like a child. It did not occur to her to deprecate help from Marg'ret as a more high-minded heroine might have done. Marg'ret was a little Providence at Drumcarro. She had store of everything that the children wanted, and had been their resource all their lives. And Kirsteen had not realized the difference between money and other indispensable things. She waited like a child, following Marg'ret with her eyes until some expedient should be thought of. She breathed a sigh of suspense yet expectation when Marg'ret hurried away to her bedroom at the back of the house, seating herself again in the big chair to wait, not impatiently, for the solution of the problem. Marg'ret came back after a few minutes with a work-box in her hand. All kinds of things had come out of that box in the experience of the children at Drumcarro, things good and evil, little packets of powders for childish maladies, sweeties to be taken after the nauseous mouthful, needles and thimbles and scissors when these needful implements had all been lost, as happened periodically, even a ribbon or a pair of gloves in times of direst need. She began to turn over the well-remembered contents—old buttons, hooks and eyes from old gowns long departed, Marg'ret's two brooches that formed all her jewellery, wrapped up in separate pieces of paper. "My sister Jean," said Marg'ret with her head bent over the box, "has often bidden me to come and see her in London town. You ken why I couldna go. I couldna thole to leave you that are leavin' me without a tear. And she sent me what would do for my chairges. It was never touched by me. It took me a great deal of trouble to get Scotch notes for it, and here it is at the bottom of my box with many an auld relic on the top of it—just a' I'll have of ye when ye've got your will," said Marg'ret, a tear dropping among the miscellaneous articles in the box. She took from the bottom a little parcel in an old letter, folded square and written closely to the very edge of the seal. "Hae! take it! and ye maun just do with it what pleasures yoursel'," Marg'ret cried.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE 12th of January was a still gray winter day, not very cold and exceedingly calm, the winds all hushed, the clouds hanging low, with a possibility of rain—a possibility which is never remote in a Highland landscape. As the slow daylight began to bring the hills into sight, not with any joyous sunrising but with a faint diffusion of gray upon the dark, a gradual growing visible of the greater points, then very slowly of the details of the landscape, there came also into sight, first ghost-like, a moving, noiseless shadow, then something which consolidated into the slim figure of a woman, a solitary traveller moving steadily along the dewy mountain road. It came in sight like the hills, not like an interruption to the landscape but a portion of it, becoming visible along with it, having been in the dark as well as in the light. Before the day was fully awake it was there, a gliding shadow going straight up the hills and over the moors, at the same measured pace, not so much quick as steady, with a wonderful still intensity of progress. The road was more than dewy, it was glistening wet with the heavy damps of the night, every crevice among the rocks green and sodden, every stone glistening. The traveller did not keep exactly to the road, was not afraid of the wet hillside turf, nor even of a gray dyke to climb if it shortened the way. She passed lightly

over bits of moss among the rustling, faded heather, and spots of suspicious greenness which meant bog, choosing her footing on the black roots of the wild myrtle, and the knolls of blackberries, like one to the manner born. She gave a soul to the wild and green landscape, so lonely, so washed with morning dews. She was going—where? From the impossible to the possible—from the solitudes of the hills into the world.

Kirsteen had been walking for hours before she thus came into sight, and the dark and the silence had filled her with many a flutter of terror. It took something from what might have been in other circumstances the overwhelming excitement of thus leaving home to encounter that other bewildering and awful sensation of going out into the night, with every one asleep and all wrapped in the profound blackness of winter, through which it was hard enough even for the most familiar to find a way. This horror and alarm had so occupied her mind, and the sensation of being the one creature moving and conscious in that world of darkness that she had scarcely realised the severance she was making, the tearing asunder of her life. Even Marg'ret, repressing her emotion lest a sob should catch some wakeful ear in the sleeping house, had faded from Kirsteen's mind when she took the first step into the dark. She knew there were no wild beasts who could devour her, no robbers who would seize her, as she had fancied when a child: she had a trembling sense that God would protect her from ghosts and spiritual evils; but her young soul trembled with fears both physical and spiritual, just as much as when she had wandered out in the dark at six years old. Reason convinces but does not always support the inexperienced spirit. When the ever wakeful dogs at the little clachan heard the faint footfall upon the edge of the path and barked, Kirsteen was half-consoled and half-maddened with terror. If some one should wake and wonder, and suspect a midnight thief, and burst open a door and find her; but on the other hand it was a little comfort to feel that even a dog was waking in that black expanse of night.

She had already come a long way, before the daylight, when she and the landscape that enclosed her came dimly, faintly into sight in the first gray of the morning. Her eyes had got accustomed to the darkness, her heart a little calmed and sustained by the fact that nothing had happened to her yet, no hidden malefactor in the dark, nor sheeted whiteness from the churchyard interrupting her on her way. Her heart had beat while she passed, loud enough to have wakened the whole clachan, but nothing had stirred, save the dogs—and safe as in the warmest daylight she had got by the graves. Nothing could be so bad as that again. Partly by familiar knowledge and partly by the consciousness of certain gradations in the darkness as she became used to it, she had got forward on her way until she had reached the head of the loch where the water was a guide to her. Kirsteen had resolved that she would not venture to approach the town or cross the loch in the boat, the usual way, but taking a large sweep round the end of the loch, strike at once into the wilds which lay between her and the comparatively higher civilization of the regions within reach of Glasgow. If she could but reach that great city, which was only second in her dim conceptions to London itself, she would feel that she was safe, but not before. She came round the head of the loch in the beginnings of the dawn and had pushed her way far into the gloomy mystery of Hell's Glen, with its bare hills rising to the dim sky on either side, before the height of noon. It is gloomy there even when the height of noon means the dazzling of a Highland summer day. But when the best of the daylight is a dull gray, the long lines of the glen unbroken by anything but a

shepherd's hut here and there at long intervals, and the road that could be seen winding through like a strip of ribbon all the way gave the fugitive a mingled sense of serenity and of that tingling, audible solitude and remoteness from all living aid or society which thrills every nerve. When she was half way through the glen, however, the thrill was subdued by that experience of no harm as yet which is the most perfect of support, and Kirsteen began to be conscious that she had eaten nothing and scarcely rested since she set out. She had swallowed a mouthful as she walked—she had thrown herself down for a moment on the hillside—but now it seemed possible to venture upon a little real rest.

Kirsteen was dressed in a dark woollen gown of homespun stuff, made like all the dresses of the time, with a straight, long, narrow skirt, and a short bodice cut low round her shoulders. Over this she had a warm spencer, another bodice with long sleeves, rising to her throat, where it was finished with a frill. She had strong country shoes and woollen stockings just visible under her skirt. Her bonnet was a little of the coal-scuttle shape but not very large; and flung back over it, but so that she could put it down over her face at a moment's notice, was a large black veil, such an imitation of Spanish lace as was practicable at the time, better in workmanship, worse in material than anything we have now. The large pattern with its gigantic flowers in thick work hid the face better than any lighter fabric, and it hung over the bonnet when thrown back like a cloud. She had a bundle on one arm, done up carefully in a handkerchief containing two changes of linen, and another gown, carefully folded by Marg'ret into the smallest possible space; and on the other a camlet cloak, dark blue, with a fur collar and metal clasps, which was Marg'ret's own. This was sore lading for a long walk, but it was indispensable in face of the January winds, and the cold on the coach, of which Marg'ret knew dreadful things. To Kirsteen it seemed that if she could but reach that coach, and pursue her journey by the aid of other legs than her own, and with company, all her troubles would be over. She sat upon the hillside anxiously watching the path lest any suspicious figure should appear upon it, and took out from her wallet the last scones of Marg'ret's she was likely to eat for a long time. Should she ever eat Marg'ret's scones again? Salt tears came to Kirsteen's eyes and moistened her comely face. It was done now—the dreadful step taken, never to be altered, the parting made. Her life and her home lay far behind her, away beyond the hills that shut her in on every side. She said to herself with trembling lips that the worst was over; by this time every one in Drumcarro would know that she was gone. They would have looked for her in every corner, up on the hill and down by the linn where the water poured into the vexed and foaming gulf. Would it come into anybody's head that she had thrown herself in and made an end of everything?

The only art her guilt to cover.

Would they send and tell Glendochart, poor old gentleman—would they warn him not to come to a distressed house? Or would he be allowed to come and her father say to him: "She is not worthy of a thought. She is no bairn of mine from this day"? "And my mother will go to her bed," said Kirsteen to herself with a tear or two, yet with the faint gleam of a smile. She could see them all in their different ways—her father raging, her mother weeping, and Mary telling everybody that she was not surprised. And Marg'ret—Marg'ret would put on a steady countenance so that nobody could tell what she knew and what she didn't know. It almost amused Kirsteen though it made her breath come quick, and brought the tears to her eyes, to

sit thus in the deep solitude with the silence of the hills all thrilling round, and look down as it were upon that other scene, a strangely interested spectator, seeing everything, and her own absence which was the strangest of all.

But perhaps she sat too long and thought too much, or the damp of the sod had cramped her young limbs, or the tremendous walk of the morning told more after an interval of rest, for when she roused herself at last and got up again, Kirsteen felt a universal ache through her frame, and stumbled as she came down from her perch to the road below. How was she to get through Glencroe to Arrochar—another long and weary course? The solitude of the glen came upon her again with a thrill of horror. If she could not walk any better than this it would be dark, dark night again before she came to the end of her journey—would she ever come to the end of her journey? Would she drop down upon the hill and lie there till some one found her? A wave of discouragement and misery came over her. There was a house within sight, one of those hovels in which still the Highland shepherd or crofter is content to live. Kirsteen knew such interiors well—the clay floor, the black, smoke-darkened walls, the throng of children round the fire: there was no room to take in a stranger, no way of getting help for her to push on with her journey. All the pictures of imagination fled from her, scant and troubled though they had been. Everything in the world seemed wept out except the sensation of this wild solitude, the aching of her tired limbs, the impossibility of getting on, her own dreadful loneliness and helplessness in this wild, silent, unresponsive world.

Kirsteen could scarcely tell how she dragged herself to the entrance of the glen. A little solitary mountain farm or gillie's house stood at some distance from the road, approached by a muddy cart-track. The road was bad enough, not much more than a track, for there were as yet no tourists (nay, no magician to send them thither), in those days. A rough cart came lumbering down this path as she crept her way along, and soon made up to her. Kirsteen had made up her mind to ask for a "cast" or "lift" to help her along, but her courage failed her when the moment came, and she allowed the rude vehicle to lumber past with a a heart that ached as much as her limbs to see this chance of ease slip by. She endeavoured as much as she could to keep within a certain distance of the cart "for company", to cheat the overwhelming loneliness which had come over her. And perhaps the carter, who was an elderly rustic with grizzled hair, perceived her meaning, perhaps he saw the longing look in her eyes. After he had gone on a little way he turned and came slowly back. "Maybe you're ower genteel for the like of that," he said, "but I would sooner ye thought me impident than leave you your lane on this rough long road. Would you like a lift in the cart? There's clean straw in it, and you're looking weariet."

Poor Kirsteen had nearly wept for pleasure. She seated herself upon the clean straw with a sense of comfort which no carriage could have surpassed. It was a mode of conveyance not unknown to her. The gig had seldom been vouchsafed to the use of the girls in Drumcarro. They had much more often been packed into the cart. She thanked the friendly carter with all her heart. "For I am weariet," she said, "and the road's wet and heavy both for man and beast."

"Ye'll have come a far way," he said evidently feeling that desire for information or amusement which unexpected company is wont to raise in the rustic heart.

Kirsteen answered that she had come from a little place not far from Loch Fyne, then trembled lest she had betrayed herself.

"It's very Hieland up there," said the carter; "that's the country of the Lord their God the Duke, as Robbie Burns calls him. We have him here

too, but no so overpowering. Ye'll be a Campbell when you're at hame."

"No, I am not a Campbell," said Kirsteen. It occurred to her for the first time that she must give some account of herself. "I'm going," she said, "to take up—a situation."

"I just thought that. 'Twill be some pingling trade like showing or hearing weans their letters, keeping ye in the house and on a seat the haill day long."

"Something of that kind," Kirsteen said.

"And you're a country lass, and used to the air of the hills. Take you care—oh, take care! I had one mysel—as fine a lass as ye would see, with roses on her cheeks, and eyes just glancing bright like your ain; and as weel and as hearty as could be. But before a twelvemonth was o'er, her mother and me we had to bring her hame."

"Oh," cried Kirsteen, "I am very sorry—but she's maybe better."

"Ay, she's better," said the carter. "Weel—wi' her Faither which is in heaven."

"Oh, I'm sorry, sorry!" cried Kirsteen with tears in her eyes.

"Thank ye for that: ye have a look of her: I couldna pass ye by: but eh, for Gudesake if ye have faither and mother to break their hearts for you, take care."

"You must have liked her well, well!" said the girl. Fatigue and langour in herself added to the keen sense of sympathy and pity. "I wish it had been me instead of her," she said hastily.

"Eh," said the man, "that's a sair thing to say! Ye must be an orphan with none to set their hearts on you—but you're young, poor thing, and there's nae telling what good may come to ye. Ye must not let down your heart."

The cart rumbled on with many a jolt, the carter jogged by the side and talked, the sound and motion were both drowsy, and Kirsteen was extremely tired. By and by these sounds and sensations melted into a haze of almost beatitude, the drowsiness that comes over tired limbs and spirit when comparative ease succeeds to toil. After a while she lost consciousness altogether and slept nestled in the straw, like a tired child. She was awakened by the stoppage of the cart, and opening her eyes to the gray yet soft heavens above and the wonder of waking in the open air, found herself at the end of a road which led up to a farmstead at the mouth of Glencroe where the valley opens out upon the shore of that long inlet of the sea which is called Loch Long.

"I'm wae to disturb ye, but I must take the cairt back to the town, and my ain house is two miles down the loch. But there's a real dacent woman at the inn at Arrochar."

"It's there I was going," said Kirsteen hurriedly sliding from her place. She had been covered with her camlet cloak as she lay, and the straw had kept her warm. "I'm much obliged to you," she said—will ye take a—will ye let me give you—"

"No a farden, no a farden," cried the man. "I would convoy ye to Mrs. Macfarlane's door, but I have to supper my house. Will ye gie me a shake of your hand? You're a bonny lass and I hope ye'll be a guid ane—but mind there's awfu' temptations in thae towns."

Kirsteen walked away very stiff but refreshed, half angry half amused by this last caution. She said to herself with a blush that he could not have known who she was—a lady! or he would not have given her that warning which was not applicable to the like of her. They said poor lassies in service, out among strangers, stood in need of it, poor things. It was not a warning that had any meaning to a gentlewoman; but how was the man to know?

She went on still in a strange confusion of weariness and the haze of awakening to where the little town of Arrochar lay low by the banks of the loch. It was dark there sooner than

in other places, and already a light or two began to twinkle in the windows. Two or three men were lingering outside the inn when Kirsteen reached the place, and daunted her—she who was never daunted. She went quickly past, as quickly as her fatigue would admit, as if she knew where she was going. She thought to herself that if any one remarked it would be thought she was going home to her friends, going to some warm and cheerful kent place—and she a waif and outcast on the world! When she had passed, she loitered and looked back, finding a dim corner where nobody could see her, behind the little hedge of a cottage garden. Presently a woman in a widow's cap came briskly out to the door of the little inn, addressing a lively word or two to the loitering men, which made them move and disperse; and now was Kirsteen's time. She hurried back and timidly approached the woman at the inn door as if she had been a princess. "Ye'll maybe be Mistress Macfarlane?" said Kirsteen.

"I'm just that; and what may ye be wanting? Oh, I see you're a traveller," said the brisk landlady; "you'll be wanting lodging for the night."

"If you have a room ye can give me —with a bed—I've had a long walk—from near Loch Fyne," said Kirsteen, feeling that explanation was necessary, and looking wistfully in the face of the woman on whom her very life seemed to depend. For what if she should refuse her, a young girl all alone, and turn her away from the door?

Mrs. Macfarlane was too good a physiognomist for that—but she looked at Kirsteen curiously in the waning light. "That's a far way to come on your feet," she said, "and you're a young lass to be wandering the country by yourself."

"I'm going—to take up a situation," said Kirsteen. "If ye should have a room—"

"Oh, it's no for want of a room. Come in, there's plenty of room. So ye're going to take up a situation? Your minnie must have been sair at heart to let you gang afoot such a weary way."

"There was no other—convenience," said Kirsteen, sick and faint. She had to make an effort not to cry. She had not thought of this ordeal, and her limbs would scarcely sustain her.

"Come in," said the woman. "Would you rather go to your bed, or sit down by the fire with me? Lord bless us, the poor thing's just fainting, Eelen. Take her into the parlour, and put her in the big chair by the fire."

"I'm not fainting—I'm only so tired I cannot speak," said Kirsteen, with a faint smile.

"Go ben, go ben," said Mrs. Macfarlane, "and I'll make the tea, and ye shall have a cup warm and strong. There's naething will do you so much good."

And to lie back in the big chair by the warm fire seemed like paradise to Kirsteen. This was her fortunate lot on her first night from home.

CHAPTER XVII.

She had however much questioning to go through. There was but little custom to occupy the woman of the inn, and the mingled instincts of kindness and gossip and that curiosity which is so strong among those who have little to learn save what they can persuade their neighbours to tell them, had much dominion over Mrs. Macfarlane. Kindness perhaps was the strongest quality of all. Her tea was hot and strong and what she considered well "maiket" before the fire; and when the Highland maid, who could speak little English, but hung about in silent admiration of the unexpected visitor, who was a new incident in the glen, had "boilt" some eggs, and placed a plate of crisp cakes—the oatcakes which were the habitual bread of Scotland at that period—and another of brown barley scones, upon the table, the mistress

herself sat down to encourage her guest to eat.

"There's some fine salt herrings if ye would like that better, or I could soon fry ye a bit of ham. We've baith pork hams and mutton hams in the house. But a fresh boilt egg is just as good as anything, and mair nat'ral to a woman. Ye'll be gaun to Glasco where everybody goes."

"Yes," said Kirsteen, with a doubt in her heart whether it was honest not to add that she was going further on.

"I wonder what they can see in't—a muckle dirty place, with long lums pouring out smoke. I wouldna gie Arrochar for twenty o't."

"I suppose," said Kirsteen, "it's because there is aye plenty doing there."

"I suppose sae. And ye're going to take up a situation? It's no a place I would choose for a young lass, but nae doubt your mother kens what she's doing. Is it a lady's maid place, or to be with bairns, or—I'm sure I beg your pardon! You'll be a governess, I might have seen."

Kirsteen had grown very red at the thought of being taken for a lady's maid, but she said to herself quickly that her pride was misplaced, and that it was the best service any one could do her to think her so. "Oh, no," she said, "I'm not clever enough to be a governess. I'm going—to a mantua-maker's."

"Weel, weel—that's a very genteel trade, and many a puir leddy thankful to get into it," said Mrs. Macfarlane. "I'm doubting you're one yoursel, or else ye have lived with better kind of folk, for ye've real genty ways, and a bonny manner. Take heed to yourself in Glasco, and take up with none of thae young sprigs in offices that think themselves gentlemen. Will ye no take another cup? Weel, and I wouldna wonder ye would be better in your bed than any other place. And how are ye going on in the morning? There's a coach from Eelensburgh, but it's a long walk to get there. If ye like Duncan will get out the gig and drive you. It would be a matter of twelve or maybe fifteen shillings if he couldna get a job back—which is maist unlikely at this time of the year."

With many thanks for the offer Kirsteen tremblingly explained that she could not afford it. "For I will want all my money when I get to Glasgow," she said.

"Weel," said Mrs. Macfarlane, "ye ken your ain affairs best. But there's sturdy beggars on the road, and maybe ye'll wish ye had ta'en my offer before you win there."

Kirsteen thought she never would sleep for the aching of her limbs when she first laid herself down in the hard bed which was all the little Highland inn, or even the best houses in Scotland afforded in that period. Her mind was silenced by this strange physical inconvenience, so that she was quiescent in spirit and conscious of little except her pangs of fatigue. Youth however was stronger than all her pangs, and the influence of the fresh mountain air, though charged with damp, in which she had pursued her journey—and she slept with the perfect abandon and absolute repose of her twenty years never waking from the time she laid her head upon the pillow, until she was awakened by Eelen, the Highland maid, whom she opened her eyes to find standing over her with the same admiring looks as on the previous evening.

"Your hair will be like the red gold and your skin like the white milk," said Eelen; "and its chappit acht, and it's time to be wakening."

Kirsteen did not spring from her bed with her usual alertness, for she was stiff with her first day's travels. But she rose as quickly as was possible, and got down stairs to share the porridge of a weakly member of the family who was indulged in late hours, and had a little cream to tempt her to consume the robust food.

"I would have given ye some tea but for Jamie," said Mrs. Macfar-

lane, "maybe he'll take his parritch when he sees you supping yours with sic a good heart." Though she was thus used as an example Kirsteen took leave of the kind innkeeper with a sense of desolation as if she were once more leaving home. "Deed, I just wish ye could bide, and gie the bairns their lessons and please a' body with your pleasant face," the landlady said. Kirsteen went on her way with a "piece" in her pocket and many good wishes. It was a bright morning, and the sun as soon as he had succeeded in rising over the shoulders of the great hills, shone upon Loch Long as upon a burnished mirror, and lit up the path which Kirsteen had to travel with a chequered radiance through the bare branches of the trees, which formed the most intricate network of shadow upon the brown path. The deep herbage and multitudinous roadside plants all wet and glistening, the twinkle of a hundred burns that crossed the road at every step, the sound of the oars upon the rowlocks of a fisher-boat upon the loch, the shadows that flew over the hills in swift, instantaneous succession added their charms to the spell of the morning, the freshest and most rapturous of all the aspects of nature. Before long Kirsteen forgot everything, both trouble of body and trouble of mind. The fascination of the morning brightness entered into her heart. In a sunny corner she found a bit of yellow blossom, of the wild St. John's wort that "herb of grace" which secures to the traveller who is so happy as to find it unawares a prosperous day's journey, and in another the rare, delicate star of the Grass of Parnassus. These with a sprig of the "gale," the sweet wild myrtle which covers those hills, made a little bouquet which she fastened in the belt of her spencer with simple pleasure. She hesitated a moment to wear the badge of the Campbells, and then with a fantastic half-amused sentiment reminded herself that if she had become the Lady of Glendochart as she might have done (though ignorant folk took her for a governess or even a lady's waiting woman) she would have had a right to wear it. Poor Glendochart! It would hurt his feelings to find that she had flown away from her home to escape him. Kirsteen was grieved beyond measure to hurt Glendochart's feelings. She put the gale in her belt with a compunctious thought of her old, kind wooer. But at that moment her young spirit, notwithstanding all its burdens, was transported by the morning and the true delight of the traveller, leaving all that he has known behind him for love of the beautiful and the new. It seemed to Kirsteen that she had never seen the world so lovely nor the sun so warm and sweet before.

She had walked several miles in the delight of these novel sensations and was far down Loch Long side, without a house or sign of habitation nigh, when there suddenly rose from among the bushes of brown withered heather on the slope that skirted the road a man whose appearance did not please Kirsteen. He had his coat-sleeve pinned to his breast as if he had lost an arm, and a forest of wild beard and hair enclosing his face. In these days when the wars of the Peninsula were barely over, and Waterloo approaching, nothing was so likely to excite charitable feelings as the aspect of an old soldier—and the villainous classes of the community who existed then, as now, were not slow to take advantage of it. This man came up to Kirsteen with a professional whine. He gave her a list of battles at which he had been wounded which her knowledge was not enough to see were impossible, though her mind rejected them as too much. But he was an old soldier (she believed) and that was enough to move the easily flowing fountains of charity. No principle on the subject had indeed been invented in those days, and few people refused a handful of meal at the house door, or a penny on the road to the beggar of any degree, far less the soldier who

had left the wars with an empty sleeve or a shattered leg. Kirsteen stopped and took her little purse from her pocket and gave him sixpence with a look of sympathy. She thought of the boys all away to the endless Indian wars, and of another besides who might be fighting or losing his arm like this poor man. "And I'm very sorry for ye, and I hope you will win safe home," said Kirsteen passing on. But different feelings came into her mind when she found that she was being followed, and that the man's prayer for "anither saxpence" was being repeated in a rougher and more imperative tone. Kirsteen had a great deal of courage as a girl so often has, whose natural swift impulses have had no check of practical danger. She was not at first afraid. She faced round upon him with a rising colour and bade him be content. "I have given ye all I can give ye," she said, "for I've a long, long journey before me and little siller."

"Ye have money in your purse, my bonny lady, and no half so much to do with it as me."

"If I've money in my purse it's my own money, for my own lawful uses," said Kirsteen.

"Come, come," cried the man, "I'll use nae violence unless ye force me. Gie me the siller."

"I will not give ye a penny," cried Kirsteen. And then there ensued a breathless moment. All the possibilities swept through her mind. If she took to flight he would probably overtake her, and in the meantime might seize her from behind when she could not see what he was doing. She had no staff or stick in her hand but was weighted with her bundle and her cloak. She thought of flinging the latter over his head and thus blinding and embarrassing him to gain a little time, but he was wary and on his guard. She gave a glance towards ·e boat on the loch, but it was in l-water, and the bank was high precipitous. Nowhere else was re a living creature in sight.

"Man," said Kirsteen, "I cannot fight with ye, but I'm not just a weak creature either, and what I have is all I have, and I've a long journey before me—I'll give ye your sixpence if you'll go."

"I'll warrant ye will," said the sturdy beggar, "but I'm a no so great a fuil as I look. Gie me the purse, and I'll let ye go."

"I'll not give ye the purse. If ye'll say a sum and it's within my power I'll give ye that."

"Bring out the bit pursie," said the man, "and we'll see, maybe with a kiss into the bargain," and he drew nearer, with a leer in the eyes that gleamed from among his tangled hair.

"I will fling it into the loch sooner than ye should get it," cried Kirsteen, whose blood was up—"and hold off from me or I'll push you down the brae," she cried, putting down her bundle, and with a long breath of nervous agitation preparing for the assault.

"You're a bold quean though ye look so mim—gie me a pound then and I'll let ye go."

Kirsteen felt that to produce the purse at all was to lose it, and once more calculated all the issues. The man limped a little. She thought that if she plunged down the bank to the loch, steep as it was, her light weight and the habit she had of scrambling down to the linn might help her—and the sound of the falling stones and rustling branches might catch the ear of the fisher on the water, or she might make a spring up upon the hill behind and trust to the tangling roots of the heather to impede her pursuer. In either case she must give up the bundle and her cloak. Oh, if she had but taken Donald and the gig as Mrs. Macfarlane had advised!

"I canna wait a' day till ye've made up your mind. If I have to use violence it's your ain wyte. I'm maist willing to be friendly," he said with another leer pressing upon her. She could feel his breath upon her face. A wild panic seized Kirsteen. She made

one spring up the hill before he could seize her. And in a moment her bounding heart all at once became tranquil and she stood still, her terror gone.

For within a few paces of her was a sportsman with his gun, a young man in dark undress tartan scarcely distinguishable from the green and brown of the hillside, walking slowly downwards among the heather bushes. Kirsteen raised her voice a little. She called to her assailant, "Ye can go your way, for here's a gentleman!" with a ring of delight in her voice.

The man clambering after her (he did "hirple" with the right foot, Kirsteen observed with pleasure) suddenly slipped down with an oath, for he too had seen the newcomer, and presently she heard his footsteps on the road hurrying away.

"What is the matter, my bonny lass?" said the sportsman; "are ye having a quarrel with your joe." Where's the impudent fellow? I'll soon bring him to reason, if you'll trust yourself to me."

Kirsteen dropped over the bank without reply with a still more hot flush upon her cheeks. She had escaped one danger only to fall into another more alarming. What the country folk had said to her had piqued her pride; but to be treated by a gentleman as if she were a country lass with her joe was more than Kirsteen could bear.

He had sprung down by her side however before she could do more than pick up the bundle and cloak which the tramp had not touched.

"He's a scamp to try to take advantage of you when you're in a lone place like this. Tell me, my bonny lass, where ye are going? I'll see you safe over the hill if you're going my way."

"It is not needful, sir, I thank ye," said Kirsteen. "I'm much obliged to you for appearing as you did. It was a sturdy beggar would have had my purse; he ran at the sight of a gentleman; but I hope there are none but illdoers need to do that," she added with heightened colour drawing back from his extended hand.

The young man laughed and made a step forward, then stopped and stared, "You are not a country lass," he said. "I've seen you before—where have I seen you before?"

Kirsteen felt herself glow from head to foot with overpowering shame. She remembered if he did not. She had not remarked his looks in the relief which the first sight of him had brought, but now she perceived who it was. It was the very Lord John whose remarks upon the antediluvians had roused her proud resentment at the ball. He did not mistake the flash of recognition, and a recognition which was angry, in her eyes.

"Where have we met?" he said. "You know me, and not I fear very favourably. Whatever I've done I hope you'll let me make my peace now."

"There is no peace to make," said Kirsteen. "I'm greatly obliged to you, sir; I can say no more, but I'll be more obliged to you still if you will go your own gait and let me go mine, for I am much pressed for time."

"What! and leave you at the mercy of the sturdy beggar?" he cried lightly. "This is my gait as well as yours, I'm on my way across Whistlefield down to Roseneath—a long walk. I never thought to have such pleasant company. Come, give me your bundle to carry, and tell me, for I see you know, where we met."

"I can carry my own bundle, sir, and I'll give it to nobody," said Kirsteen.

"What a churl you make me look—a bonny lass by my side over-weighted, and I with nothing but my gun. Give me the cloak then," he said, catching it lightly from her arm. "If you will not tell me where we met tell me where you're going, and I'll see you home."

"My home is not where I am going," said Kirsteen. "Give me back my cloak, my Lord John. It's not for you to carry for me."

"I thought you knew me," he cried. "Now that's an unfair advantage, let me think, was it in the school-room at Dalmally? To be sure! You are the governess. Or was it?—"

He saw that he had made an unlucky hit. Kirsteen's countenance glowed with proud wrath. The governess, and she a Douglas! She snatched the cloak from him and stood at bay. "My father," she cried, "is of as good blood as yours, and though you can scorn at the Scots gentry in your own house you shall not do it on the hill-side. I have yon hill to cross," said the girl with a proud gesture, holding herself as erect as a tower, "going on my own business, and meddling with nobody. So go before, sir, or go after, but if you're a gentleman, as ye have the name, let me pass by myself."

The young man coloured high. He took off his hat and stood aside to let her pass. After all there are arguments which are applicable to a gentleman that cannot be applied to sturdy beggars. But Kirsteen went on her way still more disturbed than by the first meeting. He had not recognised her, but if they should ever meet again he would recognise her. And what would he think when he knew it was Drumcarro's daughter that had met him on the hill-side with her bundle on her arm, and been lightly addressed as a bonnie lass. The governess at Dalmally! Hot tears came into Kirsteen's eyes as she made her way across the stretch of moorland which lies between Loch Long and the little Gairloch, that soft and verdant paradise. She walked very quickly neither turning to the right hand nor the left, conscious of the figure following her at a distance. Oh, the governess! She will be a far better person than me, and know a great deal more, thought Kirsteen with keen compunction, me to think so much of myself that am nobody! I wish I was a governess or half so good. I'm a poor vagrant lass, insulted on the road-side, frighted with beggars, scared by gentlemen. Oh, if I had but taken that honest woman's offer of Donald and the gig!

(To be continued.)

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.[1]

THE study of English literature in our schools and colleges on a scale proportionate to its importance is of comparatively recent date. I suppose we should not be far wrong in fixing that date at about thirty years back. Up to that time, although the colleges in London and other great centres could boast distinguished professors of the subject, it had hardly been recognised, even in the higher forms of schools at all. School histories of England, in an appendix to the successive chapters, may have furnished the names of the great authors in prose and verse who adorned each reign, with a list of their more important works, but that was all. To whom the credit is due of leading the movement which has brought about the remarkable change in this respect, it might be difficult to say. But there is no doubt that the movement received a great impetus about the time just mentioned by the publication, through the Clarendon Press at Oxford, of a series of selected works of the great English classics, thoroughly edited and annotated, under the general direction of the late Professor Brewer, of King's College. Single plays of Shakespeare, separate portions of the "Canterbury Tales", selected poems of Dryden, and so forth, were one by one issued, under the care of the editors best qualified for the task, and at a price that made them available for use in all the higher class schools and colleges in the country. "The authors and works selected", so ran the prospectus of the series, "are such as will best serve to illustrate English literature in its *historical* aspect. As 'the eye of history', without which history cannot be understood, the literature of a nation is the clearest and most intelligible record of its life. Its thoughts and its emotions, its graver and its less serious modes, its progress or its degeneracy, are told by its best authors in their best words. This view of the subject will suggest the safest rules for the study of it".

Admirable words, worthy of the large-minded and large-hearted scholar who inspired, if he did not actually frame, them; and we can well understand how they must have brought light and inspiration to many a schoolmaster and student, who had never entertained the idea of Chaucer and Bacon as possible factors in education, though it had seemed the most obvious thing in the world to study the masterpieces of Schiller, Dante, or Molière. At the time we are speaking of, the average schoolmaster would have scouted the idea of an English classic becoming a text-book in his school. He might indeed give out a canto of "Marmion" to be learned by heart as a holiday task, but that was for a mere exercise of memory, or to keep the lad from being too noisy on a wet day. I remember how Dr. Arnold, in one of his letters, expresses an ardent wish that he might have the opportunity of studying a play of Shakespeare with his sixth form, on the same scale of attention and precision as they studied a book of Thucydides! But this was but an aspiration, and the times were not ripe for a change, even if the remorseless limits of years and months admitted of any diminution of the space allotted to Latin and Greek.

I do not at all say that the prejudice of the average teacher against the introduction of English writers into the curriculum of his school was altogether unworthy, and to be laughed at. It had its root in a true conviction that

[1] An address delivered at University College, Bristol, at the opening of the Session 1889–1890.

nothing was worth teaching that did not involve some labour and trouble on the part of the learner—that did not awake and exercise in him some new powers—that was not, in a word, a discipline. It was this feeling that was sound and worthy of all respect in the prejudice against English literature as an element in education. The picture of Addison, or Pope in a boy's hands connected itself with that of a half-hour of idleness—harmless perhaps, but still idleness—spent in an arm-chair by the fire or on a sunny lawn, a half-hour withdrawn from more serious and profitable study. And if any one, reading these suppressed thoughts of the teacher, were to retort that after all Addison and Pope might be as worthy literature as Horace and Aristophanes, the answer would be ready: "Yes, but it takes some trouble to get at the meaning of Horace and Aristophanes. The language in which they wrote obliges the student to give thought and trouble to the subject. An English book does nothing of the kind".

And it was to those who cherished this conviction, and yet were quite aware that Hooker and Bacon, Shakespeare and Milton, De Foe and Swift must have an important message to those who spoke their tongue, that, as I have said, such words as Professor Brewer's came like something of a revelation. English literature, it now appeared, might ask some labour and attention on the part of the student, might evoke and train some new powers. It might link itself with history, or rather claim to be itself a department of history, and history had long ago been established as a necessary branch of education. And moreover, as such, it admitted of being examined in, and the final test by examination has always, I suppose, been present to the mind of the teacher when considering the appropriateness of a subject for his pupils.

From the first, then, English literature has been regarded by the teacher as something to be examined in; and from the first this has largely determined the form in which it has been taught. The connection of an author with his own time—how far he has either reflected the deeper convictions and aims of that time, or perhaps only its passing moods and fashions; the obligations of the writer to foreign models, or to the influence of a revived study of ancient literature—these and many such inquiries were seen to be wholesome and instructive ways of studying the author, and throwing light upon his genius and our appreciation of him. And in all sound teaching of the subject such topics have always, of course, found a place. But even here, and in the hands of teachers of real and wide scholarship, I think may be perceived the first shadow of a danger which might in time spread and overcast the entire subject. In the hands of a teacher who himself loved and enjoyed the author he was treating of, it would be impossible but that something of his own taste and appreciation should be transferred to the student who listened to him, provided always that the student had in him the germs of taste and appreciation at all. But here again the terminal examination began to cast its "shadow before." How are you to examine upon a young student's *enjoyment* of the "Fairy Queen" or the "Rape of the Lock"? Even though he has learned to feel, and ardently to relish, the exquisite yet wholly different flavours of these two poems, how is this to be tested by an examination paper? Moreover, if a taste for these writers is to be found by studying them—not for the history or archaeology in them, but for their own sakes and for the enjoyment of them—there is no time for this in the class-room, for that time is wanted for the historical and critical questions that arise; and the student at home has no time for that leisurely and deliberate reading that brings about a love for an author, as distinguished from a mastery of his difficulties (if an ancient writer) of language or allusion. And thus

the danger might arise, even with the ablest teaching, that the student would leave the study of an author with a considerable knowledge of his language, his allusions, and his relation to other writers, and yet with but a moderate degree of pleasure derived from the writer himself.

And if, even with our ablest and most scholarly teachers at work, there exists this possibility of the writer himself being neglected for the sake of the facts about the writer, how certain is it that the study of our literature in places of education where such scholars are not procurable (and scholars of fine and catholic literary taste do not grow on every hedge) must tend to resolve itself more and more into questions that can be set and answered in an examination paper, with questions of a writer's biography, of facts and dates connected with his writings, of popular quotations from these writings and the like—with perhaps a list of the general and time-honoured verdicts that it is considered safe for any one, not a genius, to repeat in society. We all know what to expect when we take up an examination paper in English literature as set to the higher form of a good school; it is sure to contain questions something after this model:

"Name the authors of the following works—'The Hind and the Panther': 'Beowulf': 'Acis and Galatea': 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay': 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters': and 'Adonais'. Give a brief account of the contents of these works. To what class of Literature do they belong?"

"Write a life, with dates, of Sir John Suckling. What do you mean by the 'metaphysical' poets? Discuss the appropriateness of the term".

Now I am not citing this style of question to condemn or ridicule it. No knowledge can be entirely useless, and there is no saying when and where it may not be useful to an upper middle-class English man or woman to know the authors of the aforesaid works. But this at least is certain, that a student might obtain full marks in such a paper without its proving that he or she was any the better, wiser or happier for any of the literature of which it treats. To begin with, there may be ample time in one school or college session to get up all the information requisite to answer such a paper, when there would not be time enough for the profitable study of any one of the writers named, if read for the sake of his works and not for the sake of being examined about him. And it is obvious that if literature is pursued in this kind of way, there is hardly any limit to the extent of ground that the student may be asked to traverse in a single year. I have myself been more than once invited to set the examination papers in this subject in an Institution that I will not name. The syllabus of the lectures given during one session has been laid before me, to assist me in framing my questions, and I could only gather from this that in the course of a single year the whole range of English literature from "Piers Plowman" to "Waverley" had been dealt with by the lecturer, and therefore after a fashion supposed to be profitable to the learners. Imagine five centuries of our noble classics in verse and prose — the greater and the minor prophets of our literature—so much as touched upon to any purpose in such a space! No doubt the area covered looked well in the prospectus of the lectures! It displayed the comprehensive character of the instruction given, and by consequence the complete knowledge of English authors carried away by a daughter after only a year's work—"and still the wonder grew, How one small head could carry all she knew". Yes! the old, old fallacy! The area nominally cultivated—*this* the wonder and the attraction. No thought of the depth to which the plough has gone, or whether any really valuable seed had been sown at all! No thought of whether any genuine pleasure had been

acquired though experience of any one of these English writers! Yet only through some pleasure given, I venture to assert, is any profit afforded by the study of an English writer.

May I tell two anecdotes, for which I can vouch, illustrating the opinion I am upholding, drawn not from the class-rooms of our own rank, but from the "simple annals of the poor"? You know that of late years, in our national schools under Government inspection, the higher standards are allowed to learn and study some passage of defined length from an English poet—a scene from Shakespeare, a poem of Cowper, a canto of Walter Scott. Well, I once knew of a village schoolmaster who actually chose Milton's "Lycidas" for the purpose, and, stranger still, the inspector did not put his foot down upon the absurdity. It is quite easy to divine why the schoolmaster, who had perhaps studied the poem in his own Training College days, chose that poem. "Lycidas" has always been one of the happiest of hunting-grounds for the examiner. It is full from end to end of names, phrases, allusions in mythology, geography, scripture-history, on which questions can be framed. Just recall a few—the "Sisters of the sacred well","the Fauns and Satyrs", "the Druids", "the gory visage sent down the stream", the "sanguine flower inscribed with woe", and all the rest of it. The examiner could go on constructing paper after paper, and yet leave something untouched. And so, for the sake of proving to the examiner how many Clarendon Press notes could be made to stick fast in the sixth standard boy's memory, this consummate poem was drummed into him—a poem, the nobility and beauty of which could not by any possibility be brought home to his ideas and things, became his whole line of thing in the school supplied him with nothing to which the poem could by any intelligible way link itself. The allusiveness of the poem—saturated at every turn with a recollection of something in Virgil or Theocritus—essentially a poem to delight scholars and students, how should it test anything in the village boy, save a parrot-like capacity for learning isolated facts and phrases, and reproducing them on paper or by word of mouth? This is one of my anecdotes. Here is the other. Some five and twenty years ago, when I was a curate in Staffordshire, our village schoolmaster (it was before the days of regulation English literature in national schools), having to find something to read to his upper class as a lesson in dictation, thought he would try as an experiment Lord Tennyson's "Dora", that tender and charming idyll of the farmer whose son would not marry according to his father's wishes—a story of sorrow and suffering, courage and loyalty, and final reconciliation. I suppose that no one would dream of choosing such a poem to provide material for an examination; at least I cannot remember any single word in it to make a question out of; and in this case the poem was not set for that purpose, but primarily for an exercise in writing from dictation. But the master, having found the story touching and interesting, doubtless hoped his pupils might also find it so, and thought like a sensible man that he might confer two separate benefits in a single lesson. What was the result? The boys and girls were moved and charmed. They obtained permission to make permanent copies of it with pen and ink. They took them home, and read them to their fathers and mothers; they in their turn were interested and moved by the picture of village loves and sorrows, touched by a master's hand; and thus one very unromantic Staffordshire village was drawn for the moment closer together under the spell of genius. Now, I ask you confidently, in which of these two cases had English literature really justified its admission into schools—its installation as a worthy part of education? In which instance had literature done its high and blessed

service—that in which the poem had been studied for its own sake, or that in which it had been studied for the sake of the notes?

I do not apologise for this digression into village life, while addressing the students of this distinguished College, for it serves my purpose, which is to assert for English literature a function and a mission which seem to me sometimes in danger of being overlooked in the very zeal for teaching it. Whenever the use of literature in education comes to be sought for in the opportunity for setting papers in it; if ever the *notes* and not the *text* should come to be treated as the life of the subject; then *propter vitam* the student may come to overlook the very motive and justification for that life. The danger indubitably exists of wearying the younger student by confining his attention to the accidents of the subject, and never finding time to come to its essence at all. Take for example the greatest name of all in our literature—Shakespeare. He is indeed the best of all subjects for the lecturer, because he is the greatest. But he is also the best from another point of view; because he is so full of interesting subordinate matter—so full of history, archaeology, folk-lore, allusiveness to obsolete manners and customs, sports and pastimes of our ancestors, together with a vocabulary and grammar sufficiently unlike our own to justify and necessitate any amount of careful study. One could lecture for a whole session upon the difficulties in "Coriolanus" (where there is also for the examiner the additional joy of an extremely obscure text), without ever arriving at the nobility and pathos of the dramatist's treatment of his subject. One might even achieve a famous traditional impossibility, and so study the play of "Hamlet" as to leave out the Prince of Denmark altogether! But do not suppose for one moment that I think all this subordinate matter superfluous or unimportant. It is of the first importance and absolutely necessary. I at once admit that no study of Shakespeare is worth anything that does not primarily take account of such things. Any one coming to that study with no previous acquaintance with Shakespeare's grammar and idiom—with the general differences of Elizabethan English from our own—does indeed "see through a glass darkly". Without some knowledge in the directions I just now indicated, how large a part of Shakespeare is obscure; how many of his similes and allusions miss their mark; how much of his wit and humour is absolutely without point! We are really indebted to the scholar and the antiquarian for any thorough enjoyment of a dramatist separated from us by three hundred years. Without their help (to use a homely metaphor), we are as those who gaze at a beautiful landscape through a window of imperfect glass, soiled and overcrusted with age; to enjoy the view, it is absolutely necessary that the window be first cleaned. Now by successive scholars and antiquarians this service has been amply rendered; and in our time two scholars, Mr. Aldis Wright and Dr. Abbott, have done invaluable work towards this end. The former of these gentlemen has done more to make Shakespeare intelligible, and therefore profitable, to younger students—yes, and to children also of a larger growth—than any one I could name. To have mastered Mr. Wright's notes to the plays in the Clarendon Press series is to have become in the most effectual way acclimatised to Elizabethan English. And few of the most generally well-informed Englishmen can afford to despise such help. Now and then we meet with those who profess to find their Shakespeare quite intelligible and to be scornfully intolerant of the commentator's proffered aid. I should very much like to test such persons with a few picked passages, and see whether by the light of nature alone, and their own good wits, they can make sense out of metaphors drawn from some superstition

or sport familiar to Shakespeare's contemporaries, but of which no trace now remains. Take Shakespeare's metaphors from hawking, for instance. That being the one familiar field-sport, dear to all classes of society from the king to the yeoman, no wonder that in the hands of a great poet it becomes a perpetual fountain of imagery—from Desdemona's "I'll watch him tame" to Othello's magnificent threat:

> If I do prove her haggard,
> Though that her jesses were my own heart-strings,
> I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
> To prey at Fortune.

Mr. Aldis Wright in one of his prefaces mentions that various correspondents had demurred to his filling his notes with matter of this kind, and had wished for some Fine-art criticism instead. Mr. Wright most wisely declined to listen to any such allurements. "Sign-post criticism", as he called it, he distinctly refused to supply. He knew well enough what the invitation meant, in too many cases. It meant that certain young critics of Shakespeare wanted to be able to descant authoritatively on Shakespeare's beauties and defects, his strength and weakness, and to exchange æsthetic speculations with their friends at a Society, without taking any preliminary trouble even to understand the words of the author they were talking about. And this ambition the editor had no intention of gratifying. His purpose was to make it certain that the critic of the future had mastered this preliminary knowledge, without which to pretend to an opinion at all on Shakespeare's or any other author's merits or demerits is mere vanity and impertinence. And therefore you will not misunderstand me in what I have already said of a grave danger incident to the study before us, that the *notes* to any author should receive more attention than the *text;* and in judging that there was something wrong somewhere when, as I remember once to have seen, a young girl of fourteen or fifteen despairfully roamed up and down a drawing-room with one of Mr. Aldis Wright's little orange-tawny volumes in her hand, exclaiming wearily, "Oh! how I *hate* Shakespeare!"

We are used to this melancholy state of things in the instance of an ancient language. That an average schoolboy, having to read (let us say) Tacitus for the sake of the Latin tongue, should come to hate Tacitus, has long come to be accepted as a natural event. For we know that an extinct tongue must be studied in those writers whom care or chance has preserved from perishing through the world's stormy ages; and as a rule these are the writers of real mark. In these the Latin and Greek idiom must be studied. It is one of the penalties of the "survival of the fittest". For similar reasons, the notable writers of our own early history have naturally survived; and if we would have our young men and women study to the best advantage an important dialect of the time of Edward the Third, we cannot well avoid having recourse to Geoffrey Chaucer, even if the humour of the Lady Abbess and the pathos of Griselda should perish in the process. The "Canterbury Tales" must be for a while approached as in a strange tongue. But it need be but for a very brief space. No fairly intelligent boy or girl, of decent preliminary training, should need more than a few hours' instruction to enable them to master all the excellences, and taste all the delights of the Father of English Poetry. Nothing but the will and the taste is wanting. How are the desire and the taste to be fostered? This is the one real problem. Any one who wants to read and enjoy Chaucer can learn to do so with a very few hours' attention and study. The inflected system of the language Chaucer wrote—the allusions and obscurities in Shakespeare

—these are not the real obstacles to the student, and the real despair of the teacher. The real difficulty is, that when the editor and commentator have done their part, the love for the writer himself has not thereby been produced. If the young student at the end of it all does not go the length of crying, with the young lady just named, "How I hate Shakespeare!" at least he does not exclaim, "How I love him!"; and unless the teaching of the great writers of England ends in producing some genuine love and admiration for their works—in one word, some real enjoyment of them—the end of English literature as a means of education is not attained. The end and object of all the notes and note-makers, of Mr. Wright and Dr. Abbott, of all editions and all editors, of all critics and commentators, is to make the writers they deal with more endeared, because more intelligible, to the reader.

The great end, then, I submit, of English literature as an element of education is to *give pleasure*. I well know what opposition—even what contempt—is likely to be excited in some minds by this avowal. The image, already referred to, of the lazy boy reading "Ivanhoe" on the sofa for his amusement is sure to rise before the mind's eye of many, and to such persons the image is one of mere waste of time. "After all, we were right", will exclaim the schoolmaster of the old pattern, who from the first was suspicious of the introduction of English authors side by side with those of Greece and Rome, Germany or France. "We were right; this new education is another name for shirking work—at least, for mere dilettanteism". I remember once maintaining this position, that the highest object of the study of literature was to make us the happier for it; and a little later in the conversation a young lady remarked, "You know, Mr. Ainger, you said just now that we were to read chiefly for our amusement!" I knew this was said only in fun, for the speaker was a very thoughtful and accomplished woman; but I treasured up the retort just because it illustrated a real confusion that exists in the minds of many. To the unthinking, "joy", "happiness", "pleasure", "amusement", are words that perhaps convey much of the same idea. But it only needs that those who *do* think should recall the kind of pleasure that they have derived from some great writer—from Shakespeare or Milton, Jeremy Taylor or Sir Thomas Browne, Goldsmith or Lamb, Coleridge or Wordsworth—to understand that to speak of that pleasure as *amusement* would be a profanation and an indignity. I am not saying that if the study of literature only succeeded in providing its disciples with a larger field of amusement, it would be wholly thrown away. Better to find amusement in the authors it has to deal with, than in the myriads of ephemeral works that are no part of literature at all. Better to read "Ivanhoe" on the sofa—to find the merest amusement in the genuine romantic vein of Sir Walter, than in the pinchbeck-romantic of ——, and ——, and —— (for I dare name no names!), whose books seem to be hardly in existence a month before they are in their two hundred and fortieth thousand. But I need not before this audience waste words to prove that by joy, or pleasure, I do not mean amusement, but something differing from it *toto cælo*. And it is through pleasure — high and noble pleasure—that almost every good and perfect gift must ultimately work out for us its mission.

To make us happier by introducing us to sources of pleasure hitherto unexplored, and to render more intelligible and interesting the notable works that we had failed to draw pleasure from before—these are the primary objects of teaching literature. And therefore to add to our knowledge of everything that can make these writers give up to us their fullest meaning and spirit—to remove all obstacles in

them, and in ourselves, which hinder us from enjoying them, is among the first duties and privileges of the teacher. The lecturer on Shakespeare has to help his pupil to understand Shakespeare; but he has done this to no purpose, or rather he has not done this at all, unless he has deepened the pupil's admiration for, and thus helped him to gain pleasure from, the poet. The aspiring pupil perhaps (like those whom Mr. Wright spoke of as demanding "sign-post criticism") thinks this superfluous. He is eager at once to exercise his judgment, his critical powers—to be able quickly to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Let him not be in a hurry! *Love* must come first—*Criticism* afterwards. You wish to know WHY Shakespeare is greater than all other dramatists of that wonderful period. Well, your teachers could provide you with a dozen sound and excellent reasons for this, which nobody could dispute. And you could carry them away, and reproduce them in an examination paper, and air them at a mutual improvement society, and be not one jot the happier and wiser for the knowledge—whereas, a companion who had by quiet reading, steeped himself in the divine pathos of "Lear", in the pastoral sweetness of the "Winter's Tale", in the delicate comedy of "As You Like It", would have discovered, without its having been pointed out to him, that in all these qualities, and a hundred other, even the tragedy of Ford and Webster, and the tender humanity of Heywood, must bow the head before the master of them all. And if it be asked, what room then is there for the lecturer and professor? I say that he is the best lecturer and professor who has best succeeded in inducing his pupil to adopt this quiet and patient method; to take this open but little trodden path to the understanding and true appreciation of our great English writers.

And then, as I have said, appreciation and affection being kindled, the critical faculty begins to grow. For having tasted, and become used to the very best in its kind, second and third and fourth best begin to lose their charm. And this is what I meant when I said that love is the parent of criticism. Criticism, you know, has a bad name with many people. To them, it means carping, fault-finding, or at best a habit of analysing and dissecting that is fatal to the genuine enjoyment of anything. "Why do you criticise?" asks the bewildered parent or guardian, when his daughter throws down with weariness a new volume of verse, written by some popular contemporary, consisting of faint echoes of the verse of Shelley or Tennyson. "Why do you criticise? Why cannot you be content to admire and enjoy?" Alas! the question is easily asked; but it is as futile a question as to ask why, when we have eaten a piece of roast mutton, we have discovered it to be a bit of very inferior and insipid meat! The request that a person will eat and not taste, is a mere mockery, though made with the best intentions. "There are many echoes in the world, but few voices", was one of Goethe's great sayings; and our education in literature has few worthier functions than to teach us to distinguish the echo from the voice—the copy from the original.

We claim therefore for English literature as an instrument of education that it shall raise, by instructing, the general taste; that it shall teach us better how to covet earnestly good literature, and not encourage, or waste time over what is inferior or worthless. And this should supply an additional answer to those who ask what practical value there is in the study of our older authors. We most of us read books—or at least those periodical effusions which now do duty so largely for books—and even if all reading were waste of time, it would be certainly better to read good than bad. And there is a great deal—an enormous deal—that is bad every year written and published. I do not mean

bad in a serious sense—subversive of our elementary morals and faiths, though there is very much of that—but bad in art, and in style; exciting, but not elevating or inspiring; unreal and pretentious; the cleverest electro-plate passing itself off for silver; sham eloquence, sham sentiment, sham poetry, sham philosophy, and sham humour. Would it be a worthless result of two or three years' study of the great realities, of which these are the counterfeits, to be able to detect the base coin, and at once nail it to the counter? I am well aware that fine taste is a very rare faculty indeed. "Taste", that admirable critic, the late Edward Fitzgerald, used to say, "is the feminine of genius"; and like its male companion, it must always be the heritage of the few. But there are degrees of it, and it may be developed by training, and though the best teaching in the world will fail to give some young persons a relish for Milton or Spenser, the average of failures need not be greater than in other and older-established subjects of instruction. After all, these same students, who have been bored perhaps with Clarendon Press manuals, will by and by be found to be in possession of a great deal of taste, though as the gentleman in the old story added, it may be very bad taste. When we find tears being shed over some cleverly wrought sentimentality; or loud laughter raised by some miserable burlesque; or hands and eyes uplifted at some very tall talk that passes in the world's market for eloquence, we feel sure that if true pathos, and humour, and the eloquence of having something to say and knowing how to say it nobly, had ever been studied in the masterpieces of old time, the reader or hearer could never have been misled by these transparent imitations. Take that last named quality of *eloquence*. We have writers endowed with this power still among us; men who having noble thoughts and cultured minds, can give utterance to their meaning in language touched with genuine emotion. But probably many of these have never passed for eloquent at all; the word has been reserved for fluent and flowery commonplace; or what our American friends call "high falutin'". That all true eloquence is inherent in the thought expressed, and not in the words, is seldom recognised at all in popular criticism. I would ask whether the heart of an educated man does not sink within him when he is entreated to come and hear the new curate, because his sermons are "so eloquent". He knows, I mean, almost for certainty what it is that he will hear, if he accepts the invitation. However, to leave this ground (which I feel is somewhat delicate), let me only say that it is surely a good work to teach our young men and women in this matter also to detect the true from the spurious; to show them how with the most ornate writers, such as Jeremy Taylor, or Edmund Burke, or the Mr. Ruskin of forty years ago, the beauty of the language is organically connected with the originality or beauty of the thing said; that the efflorescence has a root lying deep below, which gives it all its real importance and permanence. Or, once more, take *humour*, of which the counterfeits in circulation are so many. If only we had brought our students really to enjoy the humour of Chaucer, and Shakespeare, of Sterne and Goldsmith and Addison, yes, and of Scott and Miss Austen, of Dickens and of Lamb, and of the many other delightful masters in this kind that our literature boasts, how could they afterwards fail to note how much that passes for humour in this day is not grounded, like the true thing, in sympathy with humanity, but in scorn of it: that a vast proportion of the most popular humour of the day is really cynicism. To distinguish true humour from mere mockery, its most abundant substitute, this is one of the surely useful tasks of the teacher in the study of those branches of English literature that seem to be

the most frivolous,—the nearest approach to a mere amusement.

"Then after all," it may be retorted on me, "criticism *does* consist in picking holes and finding faults; and the result of all you have said, if accomplished, will be to limit our sources of innocent enjoyment, and to make us fastidious and one-sided." Nothing can be farther from the truth. We may truly say of criticism, as was said of religion in Dr. Watts's hymn, that "It never was designed to make our pleasures less". It is true that it purifies and elevates them, but it does not diminish them in the process; it incalculably widens them. It cuts off from our serious attention a vast amount of inferior writing; it teaches us to know the echo from the voice, the pale imitation from the real thing; but while it takes away with one hand it gives with the other, and gives far more than it takes away. Criticism is meant to make us fastidious—fastidious, that is, as to the quality of any particular kind of literature; but at the same time, if it is worth anything, it extends indefinitely the width of our sympathies and likings. It tells us not to admire unreal things and feeble imitations; but it also tells us how many things there are of first-rate excellence to which our eyes may have been hitherto sealed. It tells us that though Shelley may be a greater poet than Longfellow, yet that an original Longfellow is worth any number of imitation Shelleys. It tells us that to affect to see no excellence in one kind of literature, because we see a great deal (or think we do) in some other more exalted kind; to wonder what on earth people ever admired in Pope because we see a great deal to admire in Tennyson; that this is a sign, not at all of the "higher criticism", but of a very low and poor criticism indeed; and any education in taste that has ended in diminishing the number of remarkable writers that we can derive pleasure from, is shown thereby to have been no true education, and to have missed its mark.

So that you see, after all, I *do* believe in what Mr. Aldis Wright called "signpost criticism". He rightly refused to supply it, because he found that some young people wanted to pose as critics before even they understood the meaning of the writer they proposed to criticize. But there is, I am certain, a place for it in the teaching of English literature. It is very salutary for us all, at a certain stage in our education, to be taught that certain writers are to be treated by us with respect whether we like it or not. I remember some years ago a picture in "Punch", by Mr. Du Maurier, of a fashionable lady leading a troop of daughters, catalogue in hand, into the opening room of the Royal Academy Exhibition. "Now, girls!" cheerfully exclaims the mamma, "now girls! which are the pictures that we are to admire?" Of course the satire is obvious and just. The mamma wanted to admire the right pictures, but to her the "right" pictures meant those that her most important friends admired. She wanted, in a word, to be "in the fashion" in this respect as in all others. But there is a right and a wrong even in matters of taste, and while our own taste is in the process of forming, it is of first-rate importance that we should be instructed upon authority "what we are to admire"; that we should at least learn to suspend our dislikes and our prejudices till we are in some measure entitled to have them. There are certain writers in our literature who have come to be called Classics. What is a classic? A classic is, I suppose, a writer who has attained, by the continuous verdict of successive generations of readers and critics, a certain rank which individual opinion is of no avail to disturb. Individual opinion no doubt very often does resent, openly or silently, the rank thus awarded to a writer. One of John Leech's youngsters, you may remember, confided to another youngster (his friend) that he considered even Shakespeare a much over-rated man. And if such

a stretch of independent judgment as this be rare, there are certainly many other authors, of the rank called classical, whose claims to such recognition our young men and women frankly question. Now I conceive that it is one of the best services the lecturer on English literature can render, to point out that in this, as in some other matters, the verdict of continuous generations is more likely to be right than that of the young man or woman, however brimming over with the higher culture. There is a remark of Mr. Francis Palgrave in the preface to that delightful book, "The Golden Treasury", which it would be good to instil into the mind of every student of literature. Speaking of the principle that had guided him in making his selections, Mr. Palgrave added—"As he closes this long survey, the editor trusts he may add without egotism that he has found the vague general verdict of popular fame more just than those have thought, who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgments on poetry to 'the selected few of many generations'. Not many appear to have gained reputation without some gift or performance that in due degree deserved it".

The only limitation I would have added to Mr. Palgrave's last sentence is this—I would have said "not many appear to have gained reputation, *and kept it*, without some performance that deserved it". It takes time to make any writer a classic. Call no writer "happy", in this respect, until a second generation at least shall have confirmed the verdict of the first. And when changed times and fashions have yet agreed that this or that writer deserves the name of a classic, then it is for individual likings and dislikings to bow to the opinion of the larger public. A series of generations is wiser than any single generation. Of course no teacher of literature can make his students ultimately like any particular author. You can take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. You may lead your pupils to the refreshing streams of Wordsworth, and they may sip, and turn away. You may lead them to Crabbe, "Nature's sternest painter", and they may refuse even to moisten their lips. But the teacher may at least give his students a fair chance and opportunity to learn what it is in these writers that has made men admire and love them; he may warn them that any writer of individuality has a claim upon some patience, and some modesty, in those who approach him as reader and critic; that he cannot be judged, or understood, or loved, in an hour, or a day. The teacher may do good service by pointing out that if some of the noblest and profoundest thinkers of this century have confessed that they owe more wisdom and happiness to the poetry of Wordsworth than they can ever acknowledge, a young critic should never think that the last word on the subject is spoken when he has quoted the opening lines of the amusing parody in the "Rejected Addresses."

You see, ladies and gentlemen, I am pleading for authority in matters of literary judgment or taste. I know that such pleading is likely to fall on unwilling ears. In the general wave of anarchy that has passed over our century, criticism on literature has not escaped, and the right of every one to his own opinion, and to reconstruct for himself the catalogue of authors who are or are not worth attention, is severely claimed. The very name of a classic is unpalatable to some of the young and ardent, as implying that it represents the judgment of old fogeydom, which it is their mission to correct. A certain protervity (an intellectual *skittishness*, may I translate it?) in the young of this day resents the accumulated judgment of past generations. The fact that a writer like Crabbe was a cherished poet and teacher to minds and natures so different as Walter Scott, Jane Austen, John Henry Newman, Lord Tennyson, and Edward Fitzgerald, perhaps would hardly

weigh with them for a moment in the scale, against a present verdict which says that he is gloomy, or monotonous, or prosaic; or that he is so unlike Byron or Keats or Rossetti. But once again I say that in such matters the accumulated verdict of the finer imaginations and intellects of the past is of first-rate importance in deciding for us—if not what we should *like*, at least what we should *try* to like, or at least to understand the reason of other people's liking.

The position, then, at which I have tried to arrive is this—that the one object of any teaching of English literature in schools or colleges is to give pleasure, and to extend the range of our pleasures, and that if it fails to do this, all the incidental and subsidiary labour in studying it, misses its chief purpose. I do not say that this labour has been useless. Far from it. No knowledge is useless. To learn all about Jonathan Swift—the moral of his tragic and pathetic story, or the influence on him of political events of his time—is full of interest. And we cannot even attempt to gain an insight into his genius without taking these things into account. But we are not necessarily nearer to enjoying the marvellous literary force, the irony, the humorous gravity of Swift—by trying to sound the mystery of poor Stella; any more than is the young enthusiast for Shelley nearer to understanding his idol by qualifying himself to "chatter about Harriet". To gain pleasure from Swift, we must *read* him. A truism, without doubt; but as a rule, truisms are not things that are superfluous to say, but things that need constant reiteration. How many of those, I would ask, who know a good deal about Swift, ever read him, except perhaps portions of a Bowdlerised "Gulliver" in the nursery? I know that he, like many other writers, must be approached from the proper side; and it is another of the privileges of a teacher of literature to make sure that his pupils take hold of every author *by the right end*—that they do not begin with his inferior writings (for every author has best and worst), or with what is longest and apt to tire the young patience. But in any case—an author must be read. And as, while we lecture *upon* an author, we cannot ensure that he shall be read; I have often felt that to *read* a considerable portion of an author with a class—allowing his power or his pathos or his charm to grow and win upon us as we went along—is really almost the only certain way of ensuring that the writer shall ever produce the good we seek from him. I know the difficulties in the way; want of time, the chief. And then it looks so easy and so indolent! "Why should I send my daughter to a class to read a book"? asks the aggrieved parent. "She can do that at home. Why should I pay that professor to do what cannot cost him any trouble or preparation—any one can listen to a pupil reading a book?" Alas! alas! how little people know! And what is the consequence? That, to repeat an illustration I used at the outset of my lecture, many a young student can write out a "Life of Sir John Suckling with dates", which is not literature; and never come to the point of gaining pleasure from those two or three charming lyrics which he has left us, and of perceiving that the "Ballad of a Wedding", or the song, "Why so pale and wan, fond Lover?" are for real gaiety, humour, and vitality, worth nine-tenths of the machine-made rondeaux and triolets which make up the *vers de société* of to-day. And to understand this, is to have got so far towards understanding what literature is, and why certain writings have become classical and certain others have not. And, to repeat yet once more what I said at the beginning, the love of the text may then awaken an interest in the notes. But that process is not capable of being reversed. What is Sir John Suckling to me otherwise?

> If he be not fair to me—
> What care I how fair he be?

When, some time since, I was thinking over my treatment of this subject for this evening, there was placed in my hands an address by Mr. Goschen, delivered to this college just ten years ago, a truly admirable address, full of wisdom and judgment put in the most telling way. Some things that Mr. Goschen said encouraged me at once to take the line I had proposed—notably his warning all interested in education not to confine that word to studies that would produce immediate practical results for the student when he began the work of the world — results that would "pay". For certainly English literature studied for those ends for which I have maintained this evening it should be studied, is not a subject that means money-making or immediate success in your profession or business. Even for those who thought of adopting literature as a profession, I am afraid that it is not the highest kind of literature that offers the highest, or at least the most rapid rewards. And yet "we needs must love the highest when we see it". But there was one other part of Mr. Goschen's address that for a moment, I confess, did make me feel uncomfortable. For he was very strong upon the necessity of our young students "selecting the severer as well as the more amusing studies for their labours". Yet even here I was soon reassured; for I had no intention of advocating the study of English literature as an amusement. I have tried this evening to show two things: (1) that happiness, or joy, as an end to be sought, is a wholly different—even a wholly opposite thing—to amusement; and (2) that the deep and profitable acquaintance with any great author can only result from a joint application of brain and heart that can never be easy, or consist with the mere instinct of killing time. It is not, let me say once more, by reading light literature — the Solomon Grundys among books that are born on a Monday and die before their little week is out—that we learn to know good literature from bad.

Education, people say, and rightly, is to fit us for the work of the world, and that is best which best fits us for it. As a mental training, I claim for English literature an important share in that preparation. But there is a leisure of the world, as well as a work; for most men and women have some hours of respite from the duties that are primary and urgent. And education is surely incomplete that does not prepare us to make the best of our leisure as well as of our working days. I fear I may not have seemed very practical this evening in my advice or suggestions. But during some years in which I have had opportunity of watching the methods of teaching literature in schools, I have felt more and more that one mistake has been to magnify (as I have put it) the notes above the text, and to teach *round about* the great writers, while all the time the great writers themselves leave the young student, if not wearied and glad to hear the last of them, at least uninspired by them, and with taste and discrimination hardly increased in the process. For I have known those who having learned during some years all about Shakespeare, Chaucer, Bacon, Hooker, have yet gone away still content to accept A. as a great poet, B. as a great philosopher, C. as a great orator, and D. as a master of romance. And yet, for all my cynical carping, I have maintained that to learn to criticise justly may make us fastidious, but cannot make us narrow; for it throws open to us whole new worlds of interesting writers, and of literary pleasures, up to that time unexplored and unimagined.

ALFRED AINGER.

COUNTY LANDMARKS.

AMONGST the many questions of interest with which the Local Government Bill was expected to deal, that of the simplification of the areas of county and local administration held a prominent position; and it may not be without interest to see what has been actually achieved, and what still remains to be done now that the bill has become law; more especially as the subject is intimately bound up with the future District Councils Bill, for if the District Councils are to form a portion of a really homogeneous administration, it is impossible they should be divided between conflicting county jurisdictions.

In the year previous to the passing of the Local Government Act, a Parliamentary Commission was appointed to examine the whole question and to make recommendations. In some quarters it seems to have been expected that these recommendations would be incorporated wholesale in the Local Government Act, and thereby receive the force of law; in others it appears to have been believed that the Commissioners themselves had the power to make boundary alterations in some arbitrary manner. Either idea was equally wide of the mark. Even before the days of obstruction, an attempt to hurry through Parliament a number of complicated alterations, affecting a mass of local interests and stirring up innumerable private jealousies, would have been a task from which the members of any Government might well have shrunk; while as to the manner in which any Commission, whether statutory or Royal, was suddenly to be enabled to effect such vast changes without even passing their proposal through the formal stages of a Provisional Order Bill, has yet to be explained.

The Government, indeed, showed a wise discretion in limiting the powers of the Commission which they appointed in 1887 to making recommendations; and in trusting to time and opportunity gradually to clothe these recommendations with the force of law, in proportion as the discussion of the subject had ripened public opinion and prepared it for change.

Jean Paul tells us, in "Flegeljahre", how the village of Elterlein stood in two jurisdictions; how a brook divided the Baron's tenantry from the Prince's tenantry; how it altered its channel; and how a house belonging to the *Schulz*, or village magistrate, which once stood on its very brink, was in consequence built out over the boundary, which now parted the roof-tree —nay, the very ceiling of a single room—so that his own armchair might stand subject to two separate jurisdictions. This condition of things the old *Schulz* regards as an earthly paradise of jurisprudence, but as the very "limbo of administration". With pride unspeakable he reflects upon his table on one side the line and his bed on the other—his princely sleep and his baronial repast. The house, he avers, is just planned for an honest lawyer — another man would have wasted its golden opportunities. With anxious care he maintains to his twin sons every advantage of his mixed position. A light rail across the floor compels each child to sleep and play on his own side the boundary, thus reserving a representative in either camp!

Now the feeling of the old *Schulz* of Elterlein in regard to his boundary is a very common feeling in England. The inconvenience is admitted, but no sooner is a proposal made to remove it than some supposed advantage of the

existing arrangement is set forth by interested parties, and opposition is at once organized to any attempt at alteration or improvement.

About forty years ago a poor fellow was killed on the borders of Wiltshire and Hampshire, in the sight of a hundred men, and an inquest was held on the body next day, when there was no lack of witnesses. It was impossible to discover the name of the man or whence he had come, or anything about him, except that he was civil and inoffensive. There was nothing strange in that, for he was a harvestman who had come in for the occasion. But it was strange, yet quite true, that it was found impossible to ascertain what had killed him, in what county he had been killed, in what county he had died, and even in what day. It was at a club feast at Park House Inn, on the road from Amesbury to Andover, and standing so directly across the frontier line between Wilts and Hants that this was said to pass through the front door. A hundred fellows were there the worse for liquor. An Exeter coach was timed to draw up exactly at midnight. Just as it was drawing up a drunken savage knocked the poor stranger down under the feet of the leaders, and he was taken up dead. The belief was that he was knocked out of one county into another, and out of one day into another; but whether the blow killed him or the horses' hoofs, and in which county or day he died, none could say. The question was carried further. Neither parish concerned was ready to give him Christian burial, for it might "parish" the public-house. He did receive Christian burial, but the sexton had to declare that nobody would pay the fee for digging the grave.[1] And yet this state of things still exists, and the system which stereotyped it is only just about to be altered.

The county boundaries are undoubtedly ancient, although, as the Commissioners point out in their principal Report, there is evidence to show that they have varied in former times from what they are now.

We have been repeatedly urged [they say] to respect, as far as possible, the ancient county boundaries, but, while fully recognizing the historical and antiquarian interest attached to them, we are of opinion that it would be a mistake to assign the same degree of importance to them all equally, or to ignore the fact that there is ample historical evidence of their having varied from time to time, however difficult it may be to trace the several stages of the process. Reference to the best historical authorities shows that counties in some cases still correspond with the limits of the principalities founded by the early English settlers; in others the principalities have been divided into several shires, or joined so as to form one shire. Kent, Sussex, and Essex represent whole kingdoms; whilst there are other counties which represent the under-kingdoms of Wessex; or kingdoms sometimes united, sometimes parted, as part of Northumberland and most likely East Anglia. For Northumberland again, Yorkshire represents Deira, and the narrower Northumberland represents Bernicia, less the ecclesiastical principality which grew up at Durham.

The tradition of the division of England or parts of England into shires, probably represents the recognition of pre-existing facts, rather than a process actually accomplished by a particular ruler at a given date. According to Mr. Freeman, subsequently to the Danish invasions the Mercian shires were newly mapped out with reference to a central town in each, and the consequent contrast between two such counties as Gloucester and Wiltshire remains to this day. Domesday is the most authentic record of the early local divisions of England; but clearly shows that some of the existing counties are of a date subsequent to the Conquest, and have been the result either of events forming part of the general growth of the kingdom, or of adjustments coming within the province of local rather than of political history.

Domesday leaves out Northumberland and Durham, although at the time they were certainly existing divisions. Domesday also knows nothing of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire; but in this case because these are divisions later than Domesday; and parts of them, so much of modern Cumberland and Westmoreland as was formed into the Earldom of Carlisle, were not then part of England. The shires

[1] This story appeared in "The Times" in 1882.

of Cumberland and Westmoreland were made out of the Earldom of Carlisle, with the addition of pieces of Yorkshire. Lancashire was made out of pieces of Yorkshire and of that piece of Cheshire which was somehow separate from the rest, and situated between the Mersey and Ribble.

The present distribution of territory between Wales and the shires on the border dates from the Act of Henry VIII. abolishing the Lords Marchers. Rutland figures in Domesday, with boundaries even narrower than at the present day, as an outlying portion of Nottingham, the remainder being in Northampton and Lincoln; Gloucestershire includes part of what is now in Monmouth; and Northampton seems to have included portions of what are now in the counties of Warwick, Oxford, Bedford, and Huntingdon. The Domesday Survey also contains the evidence of the arbitrary shifting of land, in more than one instance, from the jurisdiction of one county to that of another, to suit the convenience of powerful individuals.

The history of the question may be summed up by saying that the divisions of Wessex, East Anglia, and Northumberland are immemorial; those of Mercia date from the ninth century; those of the North-West from the twelfth century; and those of the Welsh border from the sixteenth century.

On the other hand, the boundaries of unions, those modern and, as some regard them, upstart rivals of the counties, have now existed with but slight changes for half a century; and any alteration, although not affecting questions of sentiment in the same degree as in the case of the counties, raises far more important financial considerations.

The ancient intermediate division of local government [the Commissioners observe,] which stood between the county and the parish was the hundred, but a variety of circumstances gradually caused the practical disuse in most cases of this area, and when parishes had to be grouped for the purposes of the Poor Law Act of 1834, the Commissioners then appointed proceeded without much regard either to these ancient divisions or to the county boundaries. In mapping out the country they were evidently influenced by a desire to form convenient administrative areas; though the existence of a workhouse occasionally led them to make a different arrangement from that which would otherwise have been the case. Although in some cases exception may be taken to their decisions, their work has existed with but few and slight alterations for half a century. Meanwhile, numerous fresh duties, of a quasi municipal character, amongst others those of local assessment, and sanitary and educational authority, and in some instances of highway management, have been given to the guardians outside the limits of urban authorities, and they have also made large use of the borrowing powers conferred upon them by successive Acts of Parliament.

The reform of the areas of local administration is, in fact, a matter which, like economy, is admired by everybody in the abstract, but meets with endless difficulties in detail. In only three counties, *viz.*, Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Kent had any serious effort been made, previous to 1887, to simplify them; but the extensive changes carried out in those counties, under various permissive Acts relating to poor-law unions, highways, and petty sessional divisions, and parishes, required no less than ten years to overcome the entrenched prejudices with which they had to contend; and by 1889 they had reached the farthest point possible in the circumstances of the day, as the necessity of altering the county boundaries in certain cases in order to accomplish the objects aimed at made further progress impossible; no power of altering a county boundary having existed under the legislation anterior to 1889, except by private Act of Parliament.

The changes, however, carried out in these counties showed at least that gradual reform was more likely to succeed than more ambitious projects dealing with the whole question at once. Even in France, the country *par excellence* of administrative uniformity and centralization, the improvement of administrative areas meets with unlooked-for difficulties. Only the other day the "Temps" contained an amusing account of the successful defiance of the Council-General of the Haute-Marne by the smallest

commune in France—Morteau—which it was proposed to merge in the neighbouring *commune* of Andelot.

Morteau boasts neither inn nor tavern—neither post-office nor town-hall. There is no doctor and no priest—no butcher and no baker. The whole population is estimated at twelve. Even houses are few—only an old *château* of the sixteenth century, with loop-holes and turrets, tiles and weathercocks, and a disused chapel somewhere in the woods. There are hills too, right and left—Côte-au-Diable and Combe-à-l'Ane—and a rivulet, Rognon, winding with its fringe of willow and poplar through the barley-fields. As to that population of twelve—there is Farmer Jean Gueux-Malardot, with wife and two children; and there is Brulet, the wood-cutter, with two children and wife; there is Mayor Benoît, notary in Andelot, and Thivet, farmer in Sarcicourt, the two last-named merely politically domiciled in Morteau and actually residing elsewhere. The communal budget attains to the proportions of £15 13*s.* 0½*d.*! But Morteau dates back to days when St. Sulpice worked wonders in its wood-land chapel; to days of feudal tenure from the Lords of Andelot; to newly-coined communeship in 1792, when forges, blazing on the banks of Rognon, invested the spot with a transitory importance; and when at last, in 1843, the Conseil-Général proposed merging its identity in that of its neighbour, Morteau met the proposal by an energetic opposition, and, heartily seconded by Andelot itself the tiny *commune* won the day!

The Boundary Commissioners had to make recommendations so as to secure that no urban district, union, or parish should be situate in more than one county; they had also to inquire as to the best mode of dealing with those cases where a town was blessed, or cursed, with the existence of both a Town Council and a Local Board with conflicting urban areas; and in connection with their recommendations on the above subjects, they were enabled to make any consequential or incidental suggestions which might be deemed fairly to arise out of their schemes.

The Report of the Commissioners was presented to the Local Government Board on July 5th, 1888, and laid before Parliament, with its accompanying maps and schemes dealing with each case separately.

In regard to the urban districts situate in more than one county, the Commissioners recommended that every divided district should, with certain exceptions, be in future deemed to be within the county which contained the largest portion of the population. This recommendation was adopted by the 50th section of the Local Government Act, but without making any exception; and some dissatisfaction has already arisen in places where an alteration of the urban district rather than of the county boundary would have been the wiser alternative. An impression prevailed in many quarters, though why it is difficult to see, that the operation of the 50th section was limited to the first election of County Councils, and did not affect questions of rating and jurisdiction. The advantage of settling the question somehow is Mr. Ritchie's best excuse for the summary procedure adopted. Yet if we consider that some of the most difficult cases before the Commissioners (as the areas, though small in acreage, represented a very large ratable value) were dealt with in this clause, the extreme ease with which it was accepted by Parliament was certainly remarkable, and may possibly have been owing to the misapprehension just mentioned.[1] The voice of Mr. Warmington, Q.C., M.P., was alone heard mourning (and in

[1] These boroughs were Abingdon, Banbury, Barnard Castle, Barnet, Brynmawr, Burton-on-Trent, Cardigan, Crowle, Dudley, Ebbw Vale, Filey, Haverhill, Hinckley, Hyde, Llandrillo-yn-Rhos, Malton, Market Harborough, Mossley, Newmarket, New Mills, Oxford, Peterborough, Redditch, Rhyl, Rhymney, Stallybridge, Stamford, Stockport, Sudbury, Tamworth, Thetford, Todmorden, Tredegar, Warrington, and Yarmouth.

vain) in the wilderness of a Committee of the whole House, deaf to his lamentations, over the transfer from Monmouth of the portion of the town of Brynmawr therein situate, into the adjacent county of Brecon.

In regard to the class of cases in which both Town Council and Local Board were found to exist in the same town, the Commissioners recommended (here again with certain exceptions) that in future the Local Board area should be that of the municipal borough —assuming the Local Board to be itself dissolved in consequence.[1] The Local Government Board, by the 52nd clause of the Act, took powers to issue provisional orders dealing separately with each case of this class, and several Provisional Order Bills, substantially adopting the schemes of the Commissioners, have already passed through Parliament this session. A few of the more difficult cases still remain under consideration; as, for example, Wenlock, that interesting rural borough which, octopus-like, as if holding in its claws four Local Boards to devour them, still baffles the reforming hand of the President of the Local Government Board.

The last and most important class of cases remains to be mentioned—that in which poor-law unions and rural sanitary districts (which may be treated as identical) are situated in more than one county. These divided unions originated either in the existence of a town on the borders of two counties, forming the natural administrative centre of the surrounding district, or in the exemption (for reasons at the time perhaps cogent) of detached parts of counties from the operation of those Acts of Parliament passed subsequently to the Reform Bill of 1832, which, as a rule, merged such outlying pieces in the counties by which they were completely surrounded.

These exemptions were unfortunately numerous, especially on the borders of Warwick, Worcester, and Gloucester. The map prepared by General Owen Jones, the able Secretary to the Commissioners, which accompanies their Report, shows at a glance the extraordinary character of the administrative arrangements on the borders of those counties, and might create some doubt in the mind of the intelligent foreigner whether we are really the most practical of nations.

The isolated portion of the county of Flint in Wales, lying on the English side of the Dee, and surrounded on three sides by Shropshire and on one by Denbigh, is another and a similar case. Here, however, in addition to the questions ordinarily affecting the alterations of county boundaries, are further involved such complications as in days of Eistedfodds, tithe-wars, and national sentiment are likely to be raised by a transfer of territory from Wales to England. But perhaps the best example possible of the sort of difficulty which attends the reformation of areas is afforded by those southern slopes which, while geographically within the borders of Brecon, are yet cut off from the remainder of that county by the formidable range of the Brecon mountains, and have therefore found their natural place in the unions of Glamorganshire. Every consideration of common sense and of administrative convenience, especially for the poorer classes, pointed to the necessity of transferring these parishes to Glamorgan. Unfortunately the inhabitants of Brecon regard those of Glamorgan as an inferior folk, and the cry also went forth that, if the transfer took place, the shepherds would lose their commonage on the Brecon mountains; why or wherefore nobody even tried to explain. Nevertheless, the cry was a very well devised one, and excited great indignation against the Commissioners.

The whole question, indeed, involved in the case of the divided unions is one of true administrative convenience against local prejudice, and what the Commission had to do was somehow

[1] These towns were Banbury, Blandford, Calne, Chippenham, Faversham, Folkestone, Launceston, Lyme Regis, Lymington Morpeth, Oxford, St. Ives, and Wenlock.

to find a common denominator for the two. This was discovered in the application (in an amended form) of a plan first suggested now several years ago by that eminent public servant, the late Mr. Andrew Doyle, one of Her Majesty's poor-law inspectors. He was able before his death to place before the Commissioners his views for the formation of what is termed the "contributory" union, *i.e.* a union locally situated in one county, yet sending its indoor poor, on a fixed payment per head, to the workhouse of a union situated in an adjacent county, whose buildings it is likewise entitled to use for purposes of business and for meetings. Accordingly, in most cases where the area of a union lay tolerably equally in two counties, its division was recommended into two separate unions, on this side and on that of the county boundary line, and whichever of these two might chance to contain the buildings originally contributed at the common cost of both, it was now suggested, should be ordered to allow the use of them for the reception of the poor and for the administrative purposes of its neighbour.

The alternatives, it is pointed out by the Commissioners in their Report, which presented themselves in the first instance, in order to comply with the terms of the Act of Parliament, were either to recommend the amalgamation of the foreign portions of unions and rural sanitary districts, in whole or in part, with some other union or sanitary district in the same geographical county, or to alter the county boundary, or to make some combination of these plans. Owing to the rapid development of railways, the great improvement in the roads of the country, and to other causes, many local centres are now easy of access which were not so in 1834, and there are now in consequence facilities for bringing the union boundaries, without hardship to the poor, or inconvenience to the ratepayers, within the existing county boundary for union purposes, which did not exist at the time when the unions were laid out. They consequently recommended in many instances the annexation of the overlapping parishes of one union, or of some of them, to another union in the same county, without any disturbance of the county boundary. In all cases they attached great weight to the opinion and wishes of the inhabitants themselves of the areas affected, and where these did not conflict with the general principles by which they were guided, they endeavoured to give effect to them. But while a simple alteration of county or union boundary, as the case may be, might have appeared to offer a solution of the problems with which they had to deal, they had also to consider whether in a large number of the more important cases it might not be possible to proceed by an intermediate plan; and being anxious to carry out the duties imposed upon them by Parliament with as little disturbance as possible of existing arrangements, they recommended the formation in many cases of "contributory unions," as described above, especially in those instances where a county boundary is found to cut an existing union into two nearly equal moieties, such moieties being compared as regards area, value, and population.

"This arrangement", the Commissioners observe, "appears to combine the advantages of securing to the inhabitants the continued use of the centre to which they are accustomed for union purposes, with the maintenance, in substance, of the county boundary"; and they then proceed to explain that only in those cases where none of the alternative courses just mentioned enabled them to carry out the duty imposed upon them by Parliament have they recommended the alteration of the county boundary. The result of this course is that the alterations of county boundary proposed have been reduced to a minimum.

In a few cases the Commissioners, availing themselves of the powers granted them of making recommenda-

tions auxiliary to the schemes necessary for the removal of the immediate evils with which they were directed to deal, suggested the union of several very small parishes, with populations of less than one hundred, with neighbouring parishes, as already recommended by two Committees of the House of Commons.

The opposition which in numerous instances these recommendations evoked is the best proof of how delicate and difficult a matter is the re-arrangement of areas.

The sort of scene usual at a rural boundary meeting in a case like this is easily described. The vicar takes the chair, arriving hot with indignation. Somebody has told him that one at least of the Commissioners is a Radical; and it has actually been whispered in his ear that one of the Assistant Commissioners is a Nonconformist—nay, even a Welsh Nonconformist. Evidently there is a plan on foot for running away with the tithes, and for appropriating the contents of the poor-box; so let every good Churchman rush to the front. The vicar accordingly opens the proceedings, not with prayer, but with an attack on the Commissioners, and on a weak-kneed Conservative Government which has allowed itself to be deluded by Radical wiles into "removing our ancient landmarks"; a phrase which never fails to bring down the house at a parish meeting. The vicar is followed by the practical man of the parish, the local Chancellor of the Exchequer, who proves to his own satisfaction that the whole object of the proposal is to increase the rates, and that they will be undoubtedly increased by at least sixpence in the pound. At this, a cold shiver runs through the assembly. Then a choleric man (generally armed with a large umbrella) declares that to his certain knowledge the whole scheme is a "got up" affair for diminishing the rates of one or two powerful and rich individuals; whereupon he casts a gloomy look in a particular direction, presumably indicating the spot where these unpopular personages reside. On this follows a suppressed murmur of indignation. The churchwarden, however, expresses the opinion that it is all a plan for forcing a School Board on the reluctant community, and declines to be comforted by the information that the Act has nothing to do with School Boards. "So much the wus for the Act", retorts the churchwarden, "that's what I sez"—a statement the splendid irrelevancy of which, it is needless to say, excites loud applause. Next there is the man who asks questions: "How about they Burial Acts?" "Are we to have a District Council here?" "Perhaps this gentleman from Lunnon can tell us summat about that?" And so on. Now comes the turn of the county man: "I was born in Blankshire, and I hope I may die there" (loud cheers). He is followed by the clerk to the Guardians, who declares on their behalf their undying attachment to the union, the administration of which is the admiration of the civilized world! At last from a back bench somebody expresses the real sense of the meeting: "We doant want nowt done at all"! At this stage the Assistant Commissioner, if prudent, closes the meeting, and taking a respectful leave of his audience, returns to the place whence he came.

The Local Government Act takes power for giving effect to the recommendations of the Commissioners in the following manner:—Section 53 enacts that every Report of the Boundary Commissioners shall be laid before the County Council of every county and county borough affected, and "it is made their duty to make representations to the Local Government Board, as they think expedient, for adjusting the boundaries of their county, and of the other areas of local government partly situate in their county, with a view to securing that no such area shall be situate in more than one county."

Till November 5th, 1889, the County Councils had an undivided power of making representations. If, however, by that date no representation has been made by them, the Local Government Board, by section 54, is given a concurrent power to step in; but any proposal to alter a county boundary is to have no effect unless confirmed by Parliament. The Local Government Board already has power, under the Poor-Law Acts, to form or to add to, to take from or to dissolve unions; and (outside the metropolis) to combine them and constitute a joint committee of Guardians, though in all these cases, if there is local opposition to the proposals made, the orders of the Local Government Board require Parliamentary sanction, which is generally given by means of a Provisional Order Bill. Otherwise the matter is dealt with by a sealed order, which issues administratively without requiring further sanction. It may be observed that the plan of the Commissioners for the formation of contributory unions, is not an entirely untried one, as it exists in practice in the case of two unions in Suffolk, which send their poor to the workhouse of the neighbouring unions.

The Act also contains the following further enactments relating to boundaries. Under the 57th section the County Council is empowered to set the Local Government Board in motion in regard to the alteration of the boundaries of parishes and sanitary districts[1] other than boroughs; and by sections 59 (*c*) and 100, the "administrative" county is distinguished from the "political" county, so as to avoid the work of the simplification of areas being disturbed by the jealousies of political wire-pullers. The 58th section of the Act so extends the powers of the Board as to authorize the division of a union which is in two counties into two unions for all purposes except the maintenance of the common workhouse and the indoor poor; and the 60th section expressly provides that in every alteration of boundaries effected under the authority of the Act, care shall be taken that, so far as is practicable, the boundaries of any one area of local government shall not intersect the boundaries of any other area of local government.

It would be premature as yet to decide whether the recommendations of the Boundary Commissioners have met with the approval of the County Councils, to which, as shown above, they have been referred; the date, November 5th, 1889, up to which the Councils had an exclusive jurisdiction in regard to them, being only just past. It may be expected that the Local Government Board will, at the proper time, furnish Parliament with information on this head. But from such information as can be gleaned from the reports of the proceedings of the Councils, it would appear that, on the whole, they have been well received; and that the alteration of the union boundaries by the formation of contributory unions meets with especial approval.

In regard to the proposed alterations of county boundaries, there is of course a tendency on the part of the counties to which the Commissioners proposed making additions to enact the part of the "land-grabber", and support the proposal; and an equally natural tendency on the part of those counties which would be losers by a transfer of territory, to oppose the measure. Thus the Commissioners proposed to transfer certain parishes in the union of Worksop from Nottinghamshire to Derbyshire. This proposal is objected to by the County Council of the former county and supported by that of the latter. On the other hand, in some cases the zeal of particular counties has outstripped that of the Commissioners. Thus the Commissioners recommended that the parishes in the Isle of Axholme, in Lincolnshire, should be made into a separate union in that county—a proposal very popular in this peculiar district. Mean-

[1] The County Council has consequently no power in regard to unions beyond those given under s. 53.

while, the County Council of the West Riding have proposed instead to annex them to Yorkshire, thus making the River Trent the boundary line between the two counties, a proposal to which the Lincolnshire County Council demurs. Cases of agreement, however, are not wanting; thus the Wiltshire County Council having reported in favour of the whole of the recommendations of the Commissioners affecting their own and the neighbouring counties, these recommendations have been referred to the County Councils of the latter by the Local Government Board, and have met with no opposition.

The principal difficulty of the situation lies in the fact that while it is desirable to bring the areas of local government in each county within the county boundary, because it is wished to establish administrative relations between the District Councils and the County itself, the former bodies have not as yet been actually born into existence. Everybody must indeed wish to see the question of areas settled before the passing of the District Councils Bill, as not only would this step greatly reduce the difficulties of the Parliamentary situation, but it would also enable many matters of administration to be at once handed over with perfect ease to the District Councils, which otherwise might have to be omitted from the Bill; as was the case in the District Council clauses of the Local Government Bill, which, mainly for that reason, had to be abandoned as being trivial and nugatory. But on the other hand, it is always difficult to persuade public bodies, such as the County Councils, to initiate administrative changes, however desirable in themselves, in view of a measure which is not actually before them; and it is possible that the boundary question will not be finally settled till the moment has finally come for passing a strong District Councils Bill, which will perhaps deal with local susceptibilities in regard to boundaries generally, in the same rough-and-ready manner as that in which Mr. Ritchie dealt with the divided urban districts. That, however, a more gradual method of operation would be better, and much practical inconvenience be thereby avoided cannot be doubted; and as it does not appear likely that the District Councils Bill is to be heard of again for some time, the next few years can be usefully employed by the Local Government Board in settling the boundary question by a cautious yet firm application of these powers which Parliament has given to it with that object under the Act of 1888.

EDMOND FITZMAURICE.

A BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST.

KAMAL is out with twenty men to raise the Border side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar,
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.
"At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair—
"But he must go by Fort Monroe to his own place to fare,
"So if ye gallop to Fort Monroe as fast as a bird can fly,
"By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
"But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
"For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men."
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Monroe as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars as a lady plays with a glove.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,—
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive—
"'Twas only by favour of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long alive;
"There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
"But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
"If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
"The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row;
"If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
"The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."
Lightly answered the Colonel's son:—"Do good to bird and beast,
"But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
"If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
"Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.

"They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
"The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
"But if thou thinkest the price be fair, and thy brethren wait to sup,
"The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call them up!
"And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
"Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!"
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and grey wolf meet.
"May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath.
"What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the blood of my clan;
"Take up the mare for my father's gift—she will carry no better man!"
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast,
"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best.
"So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
"My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."
The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,
"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take the mate from a friend?"
"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk of a limb.
"Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring and he looked like a lance in rest.
"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the Guides,
"And thou must ride at his left side as shield to shoulder rides.
"Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
"Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
"And thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
"And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,
"And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
"Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur."
They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt;
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Monroe where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides!
"Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!"

Oh, east is east, and west is west, and never the two shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat.
But there is neither east nor west, border or breed or birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth.

YUSSUF.

A NEW EL DORADO.

THE report lately furnished to the Foreign Office by the Secretary of the British Legation in Mexico on the recent discovery of gold at Santa Clara in Lower California, will attract attention to this outlying province of Mexico, which is, geographically speaking, isolated from the rest of the Republic, and is distinctively known as a Territory. It comprises the narrow peninsula which, starting at the limit of the United States a few miles south of San Diego, stretches down to Cape San Lucas at its southern extremity. On the one side is the Pacific Ocean, on the other the Gulf of California, the peninsula being joined to continental Mexico only by the narrow neck of land along the boundary line. This comparative isolation has kept the country practically outside the range of the ordinary enquirer, and while its climate has been lauded to the utmost by such a keen observer as Agassiz, its mineral and other resources have never been fully explored. And now a reckless rush of more than three thousand men over the United States frontier, already overrun with unemployed colonists, and reports grossly exaggerated, as they in the first instance undoubtedly were, of the richness of the discoveries, have for the moment brought into prominence a possible new field for British enterprise and colonization.

The good that a really large discovery of gold would bring, not only to the discoverers but to all those who are now suffering from the excessive depreciation of silver, justifies a closer look at this report, and at the country from which it comes. And when gold is taken in conjunction with California, and with a part of California which is as yet but little known, the mind is insensibly prepared for something real, something tangible. To this the success of American California as an agricultural country lends some strength; and men more quietly prudent than the average gold-seeker may ask themselves if the country may not be good, if not for gold-mining, then possibly for something else.

Unless the country has really exceptional advantages to offer, the time for such an enquiry is hardly a propitious one; but it will be more likely on that account to be searching and real. Two companies incorporated under royal charter are already opening British East Africa and the Niger, and are making substantial progress: a third charter has just been promised to another company for the colonization of the land to the north of Bechuanaland in South Africa; and North Borneo is rapidly receiving similar encouragement. It is therefore very necessary for intending settlers to examine for themselves, especially in the face of the exaggerated reports which are for various reasons promulgated regarding new countries, the comparative advantages which they have to offer. And it will also be most especially prudent and necessary for them, in the first instance, to examine themselves. For, however good a country may be, unless the colonist has in himself the proper elements of success—and these we may note are the same in all countries—he had far better remain where he is. The effect of the reports of gold-mines, extraordinary yields of corn and the profits to be realised therefrom, residence in a land where the olive and the orange afford perennial produce, obscure the field of vision. The attention is diverted from the consideration of what ought to be the initial factor

—namely, the competency of the settler—and the failures of the old country are repeated in the new. Hence it is that we hear the probably true remark that on the average, ventures in a new country, if successful, that is comparatively successful, may yield an interest of from five to six per cent.; and hence it is that the capital of settlers in a new country goes to swell the profits of the original possessors of the soil, and in no way to benefit themselves. Such men, if they exist at all, are after a time found in the hopeless position of shepherds, boundary-riders, and what not, on estates which were once their own. A common cause of this lamentable but oft-repeated descent is the early investment of too much capital, too much, that is, in proportion to the resources of the settler. It is a golden rule to invest no capital at all without personal knowledge of the security of the investment. And it is also a golden rule, and one not inferior in practical value to the former, to work as a servant first in a country where one hopes ultimately to be a master. Speaking generally, it is ordinary prudence not to lay out more than a third of one's available capital at first. And it is again ordinary prudence not to lay out any capital at all before residing at least one year in the country of one's adoption. To leave no margin of capital for possible misadventure and miscalculation, to invest this capital in a hap-hazard manner on second-hand information or interested advice, are actions which equally court and generally achieve failure. As for the folly, the crime rather, of entrusting capital to a young fellow, be he a son or be he a ward, on his first arrival, on this it should be unnecessary to insist.

Still there must be some inherent advantages in a country to make it worth while going to at all, and it may be well for us to glance at what these are likely to be in the province of which we are now speaking.

First as regards the climate. It is difficult to see how a dictum such as that of Agassiz can be generally accurate. His observation was taken from a short stay at or near the thirty-second parallel; but looking to the length of the peninsula, which stretches through ten degrees of latitude from 32° 40′ to 22° 40′, it will be clear that there must be a tropical, or semi-tropical region, as well as a temperate one. Moreover, the centre of the country is traversed by a mountain-ridge rising to some 4,500 feet above the sea-level, and clothed to a greater or less degree with forest. We should naturally expect, as is in effect the case, this forest-clad backbone to cause two climates, that on the Pacific coast, lying open to the sea-breezes, being appreciably more temperate than that on the side which slopes to the Gulf of Mexico. There must be a wrong as well as a right part in which to settle.

And this distinction is emphasized by a consideration of the next matter, which directly affects the climate, and is of still greater importance in its bearing not only on health, but on actual existence,—I mean the rain-fall. Sir Francis Denys, the writer of the official report, while informing the Foreign Office that mines and minerals do undoubtedly exist in the country, is careful to add that according to the information which he has received it is improbable, owing to the almost total absence of water except at Real del Castillo, the real gold-region of Lower California, that for mining purposes at least they can be worked with much success. What about the water-supply? Can it be obtained at all, and if so from natural resources, or must these be supplemented by artificial aid? If by the latter, what will be the initial cost of the land, the outlay on irrigation if necessary being taken into account before it is fit for cultivation?

To answer these questions we must go to such statistics as are available for our information. And we shall again expect to find considerable divergence according to the latitude in

which observations are taken. To begin with those taken under the most favourable conditions available, we find that the average annual rain-fall at the chief town of the upper portion of the province—for it possesses a northern as well as a southern capital, where a register has been kept for the past ten years—is stated to be 22·69 inches; but it must be remembered that this rain-fall rapidly diminishes as we go southwards, so rapidly indeed that in the lower portion of the peninsula we find a practically rainless region.

In Lower California,—I am now speaking of that part of the United States territory which is more commonly known by that name, and which is immediately above the particular object of our consideration—the most happy results have followed a liberal outlay on works of irrigation. And we all know what has been done in this way for India. It would be unfair to predict the success or otherwise of irrigation schemes, such for instance as those recently begun in the colony of Victoria, which were in fact initiated by two former settlers in California, if activly pushed in what we shall for the sake of distinction here call Peninsula California. Constructive works across the necks of cañons and valleys could doubtless be made, and seeing the small volume of water which is to be dealt with, these do not call for the exercise of much engineering skill, nor for the outlay of large sums of money. Much may also be done by the sinking of Artesian wells in a country where water is said to be readily obtained at a few feet below the surface. But no such grand river as the Murray, which yields its waters to the assistance of the projectors of the Irrigation Company of Victoria, exists in this part of Mexico. Nor are there found the mighty annual floods of the Indus or the Cauvery. Indeed the rivers, which are numerous but small, appear to have a wayward habit of disappearing underground, and in few instances only reach the sea by any visible channel. In their adaptability therefore to schemes of irrigation, they will evidently require some humouring. As for the cost of the irrigated land, this must so be fixed as to attract a working and useful population.

So far, then, this Mexican province has been for the most part unexplored or neglected, and remains at present, except for this spasmodic inroad of needy miners, practically uninhabited. But it must not be understood that there have been no attempts made to colonise it. On the contrary, settlements have been made by the Jesuit Fathers and their successors from the earliest times, and traces of their occupation remain in the ancient olive-groves and orchards which still exist on the sites of their labours, while several industries, such as pearl-fishing, the exploiting of lime and guano, the collection of orchilla—this last a most successful enterprise but practically in the hands of one individual—have been more or less actively prosecuted. But the concessions previously made by the government to companies or to individuals appear to have been forfeited; enterprise has been undertaken in wrong directions; mines have proved unprofitable, or the supply of fuel necessary for smelting the ore has become exhausted,—the fact at any rate remains as stated.

The upper portion of the peninsula, which in itself comprises a territory somewhat larger in superficial area than Ireland, has changed hands many times. And it is in this portion, which according to the report is now in the hands of British capitalists, that the gold-mines have been discovered. This does not, however, necessarily mean that the mines are the property of the owners of the surface soil; for in Mexico mines are practically the property of the discoverer, provided that he "denounces" them in the prescribed form. The denouncement may be made either by title of discovery, or of abandonment, or of forfeiture of the rights of a

previous owner. And in all these cases if no effective opposition or valid objection be raised within three weeks from the date of the publication of the denouncement, the denouncer is confirmed in possession of the mine. He may then occupy the land, although it be private property, to the extent necessary to open shafts, construct buildings, roads, &c. He is further entitled to the amount of land required for the passage of the workmen and animals which he employs, and to the use of the waters which it may contain, or which may pass through it, for drinking both by workmen and animals, as well as for the driving of the machinery erected for the development of the mine. Mills have already been erected on the most promising mines by their respective owners; and it is possible that some of them, if owned by experienced men with funds sufficient to develope their property and able to wait for dividends, may succeed. There are taxes also to meet, and besides fixed duties on exportation, into the details of which we need not enter here. There is, however, the off-chance of finding quicksilver, coal, and iron mines, all of which experts declare may be expected to exist. And all of these, according to the provisions of the mining-code, are exempt from every direct tax for a period of fifty years.

With regard to other attractions for the settler, which principally exist in relation to agricultural and pastoral pursuits, without enlarging on their comparative merits or attempting to place before my readers any estimates, I may remind them that the same products cannot be expected to flourish side by side in a country of such varying latitude. Olives and cereals, for example, will grow together, but the quality of the fruit yielded by an olive-tree reared on the same rich ground as is adapted for cereals will undoubtedly be inferior, and the oil derived therefrom inferior also; it will be a forced and not a natural product of the soil. The finest olives indeed are obtained on steep and dry hill-sides. The culture of the olive therefore is quite independent of the question of irrigation; and within a range of six hundred miles there will naturally be zones, defined with greater or less sharpness, adapted for the cultivation of the various products of a tropical or semi-tropical climate. But it may not be out of place to note, that whereas the olive tree can be grown with tolerable certainty—although some time, say seven years, must elapse before it arrives at fruition—the importation of olives into Mexico is very considerable. And whereas there are at present no manufactures in the country, the duties levied on articles of foreign manufacture are quite prohibitory. If my readers choose to make deductions from these facts they will do well to assure themselves, regarding the former of the existence of markets for their produce and of means of transit thereto, and regarding the latter if any, and what demand exists for articles of manufacture. For these and other reasons, such as the possibility of over-production and over-competition, which will destroy any margin of profit that may originally exist between the cost of rearing any particular commodity and the market price of it when reared, the possible advent of diseases such as attacked the coffee-plantations of Ceylon and the vineyards of Madeira and of other wine-producing countries, the desirability of a practical acquaintance with the country of one's adoption, before embarking therein one's fortune and fortunes, is, I venture to think, most eminently desirable.

The mountain-range of the peninsula is said to be clothed with forest, consisting for the most part of the yellow pine and the sugar pine. The white oak and the red cedar are also found, but only in smaller quantities. This region is distinctively named "The Pineries", and consists of prairies or *mēsas*, as they are called, interspersed with clumps of trees of various density

and size. These are situated at a considerable distance from the scene of the gold-mining operations, where the present demand for timber exists, and a road sufficient for its transport has already been made. The temptation, then, to exhaust the woods by reckless felling to satisfy existing exigencies, such as the treeless wastes of Bendigo and other gold-producing centres exhibit, is sufficiently obvious; and this would have a disastrous effect upon the capacity of the *mēsas* to maintain a remunerative head of cattle, for which they are in other respects, notably in the absence of the fierce winter storms which decimate and sometimes utterly destroy the young stock in more northern states, more or less suited. The country, in short, appears to be adapted for farming and ranching under conditions which require careful investigation. The construction of roads and railways would do much to elucidate the question.

Meanwhile it is important to notice the attitude of the Mexican Government to the proposed settlement. This is, as we should naturally expect it to be, distinctly favourable. Provided that a certain proportion of the settled population remains Mexican, there is, under the law of December, 1883, a long list of articles which may be imported free of duties by genuine colonists; and the nature of these articles evidently contemplates the occupation of the country by men with some capital and, which is equally if not more desirable, with some experience. These will husband natural resources instead of destroying or exhausting them. The miner cares little what becomes of the wood or the water of a country after the one has timbered his galleries and the other has sluiced his ore. His verdict, therefore, which regards only present needs, is necessarily a partial one; and it requires the deliberate opinion of an experienced agriculturist to measure what there may be in the future as well as what there is in the present.

The value of the orchilla, and the scene of the head-quarters of this industry, may perhaps excuse a few words regarding it. The shipping-port is Magdalena Bay, a natural harbour some fifteen miles long by twelve miles broad, which for security of anchorage and depth of water will hold its own in a comparison with the most spacious harbours of the world. From this are despatched the bales into which the orchilla is pressed, whence they go to England to be used in the preparation of silk and other substances. The colouring matter when used by itself is evanescent, but when used in combination with indigo, for example, it forms one of the most valuable dyeing substances in the world. The plant itself (the French *orsille*) is a parasite which attaches itself like the lichen to the small trees and shrubs which grow along the shore. The profits arising from the manufacture (for no care in its cultivation is required) are enormous; and as the plant cannot be propagated, and as the area of its spontaneous growth is somewhat limited, not only in America but in all the habitable globe, these are not likely for the present to be disturbed.

That this country will be peopled somehow, whether advantageously or not, will soon be shown by the advent of the Chinaman, who has already got concessions both for mining and fishing on the peninsula. Whether it is a country which may be, or will be, advantageously occupied by settlers from Great Britain is a matter which must be made clear by those who are interested in its settlement.

GEORGE CADELL.

THE LATER PLAYS OF BJÖRNSON.

THE production of "The Doll's House" at the Novelty Theatre and the translation of some other of Ibsen's social dramas have aroused in this country an interest in the Norwegian dramatist which has not yet been extended to his fellow-countryman Björnson. The latter (if known at all in England) is known mainly as the author of lyrics and of stories of peasant life; his later dramas are either not read, or read only to be for the most part condemned. Admirers of "Synnœve Solbakken" were shocked by "Bankruptcy", just as admirers of "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" were shocked by "Ghosts". Somewhat hasty judgments have been passed on what it is perhaps safer for us at the present to consider a new form of art. The position of the social drama in art must remain undecided until it is clearly and impartially understood what the social drama is; and the following paper is an attempt to contribute to such understanding by an examination of the later plays of Björnson.

In his life and personality Björnson offers a striking contrast to Ibsen. The latter has lived for years abroad; the former has never broken his associations with Norway. The latter found himself early in opposition to his countrymen; the former was their darling from his first appearance as an author. He has reflected their idiosyncrasies, contributed to their journals, addressed their meetings. He has the big presence and the confidence of a popular hero. While Ibsen has lived alone and silent, detached from every organisation and society, Björnson has identified himself with the life and hopes of his people. His figure has been before their eyes and his voice in their ears. He has conceived the functions of the poet socially. Like Milton he is (to use Professor Seeley's phrase) a "bard", bent on expounding "the best and sagest things among his own citizens"; and his office has led him to the public platform as well as to the boards of the stage. He is a preacher as well as an artist, and the didactic note is occasionally somewhat discordantly apparent.

In his earlier work Björnson was especially and exclusively Scandinavian, and "Synnœve Solbakken" and the other stories of this period are tales of native peasant life. They appealed at their appearance to a particular party—those who regarded the Scandinavian countries as the destined moral regenerators of Europe; who saw in them the union of Pagan strength and Christian mildness, and regarded the huge movements of the larger nations as a night of chaos over which at least no dove sat brooding. This part therefore of Björnson's work is only of local interest; it has not European significance. It is a cool shadowy backwater set with reeds and lilies; and the main stream sweeps past it down to the unknown sea. The poet himself became aware of this; there came a pause in his activity; for a time he ceased to write, and read voraciously. He studied Mill and Darwin, perused foreign papers and reviews, made himself familiar with the difficulties and hopes of large and complex societies, and finally in the year 1874 produced the play "Bankruptcy (*En Fallit*)". This marks the beginning of what may be called his modern period, with which only we are at present concerned; from this time he devoted himself wholly to the production of social dramas.

The plan of the social drama is to deal vividly, accurately and intelligently with the various conditions of modern life; to represent, so far as

may be without favour or prejudice, the social problems, dangers and demands of a complex society; to correct or to illustrate general moral precepts by the representation of their working in individual cases; in short to interpret the life of the nineteenth century. What George Eliot and Tourgenieff have tried to do in the novel Ibsen and Björnson try to do in the drama. Whether or how far they succeed is another question, and one which will not be satisfactorily answered by applying the test of preconceived opinions.

The most immediately striking feature of these plays is their vivid external characterization; their happy delineation of those peculiarities of manner, address, habit of mind or body, which are the obvious differentiation of individuals in the plane of every-day intercourse. This plane is that of comedy; in it abide the humorous types of Molière and Ben Jonson; in it both characters and situations are pitched low; whim is in the place of passion, and habit in the place of resolution; a disturbance of routine serves for catastrophe and the discovery of an intrigue for despair; the round of business and pleasure is mechanically pursued and the will acts only spasmodically to the stimulus of ridicule or spite. Both Ibsen and Björnson excel in the representation of this aspect of life; and both are singularly free from the exaggeration which it naturally invites. The point cannot fairly be illustrated by quotation; but it may be of interest to cite the following passage from the opening of Björnson's play "The Newly Married Couple". Laura and Aksel are lately married, and are still living with the parents of the bride.

LAURA: Good morning, mother. (*Kisses her.*)

HER LADYSHIP: Good morning, my dear. Did you sleep well?

LAURA: Yes, thank you. Good morning, father. (*Kisses him.*)

THE MAGISTRATE: (*Her father.*) Good morning, poppet, good morning; in good spirits, eh?

LAURA: Excellent. (*Passes Aksel.*) Good morning, Aksel.

AKSEL: Good morning.

HER LADYSHIP: I am so sorry my child that I can't go with you to the ball to-day. But the long drive in such cold spring weather—

THE MAGISTRATE: (*Reading his paper.*) Mother isn't well; she coughed in the night.

LAURA: What, coughed again?

THE MAGISTRATE: Twice. (*Her Ladyship coughs. The Magistrate looks up.*) There! Mother mustn't go out on any account.

LAURA: Then I sha'n't go either.

THE MAGISTRATE: That 'll be the best way, the weather is so raw. (*To Her Ladyship.*) But you've no shawl on, my dear; where's your shawl?

LAURA: Aksel, fetch mother's shawl; it's hanging in the hall.

HER LADYSHIP: It really isn't spring yet. I am surprised that the stove isn't lighted.

LAURA: (*To Aksel who is spreading the shawl round Her Ladyship.*) Aksel, ring for the stove to be lighted. (*Aksel rings and gives the order.*)

HER LADYSHIP: If we all stay away from the ball we must send word. Perhaps you'd see to that, Aksel?

AKSEL: Certainly. But ought we to stay away from this ball?

LAURA: You hear that mother coughed in the night.

AKSEL: Yes, I know, but I didn't understand that she was *ill.*

THE MAGISTRATE: (*Still reading.*) She coughed twice in the night. She coughed only a moment ago.

HER LADYSHIP: Aksel means that that doesn't amount to illness, and there he's right.

THE MAGISTRATE: (*Still reading.*) A cough may be a very bad sign,—(*Sneezes.*) The chest, the lungs,—(*Sneezes again.*) I believe I am not quite well myself.

LAURA: Dear father, you are too lightly clad.

HER LADYSHIP: You dress as if it were summer, which it certainly isn't.

THE MAGISTRATE: Now there's a good fire in the stove. (*Clears his throat again.*) Summer? No, it certainly isn't.

This passage may serve both to exemplify the minute realism of Björnson and to suggest the accom-

panying danger of a lapse into tediousness. It is quoted here as an illustration of the comic or serio-comic element of his work, his delicate treatment of the mere outside of society. But both Ibsen and Björnson are more than comedians; they go behind manners to character, behind habit to will. They represent the pathos, the stress and the hope of modern life; and in doing this they have produced a drama with special characteristics of its own, corresponding to the characteristics of their time. These may be best brought into relief by turning for a moment to our own Elizabethan drama. We find here that the interest is concentrated on individuals and that the individuals are self-centred and heroic. They are dominated by personal passions, love, hate, jealousy, ambition, and the like. Their conduct is determined by their own nature, not by abstract considerations. Lady Macbeth, Richard the Third, Coriolanus, do not dispute; they act and take the consequences of their acts. They do not weigh propositions and examine the basis of morals; they do not consider the effect of their conduct on society at large, or reflect on the course that will tend to the happiness of the greatest number. Like Bazarov in "Pères et Enfants" they act "because they are forces".

The age of Elizabeth was an age of heroes on the one hand and of masses on the other; and this fact is reflected in the contemporary drama. In our own time this is changed. The social point of view has become, or at least is becoming, predominant; the individual is more obviously and inevitably a part of a whole; he affects and is affected by a larger number of persons and interests; and whether or not he recognizes this himself the moralist and the historian and the dramatist are bound to recognize it for him. Impulse is less and reflection more than it was. Moral questions naturally present themselves under the form of duty to society. Evil is regarded as the result of the existing order, and the impulse to relieve it finds vent in schemes of social organization. The individual is commonly regarded as the creation of his time; and even those who most keenly assert his independence prefer to conceive their hero as the potential saviour of society. Man, it appears, is becoming socialized whether he like it or not; and it is only to be expected that an art should be developed which emphasizes the social point of view.

Of this art Ibsen and Björnson are exponents; they represent not merely individuals but individuals as affected by a complex society. The important fact about their *dramatis personæ* is that they are members of a community; by heredity they are connected with past and future generations; by influence, business, politics, and the like, they are connected with a mass of interests in the present. Their moral problems are not only theirs; they are occasioned by their relations to an organization, and the organization is affected by their solution. There is perpetual action and re-action between society and its members; and every individual life is a criticism of the order in which it was produced. A drama of this kind is not necessarily didactic, but it may very easily become so. The representation of society passes naturally into its criticism, because institutions are apt to appear as arbitrary creations of the will which may be as arbitrarily modified.

Shakespeare does not criticize because he is absorbed by the mystery of character; the modern dramatist *does*, because he is dealing with social complexities; the apparent wilfulness of his material provokes the moral judgment. This is specially true of Björnson, at any rate in his earlier plays. The scene between Berent and Tjaelde in "Bankruptcy" is plainly written for edification; the poet is much more concerned with the general question of business morality than with the personality of his characters; the appeals

to Tjaelde to abandon further speculation, confess his bankruptcy, and start life again on a sounder basis are plainly the poet's own appeals, and the close of the play expresses the poet's own judgment. Tjaelde takes the course recommended, puts his business into commission, and begins again on his own account; he regains both his financial position and a cheerful family life; and the curtain falls on a scene of regenerated morals and domestic happiness. The purpose of "The Editor" is equally obvious. It is an attack on the journalism of the day, and its moral is enforced by a tragedy. Halvdan, a radical reformer, has been shattered in health by the virulence and spite of the opposition. The shock caused by the perusal of a renewed attack on him by the hostile journal kills him on the spot, and the Editor, the author of the article, is accidentally present at the catastrophe. The blood of his victim stains his hands and forehead, and he goes out stamped with the mark of Cain. This crude outline is developed into a complicated plot, filled out with incident and supported by distinct and vigorous characterization. But the main conception is plainly didactic: its spring is not contemplative or philosophic but strenuously moral; and the indignation, the pathos, and the personal appeal of the author are heard throughout.

The criticism which appears in these earlier plays in a definitely didactic form, shows itself in the later ones as speculation. The dramatist approaches larger and more complex problems; his own position becomes less clear; the note of exclamation is supplanted by the note of interrogation, and the dramatic interest tends to merge in the philosophic. The poet seems to be outgrowing his own form: his plays are doing double duty, they are at once plays and speculative treatises; and their contrast with our Elizabethan drama becomes more marked than ever. In the latter the interest is purely dramatic, and a definite moral basis is tacitly postulated. Shakespeare is not concerned with ethics but with characters; he does not want to correct our judgment but to stir our sympathies. Murder, treachery, and adultery are crimes; courage, fidelity, and chastity are virtues; it is within the limits of such axioms as those that the tragedy is evolved. The murder of Banquo, for instance, would lose its dramatic significance if discussion were admitted as to the justice of the act, just as the interest of Mr. Browning's "Ivan Ivanovitch" changes from dramatic to philosophic in the discussion that closes the poem. With the criticism of the moral basis the whole point of view shifts: the ethical problem comes into prominence at the expense of the passionate personality; and speculation is evoked to the detriment of art.

This is what happens in Björnson's later plays. His delineation of the individual as affected by society has led him naturally to criticism: criticism has led to doubt; and the doubt reflects itself in the dialogue of the play. The result is a new literary form, which is neither a political and social treatise nor a scientifically indifferent analysis of life, but a vivid picture of men and women under the stress of new ideas; a treatise concentrated into a drama, a drama permeated by a treatise. It follows that matter is introduced which would be out of place in the romantic drama; that dialogue takes the form of argument, and that interest in the characters merges on interest in what they have to say.

An illustration of this may be offered from the play of "The Glove." Svova has discovered that Alf, to whom she is engaged, has previously had relations with another woman; she has consequently determined to break off the engagement, and the following is a portion of a conversation she holds with her Uncle Nordan.

NORDAN: Come here and sit down
Or dare you not enter on an investigation?

SVOVA: Yes, I dare! (*She comes and sits down.*)

NORDAN: You suppose this is a very doubtful question which is being treated by serious men and women all over the world?

SVOVA: This is matter personal to me, and to me it is not doubtful.

NORDAN: You misunderstand me, child. You are to solve your own problem, you and no other—that is a matter of course. But suppose the problem you have to solve isn't quite what you think it; suppose at this very moment it is employing thousands and thousands—are not you bound to take account of the general conditions involved, and of all that is being said and thought on the matter? Is it not unconscientious to judge in the particular case without doing that?

SVOVA: I understand. But I think I have done what you require of me. Ask mother!

NORDAN: O yes, you and your mother have talked and read a good deal about marriage and the position of women—how, now that class-privileges have been abolished, it is time that sex-privileges should be abolished too. But this particular question—

SVOVA: What do you think I have overlooked?

NORDAN: Well,—have you the right to be as severe against the man as against the woman? Eh?

SVOVA: Yes, of course.

NORDAN: Is it so much a matter of course? Go out and inquire! Out of a hundred you meet ninety will answer no; women, as well as men.

SVOVA: Hm! Now we're coming to another question.

NORDAN: Perhaps, but it requires knowledge to answer the question.

SVOVA: Do you mean what you say?

NORDAN: That doesn't matter to you! Besides, I always mean what I say. A woman can marry at sixteen. A man must wait till he is twenty-five or thirty. There's the distinction!

SVOVA: There *is* a distinction! For there are many many times more unmarried women than men. And that shows self-restraint. Men find it more convenient to make a law of their want of self-restraint.

NORDAN: Such an answer betrays ignorance. Man is a polygamic beast, like many other beasts, and the theory is enormously supported by the fact that there are more women than men in the world. You never heard that before perhaps!

SVOVA: Indeed I have, Mr. doctor of science!

NORDAN: Don't laugh at science! What are we to trust if not that?

SVOVA: I only wish men had as much trouble over their children as women! If only they had! I fancy it would change their principles! If only they had!

NORDAN: They have no time for that; they have to "subdue the earth".

SVOVA: Yes! they assigned the parts themselves!

The interest of the scene from which this extract is taken lies throughout in the discussion of the question rather than in the persons discussing it. The same remark applies to the play "Overstrained", the motive of which is suggested by the phenomena of mesmerism and the like which have recently become a subject of scientific investigation. The play would lose much of its interest to a reader who is either sceptical or indifferent to the special facts involved. The plot is chiefly as follows. Sang is a priest possessed of an apparently miraculous power of healing; his presence and touch are magnetic; his own faith communicates itself to the sufferer and effects the desired cure. His fame spreads widely and he is everywhere in demand. His nature is simple and childlike, and he regards the power he possesses as the gift of God to those who have faith. His wife, on the other hand, while forced to admit the facts, is doubtful of the explanation. Her love and reverence for her husband do not extend to the acceptance of his creed, and her scepticism has prevented her own cure at his hands; she is paralytic and, as it seems, without hope of remedy. In the course of the play Sang, wrought to intense excitement, decides on a last effort to secure her recovery; he feels assured of success; she is to be healed in spite of her doubts; she is to sleep and rise recovered. In pursuance of his plan he enters the church and begins to pray. As he is praying, an avalanche comes down from the fell right over the church; the spectators are filled with dismay, but

by what seems a miracle the ruin turns aside, and when the crash and tumult are past the wife is found quietly sleeping; the avalanche had no power to waken her. When the next act opens a crowd is gathered; they have heard of the miracle and are come to witness it; they kneel in silence round the church where Sang is still praying, while his wife sleeps on. A half-humorous scene is introduced in which various dignitaries of the church hold conference over the view which orthodoxy should take of the apparent miracle. Their discussion is interrupted by the advent of a priest half distraught and crying for a sign; a sign had been promised in the gospel and a sign alone could be the certain basis of the Christian faith. His fervour communicates itself to the rest; all are strung up to expect a direct manifestation of divine power, and they are not to be disappointed. Suddenly the paralytic patient rises from her bed and passes out among them; her husband is standing at the door holding out his arms and seeming to draw her towards him. The bells of the church ring out, the multitude presses into the room, while a great burst of *Alleluia!* is raised outside. In the midst of the joyous tumult the patient continues to advance and falls at length into her husband's arms. But both are overstrained, and in the very moment of triumph both fall lifeless to the ground.

This play is not wanting in striking situations and clear, vigorous portraiture; but over and above this there is an interest which is philosophic and speculative and belongs to a particular moment of thought. There is discussion of the evidence of Christianity, and its distinction from other religions; of the possibility and the significance of miracles; and of other points naturally suggested by the subject; and to this discussion the properly dramatic interest is occasionally subordinated. The play becomes in places a philosophical dialogue.

Enough has been said to indicate the general characteristics of Björnson's later plays; briefly recapitulated they are these. Men are treated not as individuals but as units in an organism; the institutions and formative ideas of society are essential elements in the plots, and the fact that they are in part arbitrary and shifting invites the critical spirit. The attitude of the characters to the conditions that surround them is that of rebellion or doubt. They are troubled by ethical, religious and social problems: they cannot act intuitively, they have to consider the basis of action; and thus in addition to, and perhaps occasionally in place of, the purely dramatic elements, is introduced an element that is speculative and reflective. Nevertheless the drama never becomes a treatise, the personages are never abstracted into A. and B. of a set argument. The reflective and dramatic elements are with more or less skill combined, and the result is a new form. It is not the romantic drama and it is not the classic drama. It may be open to praise or to blame; but as the basis of all criticism it is necessary to recognize what it is and what it proposes to do; and then only is it possible to approach the further question—Is it good of its kind?

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

No one will rejoice more than the friends of Lord John Russell that his biographer should have stipulated for an absolutely free hand before undertaking the duty of presenting to the public a Life of that eminent statesman. Mr. Spencer Walpole, author of the "History of England from 1815", has earned the reputation of an able writer, and of an impartial and accurate historian, in general sympathy, notwithstanding the politics of his family, with Liberal opinion and Liberal statesmen. It has been his main object to present to his readers a thoughtful and true account of the events and men of the age he is recording, rather than to attract admiration for a picture in which brilliancy of description and vividness of colour take the place of the sober hues of truth. Mr. Walpole was assured that in writing the life of Lord John Russell, he should be free from all conditions, have access to all available papers, "and be at liberty to deal with the subject in his own way, and in accordance with his own opinions".

Yet the task Mr. Walpole undertook two years and a half ago was by no means an easy one. Out of the material at his disposal he might have filled many volumes. The life of Lord John Russell moreover was throughout so closely connected with the history of his country, that much of it had already been repeatedly told; and often by narrators whose standpoint almost necessarily precluded them from maintaining that judicial impartiality which does so much honour to Mr. Walpole. It would have been a grievous mistake had Lord John Russell's biographer, out of a desire to correct erroneous impressions as to certain portions of that statesman's career, given a strongly controversial character to a work required in the interests of truth to put plainly before the public the real action and the true motives of a most patriotic and high-minded man. A simple and unvarnished story of Lord John Russell's life and work was required; this Mr. Walpole set himself to tell, and for the able and conscientious manner in which he has performed his task, he will assuredly receive the thanks of the public.

Lord John Russell, third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, was born in 1792. The earliest of his very voluminous writings is the entry on the first page of his first journal on August 18th, 1803: "This is my birthday. I am eleven years old, four feet two inches high, three stone twelve pounds weight. The Duchess gave me a Shakespeare". A delicate little boy he appears to have been, with a strong taste for books, and a passion for play-going which he had much greater facilities for indulging than fall to the lot of most boys of his age. He shared, however, the out-of-door tastes of boys more robust than himself, for his journals, while recording his frequent visits to Drury Lane and Covent Garden, describe with some minuteness his early expeditions after partridges, and his first day out hunting "with Tavistock's harriers". At thirteen his journals and his account-books bear witness to his boyish devotion to his favourite dog "Mrs. Witty", while, as Mr. Walpole says, it was peculiarly characteristic of the boy that the first thing "he did on obtaining his new pet was to write what he knew of her history", which he did in the formal language and stately periods befitting such "a renowned heroine".

[1] "The Life of Lord John Russell"; by Spencer Walpole. Two volumes: London, 1889.

For a short time he was at school at Westminster, his diary duly recording his first flogging and other matters of less momentous interest. The fagging and the general roughness of public school life in those days were probably too much for his delicate constitution, and at an early age he was taken away from school and sent to study with a private tutor. Wherever he was, at home or at school, with a private tutor or travelling abroad, from his earliest days he found time to read much and to write profusely. It was of course inevitable that the surroundings of his home should have rapidly made politics and Whig politics the chief interest of the boy's life. It is interesting to find that at thirteen he is already relieving his feelings by composing a political satire in many stanzas, aimed at the obnoxious heads of "Harry Dundas" and "Billy Pitt". It was not however, at school or from any very regular system of tuition that the best part of the education of the future statesman was acquired. Before he was of age he was a Member of Parliament, and he had already learned much of men and things, as well as from books, to which indeed he must have turned with wonderful avidity under conditions when few would have found it profitable or possible to study. He had breakfasted in 1805 with Charles Fox, and heard him discuss Lord Melville's impeachment; in 1807, he had visited Walter Scott at Ashiestiel; he had landed in Spain with Lord and Lady Holland in the winter of 1808. The battle of Corunna interfered with this tour; yet the boy, while observing everything with the keenest eyes, wrote home that he had found time to read his Virgil and his Horace, and to study Cicero and Livy, and was now able to read at sight for his own pleasure any Latin book not exceptionally difficult.

During two winters Lord John attended classes in the University of Edinburgh, where his studies were directed by that "most benevolent and most liberal of all philosophers" Dugald Stewart, whose appearance and manner are so familiar to modern readers from the graphic description given us in Lord Cockburn's delightful "Memorials". We find Lord John hurrying back from the Peninsula, to take part in the debates of the Speculative Society, where "his career anticipated the success he afterwards achieved in the House of Commons". He had seen much also of the large centres of industry in England, having in company with Professor Playfair visited the manufacturing towns, "recording an almost technical description of their industries in his diary".

What Lord John Russell had seen in Spain with his own eyes made him dissent keenly from the political views held by the Whig opposition of the day. His brother, Lord William, was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington; he himself with much pluck and determination had traversed large parts of the country alone in the wake of the army, and had made himself acquainted both with the chances of the campaign and the sentiments of the people. To drive out "an infamous despot", was a policy which his Whig conscience approved, notwithstanding Lord Grey, in 1809; and his heart swelled with pride when four years later he visited with his brother the Highland Brigade encamped on the very boundary between France and Spain. "I could not but feel admiration and joy", so he wrote many years afterwards, "on beholding the general, whom I had visited in a critical position, defending with difficulty the capital of Portugal, now advancing in command of an admirable army to the invasion of France".

In April, 1813, while Lord John was with Wellington, died General Fitzpatrick, member for Tavistock. Lord John was not yet of age, but this disqualification did not prevent the Duke from putting him forward nor the electors from choosing him as their member, and on his return the following winter he joined his brothers, Lord Tavistock

and Lord William Russell, in the House of Commons. Then began that long career of steadfast and unfaltering advocacy of the same political principles for which his life as a statesman is so remarkable. Others have surpassed him in brilliancy, and have perhaps been more richly endowed with the qualities required to ensure the successful leadership of great masses of men. Some may have done more for their party, none have done more, hardly any have done so much, to advance the cause of their political principles. Yet for some years it appeared doubtful whether his physical strength would enable him to endure an active Parliamentary life, and whether those literary pursuits to which he was so strongly addicted would not in the end, at the expense of a political career, claim the exclusive exercise of his powers. Thomas Moore remonstrated in verse, and his other friends in prose, against every proposal to turn from a career for which they knew him to be so well qualified, and which every hereditary instinct must have tempted him to pursue; yet it was some time before it became clear that politics rather than letters and travel were to be the chief interest and occupation of his life.

In Lord John's long Parliamentary career the consistency of his advocacy of certain great subjects forces itself upon the mind. During the passage of the Reform Bill of 1866 Mr. Gladstone, in eloquent language and with much generosity, in the course of a vigorous reply to a charge against Government of domineering over the House of Commons, took the opportunity to contrast the singular consistency of the career of his chief with his own more recent adoption of Liberal principles. "If, Sir! *I* had been the man who at the very outset of his career, well nigh half a century ago, had with an almost prophetic foresight fastened upon two great groups of questions—those great historic questions of the age—the questions relating to the removal of civil disabilities for religious opinions, and to Parliamentary reform—if *I* had been the man who having thus in his early youth, in the very first stage of his political career, fixed upon those questions and made them his own, then went on to prosecute them with sure and unflagging instinct, until the triumph in each had been achieved; if I had been the man whose name has been associated for forty years, and often in the very first place of eminence, with every measure of beneficent legislation,—in other words, had I been Earl Russell, there might have been some temptation to have passed into that excess of authority" with which Mr. Disraeli had been charging him.

His views as to reforming the institutions of the country were eminently practical; and he brought to bear in favour of the reforms he advocated the knowledge he derived from an intimate acquaintance with history. In 1819 he was already so highly thought of that Sir James Mackintosh writes to him to return for the opening of Parliament and bring forward his reform projects, not merely individually, but on behalf of the Whig party. His earliest proposals were to disfranchise one or two of the most corrupt small boroughs, and to transfer their representation to large counties, or to flourishing cities. Grampound was to lose its members, and the five pound householders of Leeds were to gain them. His plans, however, widened, and in 1822 he proposed to withdraw a member from each of the hundred smallest boroughs, in order to add a hundred new members representing the larger counties and commercial towns. It was when these proposals were under debate that Mr. Canning, in memorable language, besought the House of Commons to reject the dangerous counsels of Lord John. "I conjure the House to pause before it consents to adopt the proposition of the noble lord, and I cannot help conjuring the noble lord himself to pause before he again presses it upon the country. If, however, he shall persevere, and if his

perseverance shall be successful, and if the results of his success be such as I cannot help apprehending, his be the triumph to have precipitated those results, be mine the consolation that to the utmost and the latest of my power I have opposed them". Later in the reign of George the Fourth the subject of reform temporarily declined in interest. Catholic emancipation became the question of the hour, and Mr. Canning receiving the support in office of several leading Whigs, the Opposition were for a time disabled in pressing forward with full vigour the policy of reform. Lord John, it need not be said, strongly supported the grant of equal privileges to his Roman Catholic fellow citizens; while in removing the disabilities of Dissenters the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts was his own special work. Hearty were the congratulations that flowed in upon him. "It was a great thing", as he himself said, "to force the enemy to give up his first line, that none but Churchmen are worthy to serve the State; and I trust we shall soon make him give up the second, that none but Protestants are." The Duke of Wellington's Ministry quickly united in opposition to itself the whole of the Whig party. The French Revolution of 1830 took place whilst this country was in the throes of the general election necessitated by the King's death. The Duke of Wellington having set his foot down against reform, was almost immediately placed in a minority in the new House of Commons, and in November the new Prime Minister, Lord Grey, invited Lord John Russell to enter his Ministry as Paymaster of the Army. Mr. Walpole rightly tells with great brevity the oft-told tale of the introduction and ultimate passing of the great Reform Act. Lord John Russell had charge of the measure, and on him fell the burden and heat of the greatest Parliamentary struggle of the century. At its conclusion he was, as he deserved to be, the hero of the hour, and on Lord Althorp's going to the House of Lords in 1835 he succeeded, as a matter of necessity, and very much against the wishes of the King, to the leadership of the Whig party in the House of Commons. King William the Fourth "could not bear John Russell"; Lord Melbourne's Ministry was therefore sent about its business by a violent exercise of the personal authority of the Sovereign, and the Duke of Wellington was again sent for.

The Whigs had had many difficulties to contend with since the Reform Act had become law, and looking back, as we can do now, at the conduct of their leading men during the critical years succeeding that great change in the institutions of the country, it must be admitted, though there were some failures, that nevertheless Whig statesmen kept steadily before themselves and the country a policy of extensive, yet moderate and always practical reform. Slavery was abolished, municipal government reformed, a new Poor Law Administration given effect to, the abuses in connection with the Irish Established Church diminished. At the same time all wild projects were rejected. Repeal was refused to the exhortations and threats of O'Connell as firmly by Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, and Lord John Russell, as by Sir Robert Peel. If the King thought that Lord John, as Lord Althorp's successor, would "cut a wretched figure", even his father wrote to him that he had neither health nor strength to lead successfully a party made up of so many jarring elements, and entered a solemn protest against his making the attempt. The contest for the Speakership showed the balance of parties in the new Parliament, Mr. Abercromby being supported by Lord John Russell and the whole strength of the Opposition, Whigs, Radicals, and Irish, and achieving a majority of only ten over the supporters of Sir Robert Peel. Much offence was given at the time to many Whig members of the party by the alliance with Daniel O'Connell, without which it would have

been impossible to outvote the Tories. The truth of the Lichfield House Compact is fully told in the letters, now published for the first time, which passed between O'Connell and Lord John. From these it appears that the first overture of co-operation came from the former, and was accepted by Lord John, neither party renouncing any of his private opinions, nor adopting those of his ally. From this alliance resulted the second ministry of Lord Melbourne, under which Lord John was anxious that O'Connell should take office. It was inevitable that the leader of a party so composed, if himself a man of moderate mind, should at one time offend one wing, and at another time the other wing of his supporters. His most laudable desire to conciliate the Irish people and the Irish members, by the redress of wrongs and the removal of grievances, told against him with those who (like Lord Grey) could hardly tolerate on any terms, "anything like concert or communication with O'Connell and the Radicals". A little later Lord John's firm determination to adhere to the main lines of the Constitution, and of the Reform settlement of 1832, gave the most deadly offence to the Radicals and brought about the fall of the Ministry. If in the House of Commons Lord John's difficulties were great, they were rendered still greater by the perverse and outrageous behaviour of the Tory majority in the House of Lords. Lord John Russell was not the man to allow the deliberate will of the people to be permanently overruled by a party majority amongst the Peers. In 1836 he drew up for Lord Melbourne a memorandum in which he urged him to follow the course adopted by Lord Grey in 1832, and have recourse "to the immediate creation of eight, ten, or twelve peers, and that the Ministry be prepared to advise a similar creation whenever it is provoked". Lord Melbourne however never liked very strong measures and the Government rubbed on as best it could. The Whig leader was not to be tempted by the prospect of popularity, nor taunted by the sneers of those who had dubbed him "Finality Jack", to swerve an inch from the political principles he had announced. From the first to the last day of his political career, he was a reformer; but while this was his boast, he was as explicit as ever in declaring, in 1837 and 1839, that he took his stand on the main lines of the Constitution. Neither ballot nor short Parliaments, nor household suffrage, nor an elective House of Lords, were to his taste. If the people of England were not of his mind, so he told the House of Commons, they could replace him "by others who might have wider, more extended, more enlarged, or more enlightened views; but they must not expect him to entertain those views". So much offence did this position give in the country that in April, 1839, his brother, Lord Tavistock, writes to him that he could never again hope to become a great popular leader; "But what you have done will remain an imperishable record of your public character". In May the Government fell, but had to resume office again at once owing to Sir Robert Peel's difficulty about the ladies of the Bedchamber, and for two years more Lord John's leadership of the House of Commons continued. The Government fell ultimately, as a result of the debate on their proposals to modify the sugar duties in the direction of Free Trade. Lord Melbourne appealed to the country, and the new House of Commons gave to Sir Robert Peel, and (as was thought) to the cause of Protection, a majority of ninety-one.

The potato disease of 1845 undoubtedly worked great changes in men's minds. In the November of that year Lord John addressed from Edinburgh to his constituents in the City of London the famous letter calling upon the public to unite with one voice to secure the abolition of all restrictions upon the main articles of food and clothing; little knowing at the time that Sir Robert Peel was already announcing

to an astonished Cabinet his own approach to the same conclusion. But so it was; the Ministry were out and Lord John, still in Edinburgh, received a summons to attend the Queen at Windsor. The reward of an honourable ambition had come at last, but it was rather with a feeling of natural awe at the responsibility attaching to the highest position in the State, than of elation at attaining it, that his success struck either himself or his family. He writes to his wife from Osborne "Well, I am here, and have seen Her Majesty. It is proposed to me to form a Government; and nothing can be more gracious than the manner in which this has been done. . . . Can I do so wild a thing? . . ." Lady John replied: "I have just read your note, which I so anxiously expected from Osborne House. No, my dearest, it is not a wild thing. It is a great duty which you will nobly perform; and with all my regrets—with the conviction that private happiness to the degree that we have enjoyed it is at an end if you are Prime Minister—still I sincerely hope that no timid friend will dissuade you from at least trying what you have yourself called upon the country to help you in. If I liked it better I should feel less certain that it was a duty. If you had not written that letter, you might have made an honourable escape; but now I see none," and she added next day "I am proud to find that even the prospect of what you too truly call the desolation of our domestic prospects, though the words go to my very heart of hearts, cannot shake my wish that you should make the attempt. My mind is made up, and my ambition is that you should be the head of the most moral and religious Government the country has ever had."

Lord John's attempt to form a Government failed for the moment, owing to the refusal of Lord Grey to serve with Lord Palmerston, and it was not till the following June that he took office as Prime Minister. A year later Lord John appealed to the country, and the Parliament of 1841, which, having been elected to support Protection and Sir Robert Peel, had ended by accepting Free Trade and Lord John Russell, was replaced by one in which the Whigs, though somewhat strengthened, were still dependent upon Peelite support. Lord John remained Prime Minister till the Liberal party was wrecked in 1852, by the differences that arose between himself and Lord Palmerston. Hitherto, Lord John's statesmanship had been shown chiefly in the sphere of domestic politics, and he had given ample proofs of his capacity, his sympathies, and his character. He had led a party of very varied composition, and he had led them to victory. In office he had spoken his mind frankly on the great questions which divided men's minds, and his frankness and his unbending principles had cost him the support of many of his old followers. Again restored to power, and in the first place, he had guided the country triumphantly through the troubles of 1848, and had successfully pursued the path of fiscal and general reform. He has himself sketched the qualities which tend to make a successful leader of the House of Commons. He had never known men of greater influence than Lord Castlereagh and Lord Althorp, yet the first was a wretched speaker, and the second assuredly no orator. "There are qualities which govern men", he has written, "such as sincerity, and a conviction on the part of the hearers that the minister is to be trusted, which have more to do with influence over the House of Commons, than the most brilliant flights of fancy and the keenest wit." In critical periods of real danger, he always rose to the occasion, surprising even his friends by the display of his powers. In 1837, according to Greville, a not too friendly critic: "Lord John is a marvellous little man, always equal to the occasion, afraid of nobody, fixed in his principles, clear in his ideas, collected in his manner, and bold and straightforward in his disposition. He invariably speaks well when a good

speech is required from him, and this is upon every important occasion, for he gets no assistance from any of his colleagues, except now and then from Howick." For him as for so many Liberal statesmen, the Irish question was a perpetual difficulty. Firmly attached to the principles of civil and religious liberty, to the equality before the law of all citizens irrespective of their creed, and strongly opposed therefore to the arrogant pretensions of the Orangemen, it was no easy matter for him to uphold amidst the jarring factions of the sister island both liberty and law. Deeply sympathising with the distress of the Irish people, longing in every way to alleviate their lot, he wished to attach them to the United Kingdom by considerate and just dealing, and to render them, like Englishmen and Scotchmen, proud of their British citizenship. In 1847 he hated the necessity of having recourse once more to the policy of coercion; and coercion in those days meant something more than an alteration of criminal procedure against universally recognized crime. Lord John Russell, however, in the main looked to the removal of grievances as the best means of effecting the permanent improvement of Ireland; and in a letter to the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Clarendon, anticipating in a most remarkable manner the opinions and the legislation of later times, he struck straight at the root of the evil. Eviction must be checked, the Ulster tenant-right must be extended to the rest of Ireland. It is true there will be a transfer of property; the cure is an objectionable one, but the evil is deep-seated, and by ordinary means irremediable. So reasoned Lord John, concluding his most interesting letter by pointing out that it was upon the discontent of the poorer tenantry "that the agitation for repeal had fed, fattened, and flourished. O'Connell led the multitude first to a repeal of Catholic disabilities, but ever after, by fixing their minds on repeal, he misdirected their energy. At present there is no combined party for repeal, but the cry for separation is likely to grow. Can we not stifle it in the cradle by large measures of redress?" In the terrible days of the Irish famine it required great firmness in the interest of the Irish people themselves, to resist many of the reckless suggestions for their relief which were pressed upon the Government. Lord John insisted that so far as possible local distress must be met by local effort, and to his determined adherence to this principle Mr. Walpole attributes it, "that the famine, which decimated, raised instead of lowering, the condition of the Irish people." With the old cry of O'Connell for the establishment in Ireland of a separate Parliament, it is of course needless to say that the Prime Minister had no sympathy whatever; indeed, in order to make the union more complete, he endeavoured to abolish the Lord-Lieutenancy as tending to maintain a separate system of government for the two islands.

Whether Lord John was sharing or was opposing the popular feeling in or out of Ireland he was always clear and distinct in giving expression to his meaning. The last thing he desired was to be supported through any misconception of his real aims. This characteristic is very marked in the important letter of September, 1844, to the Duke of Leinster. It is to be regretted that Mr. Walpole was unable to find it a place in his volumes, owing doubtless to the abundance of his material. It is as well, therefore, to give it *verbatim*.

My Dear Duke,—As you are the head of the Whigs in Ireland, I wish you would write to Lord Charlemont and others to beware of countenancing any approach to what is called Federal Union. The Union is a fundamental part of our political system. It cannot be compromised or cut into fragments to make repeal more easy to swallow. No man abhors more than I do the breach of faith that has been committed in defrauding Ireland of the fair participation of equal rights. But while I am ready to sacrifice any chance of power or popularity to obtain for Ireland that fair participation, I am determined that so

far as I am concerned, I will stand by the Legislative Union.

To act otherwise,—to let it be supposed that we favoured a Federal Union when we mean no such thing, to gather strength by false pretences, to seem to approve the agitation for Repeal, when we have no intention of promoting the objects of the Repealers, would be to act the low or unworthy part which the present Ministry have played on the question of Free Trade. I trust you will make this intelligible to the Whig Party in Ireland.

I remain,
Yours truly,
(Signed) J. RUSSELL.

And with his usual consistency he held the same tone in 1875, declaring that "Home Rule must be refused in as peremptory a manner as repeal of the Union was rejected by Lord Grey and Lord Althorp in 1830."

Before leaving Lord John's home policy, it is right to notice the large number of matters on which the views he had formed and the legislation he contemplated, while far in advance of the general opinion of the time, have received the approval of posterity. It was not merely with reference to Parliamentary reform and religious equality, that he was in the van of progress. As regards the difficulties between landlord and tenant in Ireland, we find him pressing upon his colleagues in the year 1847 the necessity of controlling ejectments, of giving to tenants to some extent fixity of tenure and free sale, and of establishing "a judicial authority to interpose between landlord and tenant in every case of ejectment." His policy of the Appropriation Clause of 1835 has been confirmed by the devotion of a large portion of the wealth of the Church of Ireland to secular uses. In 1833 he was a member of the first Cabinet which proposed a grant by Parliament to assist the education of the people; and as leader of the House of Commons in 1839 he advocated not only largely increased grants, but the formation of the Committee of Privy Council for Education, and a general system of school inspection. In 1856 he desired to establish schools by a compulsory rate, where inspection showed a deficiency to exist. His opponents, however, regarded the education of the people as the province of the Church rather than of the State; and many of the reforms which he pressed were long indeed in being accomplished. Even in the reign of George the Fourth he had dilated on the importance of education, and at the end of his life he declared for free schools. Truly, as his biographer says of him "He was in the van at twenty-seven years of age, and he remained in the front rank at eighty-three."

The improvement of prison discipline and the reformation of juvenile offenders had even in 1821 claimed Lord John's attention, and while Home Secretary under Lord Melbourne he had given effect to his wishes, and had also carried out the views of Sir Samuel Romilly by greatly mitigating the severity of the criminal law. He was active in procuring the abolition of the transportation system, and in founding a regular county constabulary. He had always shown himself the sternest opponent of electoral corruption, and in 1837, he brought before the Cabinet a memorandum urging the formation of a legal tribunal independent of Parliament for the trial of election petitions. But again he was before his age, and the Cabinet was afraid to propose to the House of Commons such an abdication of its own authority.

Mr. Walpole's volumes are of course largely occupied with the part played by Lord John Russell in guiding the foreign policy of the country. His first premiership, from 1846 to 1852, saw the beginning of those troubles which were eventually to result in the rise of a united Italian Kingdom. He entered on the ministry of Foreign Affairs in 1859, at the most critical period in the affairs of that country—namely, after Magenta and before Solferino. From first to last, "Italy for the Italians" had been his watchword. He recognized in 1848 that circumstances had rendered inevitable a departure from the arrange-

ments of 1815, and he wished, in concert with France, to urge even then upon Austria the frank abandonment of Lombardy and Venetia. The defeat of Charles Albert at Novara retarded the hopes and the projects of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, always in cordial agreement in their sympathy with Italian aspirations. Their views were by no means shared by a section of the Cabinet, but the two men in alliance formed a combination hard to be resisted. The policy of Great Britain, therefore, was clearly expressed in Lord John's despatch of October 27th, 1860—a document which appears to have taken away the breath of Continental diplomatists of the old school. That despatch declared that "Italians could only secure themselves against foreign control by forming one strong government for the whole of Italy", that Italians were the best judges of their own affairs, and that the British Government regarded with approval those acts of the King of Sardinia which had incurred the censure of Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia. Success came to Italy at last, and every year that passes gives additional proof that the sympathy and the long labours of Lord John on behalf of the Italian people were not bestowed in vain.

The differences which on more than one occasion arose between Lord John and his colleagues, and which clouded, temporarily at all events, the popular estimation in which he was held, will in the light of Mr. Spencer Walpole's biography be much better understood than heretofore. The dismissal of Lord Palmerston on account of his unauthorized approval of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, came at the end of a long series of acts on the part of the Foreign Minister amply sufficient to prove that the latter almost on system disregarded the views of his colleagues, of his chief, and of the Queen. Lord John and Lord Palmerston were, it is true, generally in cordial agreement as to the line of foreign policy which this country should adopt, yet this should not have dispensed with the Foreign Minister's duty of consulting beforehand his colleagues and his chief, instead of committing them by taking irretrievable steps, as it were, behind their backs. The vigorous but necessary action taken by Lord John was approved by the House of Commons and the public at the time, and the additional evidence now produced will further support the justice of the conclusion.

Lord John's action towards the governments of Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston during the Crimean war, has been much less favourably regarded. It is melancholy to read of fundamental differences between colleagues at a time when, above all things, the country required to be guided with a firm purpose and a strong hand. That Lord Aberdeen of all men should have been Prime Minister when war was imminent, and when war was raging, and that two men of such strength of character as Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell should have been his subordinates, was a condition of things due of course to the unfortunate party necessity of the time. Lord John at last could endure no longer the weak and inefficient administration of the War Department. In his opinion, Lord Palmerston was the right man in such a time for such a place. Several times he pressed his resignation upon the Prime Minister, and as often withdrew it from the patriotic desire not to add to the difficulties of the country and of his colleagues. But he could not honourably defend in Parliament the administration of affairs by the Duke of Newcastle, with which in council he had found so much fault. When therefore Mr. Roebuck gave notice of his motion to inquire into the conduct of the war, Lord John Russell resigned his place in the Cabinet and the leadership of the House of Commons. He supported Mr. Roebuck by vote and speech, and at once the ministry of Lord Aberdeen was at an end. Lord Palmerston's first ministry was then formed, and on the first dawning of the possibility of peace he

despatched Lord John Russell to the conference at Vienna. The terms of peace suggested by Austria met with the approval of the English and French representatives at the Conference, but were not favourably received by their respective Governments. The truth was the French Emperor could not afford to offend the French army by making peace before Sebastopol had been taken. The proposals might in themselves have been acceptable; but they could not be entertained at the sacrifice of our alliance with France. On his return from Vienna, Lord John, in the House of Commons, advocated the further prosecution of the war; and an explosion of popular indignation took place against him, when it was known subsequently that at Vienna he had thought peace attainable. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French representative, on his return from Vienna, had resigned; and the Englishman at the time had followed his example, but in an evil moment had allowed himself to be persuaded by his colleagues, that for them and for his country, if not for himself, it was desirable that he should continue a member of the Government. Before the subsequent storm, however, he bowed, and he retired from the administration amidst a burst of popular abuse and newspaper clamour, but with the satisfaction that Lord Palmerston, Sir G. C. Lewis, Lord Granville, and other colleagues who knew the true motives of his action, approved his conduct, and assured him that the time would come when in the public mind juster feelings would prevail.

It has been impossible to touch upon more than a very few of the matters of interest occurring in the political life of Lord John Russell. Mr. Spencer Walpole has succeeded in portraying a high, generous, and strong character, and a far-seeing statesman, whose mistakes, such as they may have been, were never due to selfish or personal considerations, but were caused by deference to the judgment of others, and desire to prefer the public interest to his own. In his advocacy of great legislative measures of reform, as in his desire to find practical remedies for existing grievances, Lord John showed not merely a mind singularly free from prevailing prejudice, but also a firm belief in the ultimate triumph of certain political principles. There was nothing spasmodic about the Liberalism of Lord John Russell. It was not his business, it was not his aspiration, to be always on the crest of the wave of popular feeling. He is the type of a brave, a steadfast, and a patriotic reformer, in fine weather and in foul alike adhering to the principles he professed; and for the simple reason that he believed in them. There was in him nothing of the opportunist or of the agitator. Foresight, steadfastness, courage, and patriotism are the qualities for which, amongst British statesmen, Lord John Russell will always be remembered.

ARTHUR D. ELLIOT.

THE INCARNATION OF KRISHNA MULVANEY.

ONCE upon a time, and very far from this land, lived three men who loved each other so greatly that neither man nor woman could come between them. They were in no sense refined, nor to be admitted to the outer door-mats of decent folk, because they happened to be private soldiers in Her Majesty's Army; and private soldiers of that employ have small time for self-culture. Their duty is to keep themselves and their accoutrements speckless clean, to refrain from getting drunk more often than is necessary, to obey their superiors, and to pray for a war. All these things my friends accomplished; and of their own motion threw in some fighting-work for which the Army Regulations did not call. Their fate sent them to serve in India, which is not a golden country, though poets have sung otherwise. There men die with great swiftness, and those who live suffer many and curious things. I do not think that my friends concerned themselves much with the social or political aspects of the East. They attended a not unimportant war on the northern frontier, another one on our western boundary, and a third in Upper Burma. Then their regiment sat still to recruit, and the boundless monotony of cantonment life was their portion. They were drilled morning and evening on the same dusty parade-ground. They wandered up and down the same stretch of dusty white road, attended the same church and the same grog-shop, and slept in the same lime-washed barn of a barrack for two long years. There was Mulvaney, the father in the craft, who had served with various regiments from Bermuda to Halifax, old in war, scarred, reckless, resourceful, and in his pious hours an unequalled soldier. To him turned for help and comfort six and a half feet of slow-moving, heavy-footed Yorkshireman, born on the wolds, bred in the dales, and educated chiefly among the carriers' carts at the back of York railway-station. His name was Learoyd, and his chief virtue an unmitigated patience which helped him to win fights. How Ortheris, a fox-terrier of a Cockney, ever came to be one of the trio, is a mystery which even to-day I cannot explain. "There was always three av us", Mulvaney used to say. "An' by the grace av God, so long as our service lasts, three av us they'll always be. 'Tis betther so."

They desired no companionship beyond their own, and evil it was for any man of the regiment who attempted dispute with them. Physical argument was out of the question as regarded Mulvaney and the Yorkshireman; and assault on Ortheris meant a combined attack from these twain—a business which no five men were anxious to have on their hands. Therefore they flourished, sharing their drinks, their tobacco, and their money; good luck and evil; battle and the chances of death; life and the chances of happiness from Calicut in southern, to Peshawur in northern India. Through no merit of my own it was my good fortune to be in a measure admitted to their friendship—frankly by Mulvaney from the beginning, sullenly and with reluctance by Learoyd, and suspiciously by Ortheris, who held to it that no man not in the Army could fraternize with a red-coat. "Like to like", said he. "I'm a bloomin' sodger—he's a bloomin' civilian. 'Taint natural—that's all."

But that was not all. They thawed

progressively, and in the thawing told me more of their lives and adventures than I am likely to find room for here.

Omitting all else, this tale begins with the Lamentable Thirst that was at the beginning of First Causes. Never was such a thirst—Mulvaney told me so. They kicked against their compulsory virtue, but the attempt was only successful in the case of Ortheris. He, whose talents were many, went forth into the highways and stole a dog from a "civilian"—*videlicet*, some one, he knew not who, not in the Army. Now that civilian was but newly connected by marriage with the colonel of the regiment, and outcry was made from quarters least anticipated by Ortheris, and, in the end, he was forced, lest a worse thing should happen, to dispose at ridiculously unremunerative rates of as promising a small terrier as ever graced one end of a leading-string. The purchase-money was barely sufficient for one small outbreak which led him to the guard-room. He escaped, however, with nothing worse than a severe reprimand, and a few hours of punishment drill. Not for nothing had he acquired the reputation of being "the best soldier of his inches" in the regiment. Mulvaney had taught personal cleanliness and efficiency as the first articles of his companions' creed. "A dherty man", he was used to say, in the speech of his kind, "goes to clink for a weakness in the knees, an' is coort-martialled for a pair av socks missin'; but a clane man, such as is an ornament to his service—a man whose buttons are gold, whose coat is wax upon him, an' whose 'coutrements are widout a speck—*that* man may, spakin' in reason, do fwhat he likes an' dhrink from day to divil. That's the pride av bein' dacint."

We sat together, upon a day, in the shade of a ravine far from the barracks, where a water-course used to run in rainy weather. Behind us was the scrub jungle, in which jackals, peacocks, the grey wolves of the North Western Provinces, and occasionally a tiger estrayed from Central India, were supposed to dwell. In front lay the cantonment, glaring white under a glaring sun; and on either side ran the broad road that led to Delhi.

It was the scrub that suggested to my mind the wisdom of Mulvaney taking a day's leave and going upon a shooting-tour. The peacock is a holy bird throughout India, and whoso slays one is in danger of being mobbed by the nearest villagers; but on the last occasion that Mulvaney had gone forth, he had contrived, without in the least offending local religious susceptibilities, to return with six beautiful peacock skins which he sold to profit. It seemed just possible then——

"But fwhat manner av use is ut to me goin' out widout a dhrink? The ground 's powdher-dhry underfoot, an' ut gets unto the throat fit to kill", wailed Mulvaney, looking at me reproachfully. "An' a peacock is not a bird you can catch the tail av onless ye run. Can a man run on wather—an' jungle-wather too?"

Ortheris had considered the question in all its bearings. He spoke, chewing his pipe-stem meditatively the while:

"'Go forth, return in glory,
To Clusium's royal 'ome:
An' round these bloomin' temples 'ang
The bloomin' shields o' Rome'.

You better go. You ain't like to shoot yourself—not while there's a chanst of liquor. Me an' Learoyd 'll stay at 'ome an' keep shop—case o' anythin' turnin' up. But you go out with a gas-pipe gun an' ketch the little peacockses or somethin'. You kin get one day's leave easy as winkin'. Go along an' get it, an' get peacockses or somethin'."

"Jock?" said Mulvaney, turning to Learoyd, who was half asleep under the shadow of the bank. He roused slowly.

"Sitha, Mulvaaney, go", said he.

And Mulvaney went; cursing his allies with Irish fluency and barrack-room point.

"Take note", said he, when he had

won his holiday, and appeared dressed in his roughest clothes with the only other regimental fowling-piece in his hand. "Take note, Jock, an' you Orth'ris, I am goin' in the face av my own will—all for to please you. I misdoubt anythin' will come av permiscuous huntin' afther peacockses in a desolit lan'; an' I know that I will lie down an' die wid thirrrst. Me catch peacockses for you, ye lazy scutts—an' be sacrificed by the peasanthry—Ugh!"

He waved a huge paw and went away.

At twilight, long before the appointed hour, he returned empty-handed, much begrimed with dirt.

"Peacockses?" queried Ortheris from the safe rest of a barrack-room table whereon he was smoking cross-legged, Learoyd fast asleep on a bench.

"Jock", said Mulvaney without answering, as he stirred up the sleeper. "Jock, can ye fight? Will ye fight?"

Very slowly the meaning of the words communicated itself to the half-roused man. He understood—and again—what might these things mean? Mulvaney was shaking him savagely. Meantime the men in the room howled with delight. There was war in the confederacy at last—war and the breaking of bonds.

Barrack-room etiquette is stringent. On the direct challenge must follow the direct reply. This is more binding than the ties of tried friendship. Once again Mulvaney repeated the question. Learoyd answered by the only means in his power, and so swiftly that the Irishman had barely time to avoid the blow. The laughter around increased. Learoyd looked bewilderedly at his friend—himself as greatly bewildered. Ortheris dropped from the table because his world was falling.

"Come outside", said Mulvaney, and as the occupants of the barrack-room prepared joyously to follow, he turned and said furiously: "There will be no fight this night—onless any wan av you is wishful to assist. The man that does, follows on."

No man moved. The three passed out into the moonlight, Learoyd fumbling with the buttons of his coat. The parade-ground was deserted except for the scurrying jackals. Mulvaney's impetuous rush carried his companions far into the open ere Learoyd attempted to turn round and continue the discussion.

"Be still now. 'Twas my fault for beginnin' things in the middle av an end, Jock. I should ha' comminst wid an explanation; but Jock, dear, on your sowl are ye fit, think you, for the finest fight that iver was—betther than fightin' me? Considher before ye answer."

More than ever puzzled, Learoyd turned round two or three times, felt an arm, kicked tentatively, and answered: "Ah'm fit." He was accustomed to fight blindly at the bidding of the superior mind.

They sat them down, the men looking on from afar, and Mulvaney untangled himself in mighty words.

"Followin' your fools' scheme I wint out into the thrackless desert beyond the barricks. An' there I met a pious Hindu dhriving a bullock-kyart. I tuk ut for granted he wud be delighted for to convoy me a piece, an' I jumped in——"

"You long, lazy, black-haired swine", drawled Ortheris, who would have done the same thing under similar circumstances.

"'Twas the height av policy. That naygur-man dhruv miles an' miles—as far as the new railway line they're buildin' now back av the Tavi river. 'Tis a kyart for dhirt only', says he now an' again timoreously, to get me out av ut. 'Dhirt I am', sez I, 'an' the dhryest that you iver kyarted. Dhrive on, me son, an' glory be wid you.' At that I wint to slape, an' took no heed till he pulled up on the embankmint av the line where the coolies were pilin' mud. There was a matther av two thousand coolies on that line—you remimber that. Prisintly a bell rang, an' they throops of to a big payshed. 'Where's the white man in

charge?' sez I to my kyart-dhriver. 'In the shed,' sez he, 'engaged on a riffle?' 'A fwhat?' sez I. 'Riffle,' sez he. 'You take ticket. He take money. You get nothin'.' 'Oho!' sez I, 'that's fwhat the shuperior an' cultivated man calls a raffle, me misbeguided child av darkness an' sin. Lead on to that raffle, though fwhat the mischief 'tis doin' so far away from ut's home—which is the charity-bazar at Christmas, an' the colonel's wife grinnin' behind the tea-table—is more than I know.' Wid that I wint to the shed an' found 'twas pay-day among the coolies. Their wages was on a table forninst a big, fine, red buck av a man—sivun fut high, four fut wide, an' three fut thick, wid a fist on him like a corn-sack. He was payin' the coolies fair an' easy, but he wud ask each man if he wud raffle that month, an' each man sez, 'Yes,' av course. Thin he wud deduct from their wages accordin'. Whin all was paid, he filled an ould cigar-box full av gunwads an' scatthered ut among the coolies. They did not take much joy av that performince, an' small wondher. A man close to me picks up a black gun-wad an' sings out: 'I have ut'. 'Good may ut do you', sez I. The coolie wint forward to this big, fine, red man, who threw a cloth off of the most sumpshus, jooled, enamelled an' variously bedivilled sedan-chair I iver saw."

"Sedan-chair! Put your 'ead in a bag. That was a palanquin. Don't yer know a palanquin when you see it?" said Ortheris with great scorn.

"I chuse to call ut sedan-chair, an' chair ut shall be, little man," continued the Irishman. "'Twas a most amazin' chair—all lined wid pink silk an' fitted wid red silk curtains. 'Here ut is,' sez the red man. 'Here ut is,' sez the coolie, an' he grinned weakly-ways. 'Is ut any use to you?' sez the red man. 'No,' sez the coolie; 'I'd like to make a presint av ut to you.' 'I am graciously pleased to accept that same,' sez the red man; an' at that all the cookies cried aloud in fwhat was mint for cheerful notes, an' wint back to their diggin', lavin' me alone in the shed. The red man saw me, an' his face grew blue on his big, fat neck. 'Fwhat d'you want here?' sez he. 'Standin'-room an' no more,' sez I, 'onless it may be fwhat ye niver had, an' that's manners, ye rafflin' ruffian," for I was not goin' to have the Service throd upon. 'Out of this,' sez he. 'I'm in charge av this section av construction.' 'I'm in charge av mesilf,' sez I, 'an' it's like I will stay a while. D'ye raffle much in these parts?' 'Fwhat's that to you?' sez he. 'Nothin',' sez I, 'but a great dale to you, for begad I'm thinkin' you get the full half av your revenue from that sedan-chair. Is ut always raffled so?' I sez, an' wid that I wint to a coolie to ask questions. Bhoys, that man's name is Dearsley, an' he's been rafflin' that ould sedan-chair monthly this matther av nine months. Ivry coolie on the section takes a ticket—or he gives 'em the go—wanst a month on pay-day. Ivry coolie that wins ut gives ut back to him, for 'tis too big to carry away, an' he'd sack the man that thried to sell ut. That Dearsley has been makin' the rowlin' wealth av Roshus by nefarious rafflin'. Think av the burnin' shame to the sufferin' coolie-man that the army in Injia are bound to protect an' nourish in their bosoms! Two thousand coolies defrauded wanst a month!"

"Dom t'coolies. Has't gotten t' cheer, man?" said Learoyd.

"Hould on. Havin' onearthed this amazin' an' stupenjus fraud committed by the man Dearsley, I hild a council av war; he thryin' all the time to sejuce me into a fight wid opprobrious language. That sedan-chair niver belonged by right to any foreman av coolies. 'Tis a king's chair or a quane's. There's gold on ut an' silk an' all manner av trapesemints. Bhoys, 'tis not for me to countenance any sort av wrong-doin'—me bein' the ould man—but——anyway he has had ut nine months, an' he dare not make throuble av ut was taken from

him. Five miles away, or ut may be six——"

There was a long pause, and the jackals howled merrily. Learoyd bared one arm, and contemplated it in the moonlight. Then he nodded partly to himself and partly to his friends. Ortheris wriggled with suppressed emotion.

"I thought ye wud see the reasonableness av ut," said Mulvaney. "I made bould to say as much to the man before. He was for a direct front attack—fut, horse, an' guns——an' all for nothin', seein' that I had no thransport to convey the machine away. 'I will not argue wid you,' sez I, 'this day, but subsequintly Mister Dearsley, me rafflin' jool, we talk ut out lengthways. 'Tis no good policy to swindle the naygur av his hard-earned emolumints, an' by presint informashin'—'twas the kyart man that tould me—'ye've been perpethrating that same for nine months. But I'm a just man,' sez I, 'an' overlookin' the presumpshin that yondher settee wid the gilt top was not come by honust'—at that he turned sky-green, so I knew things was more thrue than tellable—'not come by honust, I'm willin' to compound the felony for this month's winnin's.'"

"Ah! Ho!" from Learoyd and Ortheris.

"That man Dearsley's rushin' on his fate," continued Mulvaney, solemnly wagging his head. "All Hell had no name bad enough for me that tide. Faith, he called me a robber! Me! that was savin' him from continuin' in his evil ways widout a remonstrince—an' to a man av conscience a remonstrince may change the chune av his life. 'Tis not for me to argue,' sez I, 'fwhatever ye are, Mister Dearsley, but by my hand I'll take away the temptation for you that lies in that sedan-chair.' 'You will have to fight me for ut,' sez he, 'for well I know you will never dare make report to any one.' 'Fight I will,' sez I, 'but not this day, for I'm rejuced for want av nourishmint.' 'Ye're an ould bould hand,' sez he, sizin' me up an' down; 'an' a jool av a fight we will have. Eat now an' dhrink, an' go your way.' Wid that he gave me some hump an' whisky—good whisky—an' we talked av this an' that the while. 'It goes hard on me now,' sez I, wipin' my mouth, 'to confiscate that piece av furniture, but justice is justice.' 'Ye've not got ut yet,' sez he; 'there's the fight between.' 'There is,' sez I, 'an' a good fight. Ye shall have the pick av the best quality in my rigimint for the dinner you have given this day.' Thin I came hot-foot to you two. Hould your tongue, the both. 'Tis this way. To-morrow we three will go there an' he shall have his pick betune me an' Jock. Jock's a deceivin' fighter, for he is all fat to the eye, an' he moves slow. Now I'm all beef to the look, an' I move quick. By my reckonin' the Dearsley man won't take me; so me an' Orth'ris 'll see fair play. Jock, I tell you, 'twill be big fightin'—whipped, wid the cream above the jam. Afther the business 'twill take a good three av us—Jock 'll be very hurt—to take away that sedan-chair."

"Palanquin." This from Ortheris.

"Fwhatever ut is, we must have ut. 'Tis the only sellin' piece av property widin reach that we can get so cheap. An' fwhat's a fight afther all? He has robbed the naygur-man, dishonust. We rob him honust for the sake av the whisky he gave me."

"But wot'll we do with the bloomin' harticle when we've got it? Them palanquins are as big as 'ouses, an' uncommon 'ard to sell, as McCleary said when ye stole the sentry-box from the Curragh."

"Who's goin' to do t' fightin'?" said Learoyd, and Ortheris subsided. The three returned to barracks without a word. Mulvaney's last argument clinched the matter. This palanquin was property, vendible and to be attained in the simplest and least embarrassing fashion. It would eventually become beer. Great was Mulvaney.

Next afternoon a procession of three formed itself and disappeared into the scrub in the direction of the new railway line. Learoyd alone was without care, for Mulvaney dived darkly into the future, and little Ortheris feared the unknown. What befell at that interview in the lonely pay-shed by the side of the half-built embankment, only a few hundred coolies know, and their tale is a confusing one, running thus :—

"We were at work. Three men in red coats came. They saw the Sahib—Dearsley Sahib. They made oration ; and noticeably the small man among the red-coats. Dearsley Sahib also made oration, and used many very strong words. Upon this talk they departed together to an open space, and there the fat man in the red coat fought with Dearsley Sahib after the custom of white men—with his hands, making no noise, and never at all pulling Dearsley Sahib's hair. Such of us as were not afraid beheld these things for just so long a time as a man needs to cook the midday meal. The small man in the red coat had possessed himself of Dearsley Sahib's watch. No, he did not steal that watch. He held it in his hand, and at certain seasons made outcry, and the twain ceased their combat, which was like the combat of young bulls in spring. Both men were soon all red, but Dearsley Sahib was much more red than the other. Seeing this, and fearing for his life—because we greatly loved him—some fifty of us made shift to rush upon the red-coats. But a certain man—very black as to the hair, and in no way to be confused with the small man, or the fat man who fought—that man, we affirm, ran upon us, and of us he embraced some ten or fifty in both arms, and beat our heads together, so that our livers turned to water, and we ran away. It is not good to interfere in the fightings of white men. After that Dearsley Sahib fell and did not rise, these men jumped upon his stomach and despoiled him of all his money, and attempted to fire the pay-shed, and departed. Is it true that Dearsley Sahib makes no complaint of these latter things having been done? We were senseless with fear, and do not at all remember. There was no palanquin near the pay-shed. What do we know about palanquins? Is it true that Dearsley Sahib does not return to this place, on account of his sickness, for ten days? This is the fault of those bad men in the red coats who should be severely punished ; for Dearsley Sahib is both our father and mother, and we love him much. Yet, if Dearsley Sahib does not return to this place at all, we will speak the truth. There was a palanquin, for the up-keep of which we were forced to pay nine-tenths of our monthly wage. On such mulctings Dearsley Sahib allowed us to make obeisance to him before the palanquin. What could we do? We were poor men. He took a full half of our wages. Will the Government repay us those moneys? Those three men in red coats bore the palanquin upon their shoulders and departed. All the money that Dearsley Sahib had taken from us was in the cushions of that palanquin. Therefore they stole it. Thousands of rupees were there—all our money. It was our bank-box, to fill which we cheerfully contributed to Dearsley Sahib three-sevenths of our monthly wage. Why does the white man look upon us with the eye of disfavour? Before God, there was a palanquin, and now there is no palanquin ; and if they send the police here to make inquisition, we can only say that there never has been any palanquin. Why should a palanquin be near these works? We are poor men, and we know nothing."

Such is the simplest version of the simplest story connected with the descent upon Dearsley. From the lips of the coolies I received it. Dearsley himself was in no condition to say anything, and Mulvaney preserved a massive silence, broken only by the occasional licking of the lips. He had seen a fight so gorgeous that even his power of speech was taken

from him. I respected that reserve until, three days after the affair, I discovered in a disused stable in my quarters a palanquin of unchastened splendour—evidently in past days the litter of a queen. The pole whereby it swung between the shoulders of the bearers was rich with the painted *papier maché* of Cashmere. The shoulder-pads were of yellow silk. The panels of the litter itself were ablaze with the loves of all the gods and goddesses of the Hindu Pantheon—lacquer on cedar. The cedar sliding doors were fitted with hasps of translucent Jaipur enamel and ran in grooves shod with silver. The cushions were of brocaded Delhi silk, and the curtains which once hid any glimpse of the beauty of the king's palace were stiff with gold. Closer investigation showed that the entire fabric was everywhere rubbed and discoloured by time and wear; but even thus it was sufficiently gorgeous to deserve housing on the threshold of a royal zenana. I found no fault with it, except that it was in my stable. Then, trying to lift it by the silver-shod shoulder-pole, I laughed. The road from Dearsley's pay-shed to the cantonment was a narrow and uneven one, and, traversed by three very inexperienced palanquin-bearers, one of whom was sorely battered about the head, must have been a path of torment. Still I did not quite recognize the right of the three musketeers to turn me into a "fence" for stolen property.

"I'm askin' you to warehouse ut," said Mulvaney when he was brought to consider the question. "There's no steal in ut. Dearsley tould us we cud have ut if we fought. Jock fought—an', oh sorr, when the throuble was at uts finest an' Jock was bleedin' like a stuck pig, an' little Orth'ris was shquealin' on one leg chewin' big bites out av Dearsley's watch, I wud ha' given my place at the fight to have had you see wan round. He tuk Jock, as I suspicioned he would, an' Jock was deceptive. Nine roun's they were even matched, an' at the tenth—About that palanquin now. There's not the least throuble in the world, or we wud not ha' brought ut here. You will ondherstand that the Queen—God bless her!—does not reckon for a privit soldier to kape elephints an' palanquins an' sich in barricks. Afther we had dhragged ut down from Dearsley's through that cruel scrub that near broke Orth'ris's heart, we set ut in the ravine for a night; an' a thief av a porcupine an' a civet-cat av a jackal roosted in ut, as well we knew in the mornin'. I put ut to you sorr, is an elegant palanquin, fit for the princess, the natural abidin' place av all the vermin in cantonmints? We brought ut to you, afther dhark, and put ut in your shtable. Do not let your conscience prick. Think av the rejoicin' men in the pay-shed yonder—lookin' at Dearsley wid his headtied up in a towel—an' well knowin' that they can dhraw their pay ivry month widout stoppages for riffles. Indirectly, sorr, you have rescued from an onprincipled son av a night-hawk the peasanthry av a numerous village. An' besides, will I let that sedan-chair rot on our hands? Not I. 'Tis not every day a piece av pure joolry comes into the market. There's not a king widin these forty miles"—he waved his hand round the dusty horizon—"not a king wud not be glad to buy ut. Some day meself, whin I have leisure, I'll take ut up along the road an' dishpose av ut."

"How?" said I, for I knew the man was capable of anything.

"Get into ut, av coorse, and keep wan eye open through the curtains. Whin I see a likely man av the native persuasion, I will descind blushin' from my canopy and say: 'Buy a palanquin, ye black scutt?' I will have to hire four men to carry me first, though; and that's impossible till next pay-day."

Curiously enough, Learoyd, who had fought for the prize, and in the winning secured the highest pleasure life had to offer him, was altogether disposed to undervalue it, while Ortheris

openly said it would be better to break the thing up. Dearsley, he argued, might be a many-sided man, capable, despite his magnificent fighting qualities, of setting in motion the machinery of the civil law—a thing much abhorred by the soldier. Under any circumstances their fun had come and passed; the next pay-day was close at hand, when there would be beer for all. Wherefore longer conserve the painted palanquin?

"A first-class rifle-shot an' a good little man av your inches you are," said Mulvaney. "But you niver had a head worth a soft-boiled egg. 'Tis me has to lie awake av nights schamin' an' plottin' for the three av us. Orth'ris, me son, 'tis no matther av a few gallons av beer—no, nor twenty gallons—but tubs an' vats an' firkins in that sedan-chair. Who ut was, an' what ut was, an' how ut got there, we do not know; but I know in my bones that you an' me an' Jock wid his sprained thumb will get a fortune thereby. Lave me alone, an' let me think."

Meantime the palanquin stayed in my stall, the key of which was in Mulvaney's hands.

Pay-day came, and with it beer. It was not in experience to hope that Mulvaney, dried by four week's drought, would avoid excess. Next morning he and the palanquin had disappeared. He had taken the precaution of getting three days' leave "to see a friend on the railway", and the colonel, well knowing that the seasonal outburst was near, and hoping it would spend its force beyond the limits of his jurisdiction, cheerfully gave him all he demanded. At this point his history, as recorded in the mess-room, stopped.

Ortheris carried it not much further. "No, 'e wasn't drunk," said the little man loyally, "the liquor was no more than feelin' its way round inside of 'im; but 'e went an' filled that 'ole bloomin' palanquin with bottles 'fore 'e went off. He's gone an' 'ired six men to carry 'im, an' I 'ad to 'elp 'im into 'is nupshal couch, 'cause 'e wouldn't 'ear reason. 'E's gone off in 'is shirt an' trousies, swearin' tremenjus—gone down the road in the palanquin, wavin' 'is legs out o' windy."

"Yes," said I, "but where?"

"Now you arx me a question. 'E said 'e was goin' to sell that palanquin, but from observations what happened when I was stuffin' 'im through the door, I fancy 'e's gone to the new embankment to mock at Dearsley. Soon as Jock's off duty I'm goin' there to see if 'e's safe—not Mulvaney, but t'other man. My saints, but I pity 'im as 'elps Terence out o' the palanquin when 'e's once fair drunk!"

"He'll come back without harm," I said.

"'Corse 'e will. On'y question is, what'll 'e be doin' on the road. Killing Dearsley, like as not. 'E shouldn't 'a gone without Jock or me."

Reinforced by Learoyd, Ortheris sought the foreman of the coolie-gang. Dearsley's head was still embellished with towels. Mulvaney, drunk or sober, would have struck no man in that condition, and Dearsley indignantly denied that he would have taken advantage of the intoxicated brave.

"I had my pick o' you two," he explained to Learoyd, "and you got my palanquin—not before I'd made my profit on it. Why'd I do harm when everything's settled? Your man *did* come here—drunk as Davy's sow on a frosty night—came a-purpose to mock me—stuck his head out of the door an' called me a crucified hodman. I made him drunker, an' sent him along. But I never touched him."

To these things Learoyd, slow to perceive the evidences of sincerity, answered only, "If owt comes to Mulvaaney 'long o' you, I'll gripple you, clouts or no clouts on your ugly head, an' I'll draw t' throat twistyways, man. See there now."

The embassy removed itself, and Dearsley, the battered, laughed alone over his supper that evening.

Three days passed—a fourth and a fifth. The week drew to a close and Mulvaney did not return. He, his

royal palanquin, and his six attendants had vanished into air. A very large and very tipsy soldier, his feet sticking out of the litter of a reigning princess, is not a thing to travel along the ways without comment. Yet no man of all the country round had seen any such wonder. He was, and he was not; and Learoyd suggested the immediate smashment of Dearsley as a sacrifice to his ghost. Ortheris insisted that all was well, and in the light of past experience his hopes seemed reasonable.

"When Mulvaney goes up the road," said he, "'e's like to go a very long ways up, specially when 'e's so blue drunk as 'e is now. But what gits me is 'is not bein' 'eard of pullin' wool off the niggers somewheres about. That don't look good. The drink must ha' died out in 'im by this, unless 'e's broke a bank, an' then—Why don't 'e come back? 'E didn't ought to ha' gone off without us."

Even Ortheris's heart sank at the end of the seventh day, for half the regiment were out scouring the countryside, and Learoyd had been forced to fight two men who hinted openly that Mulvaney had deserted. To do him justice, the colonel laughed at the notion, even when it was put forward by his much-trusted adjutant.

"Mulvaney would as soon think of deserting as you would," said he. "No; he's either fallen into a mischief among the villagers—and yet that isn't likely, for he'd blarney himself out of the Pit; or else he is engaged on urgent private affairs—some stupendous devilment that we shall hear of at mess after it has been the round of the barrack-rooms. The worst of it is that I shall have to give him twenty-eight days' confinement at least for being absent without leave, just when I most want him to lick the new batch of recruits into shape. I never knew a man who could put a polish on young soldiers as quickly as Mulvaney can. How does he do it?"

"With blarney and the buckle-end of a belt, sir," said the adjutant. "He is worth a couple of non-commissioned officers when we are dealing with an Irish draft, and the London lads seem to adore him. The worst of it is that if he goes to the cells the other two are neither to hold nor to bind till he comes out again. I believe Ortheris preaches mutiny on those occasions, and I know that the mere presence of Learoyd mourning for Mulvaney kills all the cheerfulness of his room. The sergeants tell me that he allows no man to laugh when he feels unhappy. They are a queer gang."

"For all that, I wish we had a few more of them. I like a well-conducted regiment, but these pasty-faced, shifty-eyed, mealy-mouthed young slouchers from the depot worry me sometimes with their offensive virtue. They don't seem to have backbone enough to do anything but play cards and prowl round the married quarters. I believe I'd forgive that old villain on the spot if he turned up with any sort of explanation that I could in decency accept."

"Not likely to be much difficulty about that, sir," said the adjutant. "Mulvaney's explanations are only one degree less wonderful than his performances. They say that when he was in the Black Tyrone, before he came to us, he was discovered on the banks of the Liffey trying to sell his colonel's charger to a Donegal dealer as a perfect lady's hack. Shackbolt commanded the Tyrone then."

"Shackbolt must have had apoplexy at the thought of his ramping war-horses answering to that description. He used to buy unbacked devils, and tame them by some pet theory of starvation. What did Mulvaney say?"

"That he was a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, anxious to 'sell the poor baste where he would get something to fill out his dimples.' Shackbolt laughed, but I fancy that was why Mulvaney exchanged to ours."

"I wish he were back," said the colonel; "for I like him and believe he likes me."

That evening, to cheer our souls,

Learoyd, Ortheris, and I went into the waste to smoke out a porcupine. All the dogs attended, but even their clamour—and they began to discuss the shortcomings of porcupines before they left cantonments—could not take us out of ourselves. A large, low moon turned the tops of the plume grass to silver, and the stunted camel-thorn bushes and sour tamarisks into the likenesses of trooping devils. The smell of the sun had not left the earth, and little aimless winds blowing across the rose gardens to the southward, brought the scent of dried roses and water. Our fire once started, and the dogs craftily disposed to wait the dash of the porcupine, we climbed to the top of a rain-scarred hillock of earth, and looked across the scrub seamed with cattle paths, white with the long grass, and dotted with spots of level pond-bottom, where the snipe would gather in winter.

"This," said Ortheris, with a sigh, as he took in the unkempt desolation of it all, "this is sanguinary. This is unusual sanguinary. Sort o' mad country. Like a grate when the fire's put out by the sun." He shaded his eyes against the moonlight. "An' there's a loony dancin' in the middle of it all. Quite right. I'd dance too if I wasn't so downheart."

There pranced a Portent in the face of the moon—a huge and ragged spirit of the waste, that flapped its wings from afar. It had risen out of the earth; it was coming towards us, and its outline was never twice the same. The toga, table-cloth, or dressing-gown, whatever the creature wore, took a hundred shapes. Once it stopped on a neighbouring mound and flung all its legs and arms to the winds.

"My, but that scarecrow 'as got 'em bad!" said Ortheris. "Seems like if 'e comes any furder we'll 'ave to argify with 'im."

Learoyd raised himself from the dirt as a bull clears his flanks of the wallow. And as a bull bellows, so he, after a short minute at gaze, gave tongue to the stars.

"MULVAANEY! MULVAANEY! A hoo!"

Then we yelled all together, and the figure dipped into the hollow, till, with a crash of rending grass, the lost one strode up to the light of the fire, and disappeared to the waist in a wave of joyous dogs. Then Learoyd and Ortheris gave greeting, bass and falsetto together, both swallowing a lump in the throat.

"You damned fool!" said they, and severally pounded him with their fists.

"Go easy!" he answered, wrapping a huge arm round each. "I would have you to know that I am a god, to be treated as such—tho', by my faith, I fancy I've got to go to the guard-room just like a privit soldier."

The latter part of the sentence destroyed the suspicions raised by the former. Any one would have been justified in regarding Mulvaney as mad. He was hatless and shoeless, and his shirt and trousers were dropping off him. But he wore one wondrous garment—a gigantic cloak that fell from collar-bone to heel—of pale pink silk, wrought all over in cunningest needlework of hands long since dead, with the loves of the Hindu gods. The monstrous figures leaped in and out of the light of the fire as he settled the folds round him.

Ortheris handled the stuff respectfully for a moment while I was trying to remember where I had seen it before. Then he screamed, "What *'ave* you done with the palanquin? You're wearin' the linin'."

"I am," said the Irishman, "an' by the same token the 'broidery is scrapin' my hide off. I've lived in this sumpshus counterpane for four days. Me son, I begin to ondherstand why the naygur is no use. Widout me boots, an' me trousies like an open-work stocking on a gyurl's leg at a dance, I begin to feel like a naygur-man—all fearful an' timoreous. Give me a pipe an' I'll tell on."

He lit a pipe, resumed his grip of his two friends, and rocked to and fro in a gale of laughter.

"Mulvaney," said Ortheris sternly,

"'taint no time for laughin'. You've given Jock an' me more trouble than you're worth. You 'ave been absent without leave and you'll go into cells for that; an' you 'ave come back disgustin'ly dressed an' most improper in the linin' o' that bloomin' palanquin. Instid of which you laugh. An' *we* thought you was dead all the time."

"Bhoys," said the culprit still shaking gently, "whin I've done my tale you may cry if you like, an' little Orth'ris here can thrample my inside out. Ha' done an' listen. My performinces have been stupenjus: my luck has been the blessed luck av the British Army—an' there's no betther than that. I went out dhrunk an' dhrinkin' in the palanquin, and I have come back a pink god. Did any of you go to Dearsley afther my time was up? He was at the bottom of ut all."

"Ah said so," murmured Learoyd. "To-morrow ah'll smash t' face in upon his heead."

"Ye will not. Dearsley's a jool av a man. Afther Ortheris had put me into the palanquin an' the six bearer-men were gruntin' down the road, I tuk thought to mock Dearsley for that fight. So I tould thim, 'Go to the embankmint,' and there, bein' most amazin' full, I shtuck my head out av the concern an' passed compliments wid Dearsley. I must ha' miscalled him outrageous, for whin I am that way the power av the tongue comes on me. I can bare remimber tellin' him that his mouth opened endways like the mouth av a skate, which was thrue afther Learoyd had handled ut; an' I clear remimber his takin' no manner nor matter av offence, but givin' me a big dhrink of beer. 'Twas the beer did the thrick, for I crawled back into the palanquin, steppin' on me right ear wid me left foot, an' thin I slept like the dead. Wanst I half-roused, an' begad the noise in my head was tremenjus — roarin' and rattlin' an' poundin', such as was quite new to me. 'Mother av Mercy,' thinks I, 'phwat a concertina I will have on my shoulders whin I wake!' An' wid that I curls mysilf up to sleep before ut should get hould on me. Bhoys, that noise was not dhrink, 'twas the rattle av a thrain!"

There followed an impressive pause.

"Yes, he had put me on a thrain—put me, palanquin an' all, an' six black assassins av his own coolies that was in his nefarious confidence, on the flat av a ballast-thruck, and we were rowlin' an' bowlin' along to Benares. Glory be that I did not wake up thin an' introjuce myself to the coolies. As I was sayin', I slept for the betther part av a day an' a night. But remimber you, that that man Dearsley had packed me off on wan av his material-thrains to Benares, all for to make me over-stay my leave an' get me into the cells."

The explanation was an eminently rational one. Benares was at least ten hours by rail from the cantonments, and nothing in the world could have saved Mulvaney from arrest as a deserter had he appeared there in the apparel of his orgies. Dearsley had not forgotten to take revenge. Learoyd, drawing back a little, began to place soft blows over selected portions of Mulvaney's body. His thoughts were away on the embankment, and they meditated evil for Dearsley. Mulvaney continued—

"Whin I was full awake the palanquin was set down in a street, I suspicioned, for I cud hear people passin' and talkin'. But I knew well I was far from home. There is a queer smell upon our cantonments—smell av dried earth and brick-kilns wid whiffs av a cavalry stable-litter. This place smelt marigold flowers an' bad water, an' wanst somethin' alive came an' blew heavy with his muzzle at the chink av the shutter. 'It's in a village I am,' thinks I to myself, 'an' the parochial buffalo is investigatin' the palanquin.' But anyways I had no desire to move. Only lie still whin you're in foreign parts an' the standin' luck av the British Army will carry

ye through. That is an epigram. I made ut.

"Thin a lot av whishperin' divils surrounded the palanquin. 'Take ut up,' says wan man. 'But who'll pay us?' say another. 'The Maharanee's minister, av coorse,' sez the man. 'Oho!' ses I to myself, 'I'm a quane in me own right, wid a minister to pay me expenses. I'll be an emperor if I lie still long enough. But this is no village I've struck.' I lay quiet, but I gummed me right eye to a crack av the shutters, an' I saw that the whole street was crammed wid palanquins an' horses an' a sprinklin' av naked priests, all yellow powder an' tigers' tails. But I may tell you, Orth'ris, an' you, Learoyd, that av all the palanquins ours was the most imperial an' magnificent. Now a palanquin means a native lady all the world over, except whin a soldier av the Quane happens to be takin' a ride. 'Women an' priests!' sez I. 'Your father's son is in the right pew this time, Terence. There will be proceedin's.' Six black divils in pink muslin tuk up the palanquin, an' oh! but the rowlin' an' the rockin' made me sick. Thin we got fair jammed among the palanquins — not more than fifty av them—an' we grated an' bumped like Queenstown potato-smacks in a runnin' tide. I cud hear the women gigglin' and squirkin' in their palanquins, but mine was the royal equipage. They made way for ut, an', begad, the pink muslin men o' mine were howlin', 'Room for the Maharanee av Gokral-Seetarun.' Do you know aught av the lady, sorr?"

"Yes," said I. "She is a very estimable old queen of the Central Indian States, and they say she is fat. How on earth could she go to Benares without all the city knowing her palanquin?"

"'Twas the eternal foolishness av the naygur-man. They saw the palanquin lying loneful an' forlornsome, an' the beauty av ut, after Dearsley's men had dhropped ut, and gone away, an' they gave ut the best name that occurred to thim. Quite right too. For aught we know the ould lady was thravellin' *incog*—like me. I'm glad to hear she's fat. I was no light weight myself, an' my men were mortial anxious to dhrop me under a great big archway promiscuously ornamented wid the most improper carvin's an' cuttin's I iver saw. Begad! they made me blush—like a—like a maharanee."

"The temple of Prithi-Devi," I murmured, remembering the monstrous horrors of that sculptured archway at Benares.

"Pretty Devilskins, savin' your presence, sorr. There was nothin' pretty about ut, except me! 'Twas all half dhark, an' whin the coolies left they shut a big black gate behind av us, an' half a company av fat yellow priests began pully-haulin' the palanquins into a dharker place yet—a big stone hall full av pillars, an' gods, an' incense, an' all manner av similar thruck. The gate disconcerted me, for I perceived I wud have to go forward to get out, my retreat bein' cut off. By the same token a good priest makes a bad palanquin-coolie. Begad! they nearly turned me inside out draggin' the palanquin to the temple. Now the disposishin av the forces inside was this way. The Maharanee av Gokral-Seetarun—that was me—lay by the favour av Providence on the far left flank behind the dhark av a pillar carved with elephints' heads. The remainder av the palanquins was in a big half circle facing in to the biggest, fattest, an' most amazin' she-god that iver I dreamed av. Her head ran up into the black above us, an' her feet stuck out in the light av a little fire av melted butter that a priest was feedin' out av a butter-dish. Thin a man began to sing an' play on somethin' back in the dhark, an' 'twas a queer song. Ut made my hair lift on the back av my neck. Thin the doors av all the palanquins slid back, an' the women bundled out. I saw what I'll never see again. 'Twas more glorious than thransforma-

tions at a pantomime, for they was in pink an' blue an' silver an' red an' grass-green, wid dimonds an' imralds an' great red rubies all over thim. But that was the least part av the glory. O bhoys, they were more lovely than the like av any loveliness in hiven; ay, their little bare feet were better than the white hands av a lord's lady, an' their mouths were like puckered roses, an' their eyes were bigger an' dharker than the eyes av any livin' women I've seen. Ye may laugh, but I'm speakin' truth. I never saw the like, an' never I will again."

"Seeing that in all probability you were watching the wives and daughters of most of the kings of India, the chances are that you won't," I said, for it was dawning on me that Mulvaney had stumbled upon a big queens' praying at Benares.

"I niver will," he said, mournfully. "That sight doesn't come twist to any man. It made me ashamed to watch. A fat priest knocked at my door. I didn't think he'd have the insolince to disturb the Maharanee av Gokral-Seetarun, so I lay still. 'The old cow's asleep,' sez he to another. 'Let her be,' sez that. ''Twill be long before she has a calf!' I might ha' known before he spoke that all a woman prays for in Injia—an' for matter o' that in England too — is childher. That made me more sorry I'd come, me bein', as you well know, a childless man."

He was silent for a moment thinking of his little son, dead many years ago.

"They prayed, an' the butter-fires blazed up an' the incense turned everything blue, an' between that an' the fires the women looked as tho' they were all ablaze an' twinklin'. They took hold av the she-god's knees, they cried out an' they threw themselves about, an' that world-without-end-amen music was dhrivin' thim mad. Mother av Hiven! how they cried, an' the ould she-god grinnin' above thim all so scornful! The dhrink was dyin' out in me fast, an' I was thinkin' harder than the thoughts wud go through my head—thinkin' how to get out an' all manner of nonsense as well. The women were rockin' in rows, their di'mond belts clickin', an' the tears runnin' out betune their hands, an' the lights were goin' lower and dharker. Thin there was a blaze like lightnin' from the roof, an' that showed me the inside av the palanquin, an' at the end where my foot was, stood the livin' spit an' image o' myself worked on the linin.' This man here, it was."

He hunted in the folds of his pink cloak, ran a hand under one, and thrust into the fire-light a foot-long embroidered presentment of the great god Krishna, playing on a flute. The heavy jowl, the staring eye, and the blue-black moustache of the god made up a far-off resemblance to Mulvaney.

"The blaze was gone in a wink, but the whole schame came to me thin. I believe I was mad too. I slid the off-shutter open an' rowled out into the dhark behind the elephint-head pillar, tucked up my trowsies to my knees, slipped off my boots an' tuk a general hould av all the pink linin' av the palanquin. Glory be, ut ripped out like a woman's dhriss when you tread on ut at a sergeants' ball, an' a bottle came with ut. I tuk the bottle an' the next minut I was out av the dhark av the pillar, the pink linin' wrapped round me most graceful, the music thunderin' like kettledrums, an' a could draft blowin' round my bare legs. By this hand that did ut, I was Krishna tootlin' on the flute—the god that the rig'mental chaplain talks about. A sweet sight I must ha' looked. I knew my eyes were big, and my face was wax-white, an' at the worst I must ha' looked like a ghost. But they took me for the livin' god. The music stopped, and the women were dead dumb an' I crooked my legs like a shepherd on a china basin, an' I did the ghost-waggle with my feet as I had done ut at the rig'mental theatre many times, an' I slid acrost the width av that temple

in front av the she-god tootlin' on the beer bottle."

"Wot did you toot?" demanded Ortheris the practical.

"Me? Oh!" Mulvaney sprang up, suiting the action to the word, and sliding gravely in front of us, a dilapidated but imposing deity in the half light. "I sang—

> "'Only say
> You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan.
> Don't say nay,
> Charmin' Judy Callaghan.'

I didn't know me own voice when I sang. An' oh! 'twas pitiful to see the women. The darlin's were down on their faces. Whin I passed the last wan I cud see her poor little fingers workin' one in another as if she wanted to touch my feet. So I dhrew the tail av this pink overcoat over her head for the greater honour, an' I slid into the dhark on the other side av the temple, and fetched up in the arms av a big fat priest. All I wanted was to get away clear. So I tuk him by his greasy throat an' shut the speech out av him. 'Out!' sez I. 'Which way, ye fat heathen?' 'Oh!' sez he. 'Man' sez I. 'White man, soldier man, common soldier man. Where in the name av confusion is the back door?' The women in the temple were still on their faces an' a young priest was holdin' out his arms above their heads.

"'This way,' sez my fat friend, duckin' behind a big bull-god an' divin' into a passage. Thin I remimbered that I must ha' made the miraculous reputation av that temple for the next fifty years. 'Not so fast,' I sez, an' I held out both my hands wid a wink. That ould thief smiled like a father. I tuk him by the back av the neck in case he should be wishful to put a knife into me unbeknowst, an' I ran him up an' down the passage twice to collect his sensibilities! 'Be quiet,' sez he, in English! 'Now you talk sense,' I sez. 'Fwhat'll you give me for the use av that most iligant palanquin I have no time to take away?' 'Don't tell,' sez he. 'Is ut like?' sez I. 'But ye might give me my railway fare. I'm far from my home an' I've done you a service.' Bhoys 'tis a good thing to be a priest. The ould man niver throubled himself to dhraw from a bank. As I will prove to you subsequint, he philandered all round the slack av his clothes an' began dribblin' ten-rupee notes, old gold mohurs, and rupees into my hand till I could hould no more."

"You lie!" said Ortheris. "You're mad or sunstrook. A native don't give coin unless you cut it out o' 'im. Tain't nature."

"Then my lie an' my sunstroke is concealed under that lump av sod yonder," retorted Mulvaney unruffled, nodding across the scrub. "An' there's a dale more in nature than your squidgy little legs have iver taken you to, Orth'ris, me son. Four hundred an' thirty-four rupees by my reckonin', *an'* a big fat gold necklace that I took from him as a remimbrancer, was our share in that business."

"An' 'e give it you for love?" said Ortheris.

"We were alone in that passage. Maybe I was a trifle too pressin', but considher fwhat I had done for the good av the temple and the iverlastin' joy av those women. 'Twas cheap at the price. I wud ha' taken more if I cud ha' found ut. I turned the ould man upside down at the last, but he was milked dhry. Thin he opened a door in another passage an' I found mysilf up to my knees in Benares river-water, an' bad smellin' ut is. More by token I had come out on the river-line close to the burnin' ghat and contagious to a cracklin' corpse. This was in the heart av the night, for I had been four hours in the temple. There was a crowd av boats tied up, so I tuk wan an' wint across the river. Thin, I came home acrost country lyin' up by day."

"How on earth did you manage?" I said.

"How did Sir Frederick Roberts get from Cabul to Candahar? He marched an' he niver could how near he was to breakin' down. That's why he is fwhat he is. An' now—" Mulvaney yawned portentously. "Now I will go an' give myself up for absince widout leave. It's eight an' twenty days an' the rough end of the colonel's tongue in orderly room, any way you look at ut. But 'tis cheap at the price."

"Mulvaney," said I softly. "If there happens to be any sort of excuse that the colonel can in any way accept, I have a notion that you'll get nothing more than the dressing-down. The new recruits are in, and—"

"Not a word more, sorr. Is ut excuses the ould man wants? 'Tis not my way, but he shall have thim. I'll tell him I was engaged in financial operations connected wid a church," and he flapped his way to cantonments and the cells, singing lustily:

"'So they sent a corp'ril's file,
And they put me in the gyard-room
For conduck unbecomin' of a soldier.'"

And when he was lost in the haze of the moonlight we could hear the refrain—

"'Bang upon the big drum, bash upon the cymbals,
As we go marchin' along, boys oh!
For although in this campaign
There's no whiskey nor champagne,
We'll keep our spirits goin' with a song, boys!'"

Therewith he surrendered himself to the joyful and almost weeping guard, and was made much of by his fellows. But to the colonel he said that he had been smitten with sunstroke and had lain insensible on a villager's cot for untold hours and between laughter and goodwill the affair was smoothed over, so that he could next day, teach the new recruits how to "Fear God, Honour the Queen, Shoot Straight and Keep Clean."

There is no further space to record the digging up of the spoils, or the triumphal visit of the three to Dearsley, who feared for his life, but was most royally treated instead and under that influence told how the palanquin had come into his possession. But that is another story.

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KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KIRSTEEN passed that night at Helensburgh, or Eelensburgh as everybody called it, and next day arrived at Glasgow a little after noon. She had the address there of a friend of Marg'ret where she would once again find herself in the serenity of a private house. She seemed to herself to have been living for a long time in public places—in houses where men could come in to drink or any stranger find a shelter, and almost to have known no other life but that of wandering solitude, continual movement, and the consciousness of having no home or refuge to which she belonged. Kirsteen had never made a day's journey in her life before that dreadful morning when she set out in the dark, leaving all that was known and comprehensible behind her. She had never been in an inn, which was to her something of a bad place given over to revellings and dissipation, and profane noise and laughter, the "crackling of thorns under the pot." These ideas modify greatly even with a single night's experience of a quiet shelter and a kind hostess—but she looked forward to the decent woman's house to which Marg'ret's recommendation would admit her, with the longing of a wanderer long launched upon the dreary publicity of a traveller's life, and feeling all the instincts of keen exclusivism, which belonged in those days to poorer Scotch gentry, jarred and offended at every turn. To find the house of Marg'ret's friend was not easy in the great grimy city which was Kirsteen's first experience of a town. The crowded streets and noises confused her altogether at first. Such visions of ugliness and dirt, the squalid look of the high houses, the strange groups some so rich and well-to-do, some so miserable and wretched, that crowded the pavements, had never entered into her imagination before. They made her sick at heart; and London, people said, was bigger (if that were possible) and no doubt more dreadful still! Oh that it could all turn out a dream from which she might wake to find herself once more by the side of the linn, with the roar of the water, and no sickening clamour of ill tongues in her ears! But already the linn, and the far-off life by its side were away from her as if they had passed centuries ago.

She found the house at last with the help of a ragged laddie upon whose tangled mass of nondescript garments Kirsteen looked with amazement, but who was willing apparently to go to the end of the world for the sixpence which had been saved from the tramp. It was in a large and grimy "land" not far from Glasgow Green, a great block of buildings inhabited by count-

less families, each of which had some different trace of possession at its special window—clothes hanging to dry, or beds to air, or untidy women and girls lolling out. The common stair, which admitted to all these different apartments, was in a condition which horrified and disgusted the country girl. Her courage almost failed her when she stepped within the black portals, and contemplated the filthy steps upon which children were playing, notwithstanding all its horrors, and down the well of which came sounds of loud talking, calls of women from floor to floor and scraps of conversation maintained at the highest pitch of vigorous lungs. "It's up at the very top," said the urchin who was her guide. Kirsteen's expectations sank lower and lower as she ascended. There were two doors upon each stair-head, and often more than one family enclosed within these subdivisions, all full of curiosity as to the stranger who invaded their grimy world with a clean face and tidy dress. "She'll be some charity leddy seeking pennies for the puir folk." "We hae mair need to get pennies than to give them." "She'll be gaun to see Allison Wabster, the lass that's in a decline." "She'll be a visitor for Justin Macgregor, the proud Hieland besom, that's ower grand for the like of us." These were the pleasant words that accompanied her steps from floor to floor. Kirsteen set it all down to the score of the dreadful town in which every evil thing flourished, and with a sad heart and great discouragement pushed her way to the highest story, which was cleaner than below though all the evil smells rose and poisoned the air which had no outlet. The right-hand door was opened to her hurriedly before she could knock, and an old woman with a large mutch upon her head and a tartan shawl on her shoulders came out to meet her. "Ye'll be the leddy from Loch Fyne," she said with a homely curtsey. "Come ben, my bonny leddy, come ben."

After the purgatory of the stair Kirsteen found herself in a paradise of cleanliness and order, in a little lantern of light and brightness. There were three small rooms—a kitchen, a parlour so called, with a concealed bed which made it fit for the combined purposes of a sleeping and living room, and the bedroom proper into which she was immediately conducted, and which was furnished with a tent-bed, hung with large-patterned chintz, each flower about the size of a warming-pan, and with a clean knitted white quilt which was the pride of Jean Macgregor's heart. There was a concealed bed in this room too, every contrivance being adopted for the increase of accommodation. Perhaps concealed beds are still to be found in the much-divided "lands" in which poor tenants congregate in the poorer parts of Glasgow. They were formed by a sort of closet completely filled by the spars and fittings of a bed, and closed in by a dismal door, thus securing the exclusion of all air from the hidden sleeping-place.

The decent woman, who was Marg'ret's old friend, took Kirsteen's bundle from her hands, and opening it, spread out the contents on the bed.

"I'll just hang them out before the fire to give them air, and take out the creases. And, mem, I hope you'll make yoursel' at home and consider a' here as your ain."

"Did ye know I was coming?" said Kirsteen, surprised.

"Only this morning. I got a scart of the pen from Marg'ret Brown, that is my cousin and a great friend, though I have not seen her this twenty years. She said it was one o' the family, a young leddy that had to travel to London, and no man nor a maid could be spared to gang with her; and I was to see ye into the coach, and take good care of ye; and that I will, my bonny leddy, baith for her sake, and because ye've a kind face of your ain that makes a body fain."

In the relief of this unexpected reception, and after the misery of the

approach to it which had sunk Kirsteen's courage, she sat down and cried a little for pleasure. "I am glad ye think I've a kind face, for oh, I have felt just like a reprobate, hating everything I saw," she cried. "It's all so different—so different—from home."

Home had been impossible a few days ago; it looked like heaven—though a heaven parted from her by an entire lifetime—now.

"Weel," said the old woman, "we canna expect that Glasco, a miserable, black, dirty town as ever was, can be like the Hielands with its bonny hills and its bright sun. But, my honey, if ye let me say sae, there's good and bad in baith places, and Glasco's no so ill as it looks. Will ye lie down and take a bit rest, now you're here—or will I make ye a cup of tea? The broth will not be ready for an hour. If I had kent sooner I would have got ye a chuckie or something mair delicate; but there wasna time."

Kirsteen protested that she neither wanted rest nor tea, and would like the broth, which was the natural everyday food, better than anything. She came into the parlour and sat down looking out from the height of her present elevation upon the green below, covered with white patches in the form of various washings which the people near had the privilege of bleaching on the grass. The abundant, sweet air so near the crowded and noisy streets, the freedom of that sudden escape from the dark lands and houses, the unlooked-for quiet and cheerful prospect stirred up her spirit. The lasses going about with bare feet, threading their way among the lines of clothes, sprinkling them with sparkling showers of water which dazzled in the sun, awakened the girl's envy as she sat with her hands crossed in her lap. A flock of mill-girls were crossing the green to their work at one of the cotton-factories. They were clothed in petticoats and short gowns, or bedgowns as they are called in England, bound round their waists with a trim white apron. Some of them had tartan shawls upon their shoulders. A number of them were barefooted, but one and all had shining and carefully dressed hair done up in elaborate plaits and braids. Kirsteen's eyes followed them with a sort of envy. They were going to their work, they were carrying on the common tenor of their life, while she sat there arrested in everything. "I wish," she said, with a sigh, "I had something to do"

"The best thing you can do is just to rest. Ye often do not find the fatigue of a journey," said Mrs. Macgregor, "till it's over. Ye'll be more and more tired as the day goes on, and ye'll sleep fine at night."

With these and similar platitudes the old woman soothed her guest; and Kirsteen soothed her soul as well as she could to quiet, though now when the first pause occurred she felt more and more the eagerness to proceed, the impossibility of stopping short. To cut herself adrift from all the traditions of her life in order to rest in this little parlour, even for a day, and look out upon the bleaching of the clothes, and the mill-girls going to work, had the wildest inappropriateness in it. She seized upon the half-knitted stocking, without which in those days no good housewife was complete, and occupied her hands with that. But towards evening another subject was introduced, which delivered Kirsteen at once from the mild *ennui* of this compulsory pause.

"Ye'll maybe no ken," said the old woman, "that there is one in Glasco that you would like weel to see?"

"One in Glasgow?" Kirsteen looked up with a question in her eyes. "No doubt there is many a one in Glasgow that I would be proud to see; but I cannot think of company nor of what I like when I'm only in this big place for a day."

"It's no that, my bonny leddy. It's one that if you're near sib to the Douglases, and Meg does not say how near ye are, would be real thankfu' just of one glint of your e'e."

"I am near, very near," said Kirsteen, with a hot colour rising over her. She dropped the knitting in her lap, and fixed her eyes upon her companion's face. She had already a premonition who it was of whom she was to hear.

"Puir thing," said Mrs. Macgregor, "she hasna seen one of her own kith and kin this mony a day. She comes to me whiles for news. And she'll sit and smile and say, 'Have ye any news from Marg'ret, Mrs. Macgregor?' never letting on that her heart's just sick for word of her ain kin."

"You are perhaps meaning—Anne," said Kirsteen, scarcely above her breath.

"I'm meaning Mrs. Dr. Dewar," said the old woman. "I think that's her name—the one that marriet and was cast off by her family because he was just a doctor and no a grand gentleman. Oh, missie, that's a hard, hard thing to do! I can understand a great displeasure, and that a difference might be made for a time. But to cut off a daughter—as if she were a fremd person, never to see her or name her name, oh, that's hard, hard! It may be right for the Lord to do it, that kens the heart (though I have nae faith in that), but no for sinful, erring man."

"Mrs. Macgregor," said Kirsteen, "you will remember that it's my—my near relations you are making remarks upon."

"And that's true," said the old lady. "I would say nothing to make ye think less of your nearest and dearest—and that maybe have an authority over ye that Scripture bids ye aye respect. I shouldna have said it; but the other—the poor young leddy—is she no your near relation too?"

Kirsteen had known vaguely that her sister was supposed to be in Glasgow, which was something like an aggravation of her offence: for to live among what Miss Eelen called the fremd in a large town was the sort of unprincipled preference of evil to good which was to be expected from a girl who had married beneath her; but to find herself confronted with Anne was a contingency which had never occurred to her. At home she had thought of her sister with a certain awe mingled with pity. There was something in the banishment, the severance, the complete effacing of her name and image from all the family records, which was very impressive to the imagination, and brought an ache of compassion into the thought of her, which nobody ventured to express. Kirsteen had been very young, too young to offer any judgment independent of her elders, upon Anne's case when she had gone away. But she had cried over her sister's fate often, and wondered in her heart whether they would ever meet, or any amnesty ever be pronounced that would restore poor Anne, at least nominally, to her place in the family. But it had not entered into her mind to suppose that she herself should ever be called upon to decide that question, to say practically, so far as her authority went, whether Anne was to be received or not. She kept gazing at her hostess with a kind of dismay, unable to make any reply. Anne—who had married a man who was not a gentleman, who had run away, leaving the candle dying in the socket. A strong feeling against that family traitor rose up in Kirsteen's breast. She had compromised them all—she had connected the name of the old Douglases, the name of the boys in India, with a name that was no name, that of a common person—a doctor, one that traded upon his education and his skill. There was a short but sharp struggle in her heart. She had run away herself, but it was for a very different reason. All her prejudices, which were strong, and the traditions of her life were against Anne. It was with an effort that she recovered the feeling of sympathy which had been her natural sentiment. "She is my near relation, too. But she disobeyed them that she ought to have obeyed."

"Oh, missie, there are ower many of us who do that."

Kirsteen raised her head more proudly than ever. She gave the old woman a keen look of scrutiny. Did she know what she was saying? Anyhow, what did it matter? "But if we do it, we do it for different reasons—not to be happy, as they call it, in a shameful way."

"Oh, shameful—na, na! It's a lawful and honest marriage, and he's a leal and a true man."

"It was shameful to her family," cried Kirsteen doubly determined. "It was forgetting all that was most cherished. I may be sorry for her—" she scarcely was so in the vigour of her opposition—"but I cannot approve her." Kirsteen held her head very high and her mouth closed as if it had been made of iron. She looked no gentle sister but an unyielding judge.

"Weel, weel," said the old woman with a sigh, "it's nae business of mine. I would fain have let her have a glimpse, puir thing, of some one belonging to her; but if it's no to be done its nane of my affairs, and I needna fash my thoom. We'll say no more about it. There's going to be a bonny sunset if we could but see it. Maybe you would like to take a walk and see a little of the town."

Kirsteen consented, and then drew back, for who could tell that she might not meet some one who would recognise her. Few as were the people she knew, she had met one on the wild hillsides above Loch Long, and there was no telling who might be in Glasgow, a town which was a kind of centre to the world. She sat at the window, and looked out upon the women getting in their clothes from the grass where they had been bleaching, and on all the groups about the green—children playing, bigger lads contending with their footballs. The sky became all aglow with the glory of the winter sunset, then faded into gray, and light began to gleam in the high windows. Day passed, and night, the early, falling, long-continuing night, descended from the skies. Kirsteen sat in the languor of fatigue and in a curious strangeness remote and apart from everything about as in a dream. It was like a dream altogether—the strange little house so near to the skies, the opening of the broad green space underneath and the groups upon it—place and people alike unknown to her, never seen before, altogether unrelated to her former life—yet she herself introduced here as an honoured guest, safe and sheltered, and surrounded by watchful care. But for Marg'ret she must have fought her way as she could, or sunk into a dreadful obedience. Obedience! that was what she had been blaming her sister for failing in, she who had so failed herself. She sat and turned it over and over in her mind while the light faded out from the sky. The twilight brought softening with it. She began to believe that perhaps there were circumstances extenuating. Anne had been very young, younger than Kirsteen was now, and lonely, for her sisters were still younger than she, without society. And no doubt the man would be kind to her. She said nothing while the afternoon passed, and the tea was put on the table. But afterwards when Mrs. Macgregor was washing the china cups, she asked suddenly, "Would it be possible if a person desired it, to go to that place where the lady you were speaking of, Mrs. Dr.—? If you think she would like to see me I might go."

CHAPTER XIX.

If it was strange to sit at that window looking out over the world unknown, and feel herself an inmate of the little house so different from everything she had ever seen, the guest and companion of the old woman whose very name she had never heard till a few days before, it was still more strange to be in the thronged and noisy streets full of people, more people than Kirsteen had supposed to be in the world, under the glaring of the

lights that seemed to her to mock the very day itself, though they were few enough in comparison with the blaze of illumination to which we are now accustomed—going through the strange town in the strange night to see Anne. That was the climax of all the strangeness. Anne, whose name was never named at home, whom everybody remembered all the more intensely because it was forbidden to refer to her. Anne, who had gone away from her father's house in the night leaving the candle flaring out in the socket and the chill wind blowing in through the open door. That scene had always been associated in Kirsteen's mind with her sister's name, and something of the flicker of the dying candle was in the blowing about of the lights along the long range of the Trongate, above that babel of noises and ever shifting phantasmagoria of a great city. She could not make any reply to the old woman who walked beside her, full of stories and talk, pointing out to her a church or a building here and there. Kirsteen went through a little pantomime of attention, looking where she was told to look, but seeing nothing, only a confused panorama of crowded dark outlines and wind-blown lights, and nothing that she could understand,

At length they struck into a long line of monotonous street where there were no shops and no wayfarers, but some lamps which flickered wildly, more and more like the dying candle. Mrs. Macgregor told her the name of the street, and explained its length and beauty, and how it had been built, and that it was a very genteel street, where some of the bailies and a number of the ministers lived. "The houses are dear," she said, "and no doubt it was a fight for Dr. Dewar to keep up a house in such a genteel place. But they external things are of great consequence to a doctor," she added. Kirsteen was dazed and overawed by the line of the grim houses looming between her and the dark sky, and by the flaring of the wild lights, and the long stretch of darkness which the scanty unavailing lamps did not suffice to make visible. And her heart began to beat violently when her guide stopped at a door which opened invisibly from above at their summons and clanged behind them, and revealed a dark stair with another windy lamp faintly lighting it, a stair in much better order than the dreadful one where Mrs. Macgregor was herself living, but looking like a gloomy cleft among the dark walls. Now that she had come so far, Kirsteen would fain have turned back or delayed the visit to which she seemed to be driven reluctantly by some impulse that was not her own. Was it not an aggravation of her own rebellion that she should thus come secretly to the former rebel, she who had been discarded by the family and shut out from its records? She shrank from the sight of the house in which poor Anne had found refuge, and of the husband who was a common person, not one of their own kind. Drumcarro at his fiercest could not have recoiled more from a common person than his runaway daughter, whose object it was to establish herself with a mantua-maker in London. But Kirsteen felt her own position unspeakably higher than that of her sister.

She followed her companion tremulously into the little dark vestibule. "Oh, ay, the mistress is in: where would she be but in, and hearing the bairns say their bits of lessons?" said an active little maid who admitted them, pointing to the glow of ruddy firelight which proceeded from an inner door. And before she was aware Kirsteen found herself in the midst of a curious and touching scene. She had not heard anything about children, so that the sight so unexpected of two little things seated on the hearth-rug, as she remembered herself to have sat in her early days under Anne's instructions, gave her a little shock of surprise and quick-springing kindness. They were two little roundabout creatures of three and four, with little round rosy faces faintly reddened by the flicker-

ing light, which shone in the soft glow, their hair half-flaxen, half-golden. Their chubby hands were crossed in their laps. Their mother knelt in front of them, herself so girlish still, her soft yellow hair matured into brown, her face and figure fuller than of old, teaching them with one hand raised. "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild" she was saying: "Dentle Desus, meet and mild" said the little pupils: "listen to a little child." There was no lamp or candle in the room: nothing but the firelight. The two dark figures in their out-door dresses stood behind in the shadow, while all the light concentrated in this family group. The mother was so absorbed in her teaching that she continued without noticing their entrance.

"You are not saying it right, Dunny; and Kirsty, my pet, you must try and say it like me—Gentle Jesus."

"Dentle Desus," said the little ones with assured and smiling incorrectness incapable of amendment. Kirsteen saw them through a mist of tears. The name of the baby on the hearth had completed the moving effect of old recollections and of the familiarity of the voice and action of the young mother. The voice had a plaintive tone in it, as so many voices of Scotch-women have. She stood behind in the background, the rays of the fire taking a hundred prismatic tints as she looked at them through the tears upon her eyelashes. Her heart was entirely melted, forgetful of everything but that this was Anne, the gentle elder sister who had taught her childhood too.

"I have brought a young leddy to see you, Mrs. Dewar," said the old woman. Anne sprang up to her feet at the sound of the voice.

"I did not hear anybody come in," she said. "I was hearing them their hymn to say to their papa to-morrow. Is it you, Mrs. Macgregor? You're kind to come out this cold night. Dunny, tell Janet she must put ye to your bed, for I'm busy with friends."

"Na," said the old lady, "we'll not interrupt. I'm going ben to say a word to Janet mysel'. And she'll no interrupt you putting your bairns to their bed."

She drew Kirsteen forward into the influence of the firelight, and herself left the room, leaving the sisters together. Anne stood for a little gazing curiously at the silent figure. She was puzzled and at a loss; the black silk spencer, the beaver bonnet, were common enough articles of dress, and the big veil that hung like a cloud over Kirsteen's bonnet kept the face in the shade. "Do I know ye?" she said going timidly forward. Then with a cry, "Is it Kirsteen?"

The little children sat still on the hearth-rug with their little fat hands crossed in their laps; they were not concerned by the convulsions that might go on over their heads. They laughed at the glancing firelight and at each other in one of those still moments of babyhood which come now and then in the midst of the most riotous periods; they had wandered off to the edge of the country from whence they came. When the two sisters fell down on their knees by the side of the little ones, the mother showing her treasures, the young aunt making acquaintance with them, the rosy little faces continued to smile serenely upon the tears and suppressed passion. "This is Kirsty that I called after you, Kirsteen." "But oh, ye mean for my mother, Anne?" "Kirsty, me!" said little three-year old, beating her breast to identify the small person named. "She's Kistina; I'm Duncan," said the little boy who was a whole year older, but did not generally take the lead in society. "They are like two little birdies in a nest," said Kirsteen; "oh! the bonnie little heads like gold—and us never to know."

"Will I send them to Janet, or will ye help me to put them to their bed?" said the proud mother. For a moment she remembered nothing but the delight of exhibiting their little

round limbs, their delightful gambols, for so soon as the children rose from that momentary abstraction they became riotous again and filled the room with their "flichterin' noise and glee." "I never light the candles till David comes in," Anne said apologetically. "What do I want with more light? For the bairns are just all I can think of; they will not let me sew my seam, they are just a woman's work at that restless age." She went on with little complaints which were boasts as Kirsteen looked on and wondered at the skilled and careful manipulation of her sister's well-accustomed hands. The bedroom to which the group was transferred was like the parlour lighted only by the fire, and the washing and undressing proceeded while Anne went on with the conversation, telling how Dunny was "a rude boy," and Kirsty a "very stirring little thing," and "just a handful." "I have enough to do with them, and with making and mending for them, if I had not another thing on my hands," said Anne; "they are just a woman's work." Kirsteen sat and looked on in the ruddy flickering light with strange thoughts. Generally the coming on of motherhood is gradual, and sisters and friends grow into a sort of amateur share in it. But to come suddenly from the image of Anne who had left the house-door open and the candle dying in the socket, to Anne the cheerful mother kissing the rosy limbs and round faces, her pretty hair pulled by the baby hands, her proud little plaints of the boy that was "rude" and the girl that was "very stirring," was the most curious revelation to Kirsteen. It brought a little blush and uneasiness along with affection and pleasure, her shy maidenhood shrinking even while warm sympathy filled her heart.

When the children were in bed, the sisters returned to the parlour, where Kirsteen was installed in the warmest corner by the fire. "Would you like the candles lighted? I aye leave it till David comes home: he says I sit like a hoodie crow in the dark," said Anne. There was a soft tone in her voice which told that David was a theme as sweet to her as the children; but Kirsteen could not bring herself to ask any questions about the doctor, who was a common person, and one who had no right ever to have intruded himself into the Douglasses' august race. Anne continued for a time to give further details of the children, how they were "a little disposed to take the cold," and about the troubles there had been with their teeth, all happily surmounted, thanks to David's constant care. "If ye ever have little bairns, Kirsteen, ye will know what a comfort it is to have a doctor in the house."

"I don't know about the bairns, but I am sure I never will have the doctor," said Kirsteen in haste and unwarily, not thinking what she said.

"And what for no?" said Anne, holding herself very erect. "Ye speak like an ignorant person, like one of them that has a prejudice against doctors. There's no greater mistake."

"I was meaning no such thing," cried Kirsteen eagerly.

"Well, ye spoke like it," said Anne. "And where would we all be without doctors? It's them that watches over failing folk, and gives back fathers and mothers to their families, and snatches our bonny darlings out of the jaws of death. Eh! if ye knew as much about doctors as I know about them," she cried with a panting breath.

"I am sorry if I said anything that was not ceevil," said Kirsteen; "it was without meaning. Doctors have never done anything for my mother," she added with an impulse of self-justification.

"And whose blame is that? I know what David ordered her—and who ever tried to get it for her? He would have taken her to his own house, and nursed her as if she had been his own mother," cried Anne with heat.

Kirsteen with difficulty suppressed the indignation that rose to her lips.

"Him presume to consider my mother as if she were his own!" Kirsteen cried within herself. "He was a bonny one!" And there fell a little silence between the two sisters seated on opposite sides of the fire.

After a while Anne spoke again, hesitating, bending across the lively blaze. "Were ye, maybe, coming," she said with an effort, "to tell me—to bring me a—message?"

Kirsteen saw by the dancing light her sister's eyes full of tears. She had thought she was occupied only by the babies and the changed life, but when she saw the beseeching look in Anne's eyes, the quivering of her mouth, the eager hope that this visit meant an overture of reunion, Kirsteen's heart was sore.

"Alack," she said, "I have no message. I am just like you, Annie. I have left my home and all in it. I'm a wanderer on the face of the earth."

"Kirsteen!" Anne sprang to her sister and clasped her in her arms. "Oh, my bonny woman! Oh, my Kirsty!" She pressed Kirsteen's head to her breast in a rapture of sympathetic feeling. "Oh, I'm sorry and I'm glad. I canna tell ye all my feelings. Have ye brought him with you? Where is he, and who is he, Kirsteen?"

Kirsteen disengaged herself almost roughly and with great though suppressed offence from her sister's arms. "If ye think there is any he in the maitter, ye are greatly mistaken," she said. "If ye think I would take such a step for such a motive."

Anne drew back wounded too. "Ye need not speak so stern—I did it myself, and I would not be the one to blame you. And if there's a better reason I don't know what it is. What reason can a young lass have to leave her hame, except that there's one she likes better, and that she's bid to follow, forsaking her father and mother, in the very Scripture itself."

Mrs. Dr. Dewar returned to her seat—throwing back her head with an indignant sense of the highest warrant for her own conduct. But when she resumed her seat, Anne began to say softly: "I thought you had come to me with maybe a word of kindness. I thought that maybe my mother—was yearning for a sight of me as me for her—and to see my bairns. Oh, it would do her heart good to see the bairns! It would add on years to her life. What are ye all thinking of that ye cannot see that she's dwining and pining for a pleasant house and a cheerful life? David said it before—and he was most willing to be at all the charges—but they would not listen to him, and no doubt it's a great deal worse now."

"If you are meaning my mother, she is no worse," said Kirsteen. "She is just about the same. Robbie has gone away to India like the rest; and she just bore it as well as could be expected. I have not heard," said the girl, feeling the corners of her mouth quiver and a choking in her throat, "how she's borne this."

Both of them had the feeling that their own departure must have affected the invalid more strongly than any other.

"But she has not heard about your children, Anne. She would have said something."

Anne's lips were quivering too. She was much wounded by this assertion. She shook her head. "My mother's no one," she said, "that tells everything—especially what's nearest to her heart. Ye may be sure she knows—but she wouldna maybe be ready to speak of it to young lasses like you."

Kirsteen thought this argument feeble, but she said nothing in reply.

"And so Robbie's away," said Anne. "He was just a bit laddie that I put to his bed like my own. Eh, but time goes fast, when ye hear of them growing up that ye can mind when they were born. I tell David our own will just be men and women before we think." This thought brought a smile to her face, and much softening of the disappointment. "Oh, but I

would like my mother to see them!" she said.

Kirsteen reflected a little bitterly that this was all Anne thought of, that her curiosity about her sister had dropped at once, and that the children and the wish that her mother should see them—which was nothing but pride—was all that occupied Anne's thoughts. And there ensued another pause; they sat on either side of the fire with divided hearts, Anne altogether absorbed in her own thoughts of the past and present, of her old girlish life which had been full of small oppressions, and of her present happiness, and the prosperous and elevated position of a woman with a good man and bairns of her own, which was her proud and delightful consciousness, and which only wanted to be seen and recognised by her mother to make it perfect. Kirsteen on her side felt this superiority as an offence. She knew that her mother had "got over" Anne's departure, and was not at all taken up by imaginations concerning her and her possible children—though she could not but recognise the possibility that her own flight might have a much more serious effect, and she sat by her sister's hearth with a jealous, proud sensation of being very lonely, and cut away from everything. She said to herself that it was foolish, nay, wrong to have come, and that it was not for her to have thus encouraged the bringing down of her father's house. There was no such thing she proudly felt in her own case.

Suddenly Anne rose up, and lifting two candlesticks from the mantelpiece placed them on the table, "I hear David's step," she said with a beaming face.

"Then I will just be going," said Kirsteen.

"Why should ye go? Will ye no wait and see my husband? Maybe you think Dr. Dewar is not good enough to have the honour of meeting with the like of you. I can tell you my husband is as well respected as any in Glasgow, and his name is a kent name where the Douglasses' was never heard."

"That can scarcely be in Scotland," cried Kirsteen proudly, "not even in Glasgow. Fare ye well, Anne. I'm glad to have seen ye." She paused for a moment with a shake in her voice and added hurriedly, "and the bairns."

"Oh, Kirsteen!" cried Anne rushing to her side, "Oh Kirsteen, bide! Oh bide and see him! Ye will never be sorry to have made friends with my man."

"Who is that, Anne," said a voice behind them, "that ye are imploring in such a pitiful tone to bide? Is it some unfriend of mine?"

"No unfriend, Dr. Dewar," said Kirsteen turning round upon him, "but a stranger that has little to do here."

"It is one of your sisters, Anne!"

"It's Kirsteen," cried Anne with wet eyes. "Oh David, make her stay."

CHAPTER XX.

Dr. Dewar was a man of whose appearance his wife had reason to be proud. None of the long-descended Douglasses were equal to him either in physical power or in good looks. He was tall and strong, he had fine hands, a physician's hands full of delicacy yet force, good feet, all the signs that are supposed to represent race—though he was of no family whatever, the son of a shopkeeper, not fit to appear in the same room in which ladies and gentlemen were. Kirsteen had stopped short at sight of him, and there can be no doubt that she had been much surprised. In former times she had indeed seen him as her mother's doctor, but she had scarcely noticed the visitor, who was of no interest to a girl of her age. And his rough country dress had not been imposing like the black suit which now gave dignity and the air of a gentleman which Kirsteen had expected to find entirely wanting in her sister's husband. His somewhat pale face, large featured, rose with a sort of

distinction from the ample many-folded white neck-cloth, appropriate title! which enveloped his throat. He looked at the visitor with good-humoured scrutiny, shading his eyes from the scanty light of the candles. "My wife is so economical about her lights," he said, "that I can never see who is here, though I would fain make myself agreeable to Anne's friends. Certainly, my dear, I will do what is in me to make your sister bide. I would fain hope it is a sign of amity to see ye here to-night, Miss Kirsteen."

"No," said Kirsteen, "it is not a sign of amity. It was only that I was in Glasgow, and thought I would like to see her—at least," she added "I will not take to myself a credit I don't deserve. It was Mrs. Macgregor put it into my head."

"Well, well," said Dr. Dewar, "so long as you are here we will not quarrel about how it was. It will have been a great pleasure to Anne to see you. Are the bairns gone to their beds, my dear?"

"They're scarcely sleeping yet," said Anne smiling at her husband with tender triumph. "Go ben," she said putting one of the candlesticks into his hand, "and see them; for I know that's what has brought ye in so soon—not for me but the weans."

"For both," he said pressing her hand like a lover as he took the candle from it. Anne was full of silent exultation for she had remarked Kirsteen's little start of surprise and noticed that she said nothing more of going away, "Well?" she said eagerly, when he had disappeared.

"Well,"—said Kirsteen, "I never heard that Dr. Dewar was not a very personable man, and well-spoken. It will maybe be best for me to be getting home, before it's very late."

"Will ye no stay, Kirsteen, and break bread in my house? You might do that and say nothing about it. It would be no harm to hide an innocent thing that was just an act of kindness, when you get home. If I am never to get more from my own family," cried Anne, "but to be banished and disowned as if I were an ill woman, surely a sister that is young and should have some kind thought in her heart, might do that. Ye need say nothing of it when you get home."

"I will maybe never get home more," said Kirsteen overcome at last by the feeling of kindred and the need of sympathy.

"Oh, lassie," cried Anne, "what have ye done? What have ye done?—And where are ye going?—If ye have left your home ye shall bide here. It's my right to take care of you, if ye have nobody else to take care of ye, no Jean Macgregor, though she's very respectable, but me your elder sister. And that will be the first thing David will say."

"I am much obliged to you," said Kirsteen, "but you must not trouble your head about me. I'm going to London—to friends I have there."

"To London!" cried Anne. There was more wonder in her tone than would be expressed now if America had been the girl's destination. "And you have friends there!"

Kirsteen made a lofty sign of assent. She would not risk herself by entering into any explanations. "It's a long journey," she said, "and a person never can tell if they will ever win back. If you are really meaning what you say, and that I will not be in your way nor the doctor's I will thankfully bide and take a cup of tea with ye—for it's not like being among strangers when I can take your hand—and give a kiss to your little bairns before I go."

Anne came quickly across the room and took her sister in her arms, and cried a little upon her shoulder. "I'm real happy," she said sobbing; "ye see the bairns, what darlins' they are—and there never was a better man than my man; but eh! I just yearn sometimes for a sight of home, and my poor mother. If she is weakly, poor body, and cannot stand against the troubles of this world, still she's just my mother, and I would rather have a touch of her hand than all the siller in

Glasgow—and eh, what she would give to see the bairns!"

Kirsteen, who was herself very tremulous, here sang in a broken voice, for she too had begun to realise that she might never again see her mother, a snatch of her favourite song:

> True loves ye may get many an ane
> But minnie ne'er anither.

"No, I'll not say that," said Anne. "I'll not be so untrue to my true love—but oh, my poor minnie! how is she, Kirsteen? Tell me everything, and about Marg'ret and the laddies and all."

When Dr. Dewar entered he found the two sisters seated close together, clinging to each other, laughing and crying in a breath, over the domestic story which Kirsteen was telling. The sole candle twinkled on the table kindly like a friendly spectator, the fire blazed and crackled cheerfully, the room in the doctor's eyes looked like the home of comfort and happy life. He was pleased that one of Anne's family should see how well off she was. It was the best way he felt sure to bring them to acknowledge her, which was a thing he professed to be wholly indifferent to. But in his heart he was very proud of having married a Douglas, and he would have received any notice from Drumcarro with a joy perhaps more natural to the breeding of his original station than dignified. He felt the superiority of his wife's race in a manner which never occurred to Anne herself, and was more proud of his children on account of the "good Douglas blood" in their veins. "Not that I hold with such nonsense," he would say with a laugh of pretended disdain. "But there are many that do." It was not a very serious weakness, but it was a weakness. His face beamed as he came in: though Kirsteen had said that her presence was not a sign of amity he could not but feel that it was, and a great one. For certainly the Laird's opposition must be greatly modified before he would permit his daughter to come here.

"Well," he said, making them both start, "I see I was not wanted to persuade her to bide. I am very glad to see you in my house, Miss Kirsteen. Ye will be able to tell them at home that Anne is not the victim of an ogre in human form, as they must think, but well enough content with her bargain, eh wifie?" He had come up to them, and touched his wife's cheek caressingly with his hands. "Come, come," he said, "Anne, ye must not greet, but smile at news from home."

"If I am greetin' it's for pleasure," said Anne, "to hear about my mother and all of them and to see my bonny Kirsteen."

"She has grown up a fine girl," said the doctor looking at her with a professional glance and approving the youthful vigour and spirit which were perhaps more conspicuous in Kirsteen than delicacy of form and grace. Her indignation under this inspection may be supposed. She got up hastily freeing herself from Anne's hold.

"I must not be late," she said, "there's Mrs. Macgregor waiting."

"Tell the lass to bring the tea, Anne—if your sister is with friends—"

"I'm telling her that her place is here," cried Anne, "it is no friends, it is just old Jean Macgregor who is very respectable, but not the person for Kirsteen. And we have a spare room," she added with pride. "The doctor will hear of none of your concealed beds or dark closets to sleep in. He insists on having a spare room for a friend. And where is there such a friend as your own sister? We will send Jean to bring your things, Kirsteen."

Kirsteen put a stern negation upon this proposal. "Besides," she said, "it would be no advantage, for I am going on to London without delay."

"To London?" cried the doctor, "That's a long journey for ye by yourself. Are you really going alone?"

"I'm told," said Kirsteen composedly, "that the guards are very attentive, and that nobody meddles

with one that respects herself. I have no fear."

"Well, perhaps there is no fear—not what ye can call fear; for, as you say, a woman is her own best protector, and few men are such fools as to go too far when there's no response. But, my dear young lady, it's a long journey and a weary journey; I wonder that Drumcarro trusted you to go alone; he might have spared a maid, if not a man to go with ye." The doctor's weakness led him to enhance the importance of Drumcarro as if it were a simple matter to send a maid or a man.

"Oh, but Kirsteen says," Anne began, remembering the strange avowal, which she did not at all understand, that her sister had made. Kirsteen took the words out of her mouth.

"It's not as if I were coming back to-day or to-morrow," she said quickly, "and to send any person with me would have been — not possible — I will just keep myself to myself and nobody will harm me."

"I am sure of that," said the doctor cheerfully. "I would not like to be the man that spoke a word displeasing to ye with those eyes of yours. Oh, I'm not complaining; for no doubt ye have heard much harm of me and little good—but ye have given me a look or two, Miss Kirsteen. Does not this speak for me?" he added, raising Anne's face which glowed with pleasure and affection under his touch—"and yon?" pointing to the open door of the room in which the babies slept.

Kirsteen was much confused by this appeal. "It was far from my mind to say anything unceevil," she said, "and in your own house."

"Oh, never mind my own house, it's your house when you're in it. And I would like ye to say whatever comes into your head, for at the end do what you will, my bonny lass, you and me are bound to be friends. Now come, wifie, and give us our tea."

The dining-room in Dr. Dewar's house was more dignified than the parlour. It was used as his consulting room in the morning, and Kirsteen was impressed by the large mahogany furniture, the huge sideboard, heavy table, and other substantial articles, things which told of comfort and continuance, not to be lightly lifted about or transferred from one place to another. And nothing could be more kind than the doctor who disarmed her at every turn, and took away every excuse for unfriendliness. After the dreadful experiences of her journey, and the forlorn sense she had of being cut off from everything she cared for, this cordial reception ended by altogether overcoming Kirsteen's prejudices, and the talk became as cheerful over the tea as if the young adventurer had indeed been a visitor, received with delight in her sister's house. She went away at last with the old woman greatly against Anne's will who tried every entreaty and remonstrance in vain. "Surely ye like me better than Jean Macgregor," she said. "Oh, Kirsteen, it's far from kind—and the spare room at your disposition, and the kindest welcome—I will let you give the bairns their bath in the morning. Ye shall have them as long as you please," she said with the wildest generosity. It was Dr. Dewar himself who interrupted these entreaties.

"My dear," he said, "Kirsteen has a great deal of sense, she knows very well what's she's doing. If there is a difficulty arisen at home as I'm led to conclude, it will just make matters worse if she's known to be living here."

"I was not thinking of that," cried Kirsteen, feeling the ungenerosity of her motives.

"It may be well that ye should. I would not have you anger your father, neither would Anne for any pleasure of hers. She is in a different position," said the doctor. "She's a married woman, and her father cannot in the nature of things be her chief object. But Kirsteen, my dear, is but a girl in

her father's house, and whatever her heart may say she must not defy him by letting it be known that she's living here. But to-morrow is the Sabbath-day. The coach does not go, even if she were so far left to herself as to wish it; and it could not be ill taken that you should go to the kirk together and spend the day together. And then if ye must go, I will engage a place in the coach for ye and see ye off on Monday morning."

"Oh, I must go, and I almost grudge the Sabbath-day," said Kirsteen. "I am so restless till I'm there. But I must not give you all that trouble."

"It's no trouble. I'll go with ye as far as the coach-office. I wish I was not so busy," said Dr. Dewar with a delightful sense of his own consequence and popularity, and of the good impression it would make. "I would convoy ye to London myself. But a doctor is never at his own disposition," he added, with a shake of his head.

The Sunday which followed was strange yet delightful to Kirsteen. It was like the last day of a sailor on shore before setting forth upon the unknown, but rather of a sailor like Columbus trusting himself absolutely to the sea and the winds, not knowing what awaited him, than the well-guided mariners of modern days with charts for every coast and lighthouses at every turn. Kirsteen looked

> On land and sea and shore,
> As she might never see them more.

All was strange to her even here, but how much stranger, dark, undeciphered, unknown was that world upon the edge of which she stood, and where there was absolutely nothing to guide her as to what she should encounter! Kirsteen was not quite sure whether she could understand the language which was spoken in London; the ways of the people she was sure she would not understand. Somewhere in the darkness that great city lay as the western world lay before its discoverer. Kirsteen formed an image to herself of something blazing into the night full of incomprehensible voices and things; and she had all the shrinking yet eagerness of a first explorer not knowing what horrors there might be to encounter, but not his faith in everything good. The Sunday came like a strange dream into the midst of this eagerness yet alarm. She was almost impatient of the interruption, yet was happy in it with the strangest troubled happiness; though it was so real it was bewildering too, it was a glimpse of paradise on the edge of the dark, yet unreal in its pleasure as that vast unknown was unreal. She played with the children, and she heard them say their prayers, the two little voices chiming together, the two cherub faces lifted up, while father and mother sat adoring. It was like something she had seen in a dream—where she was herself present, and yet not present, noting what every one did. For up to this time everything had been familiar in her life—there had been no strangeness, no new views of the relationship of events with which she was too well acquainted to have any room for flights of fancy.

And then this moment of pause, this curious, amusing, beautiful day passed over, and she found herself in the dark of the wintry morning in the street all full of commotion where the coach was preparing to start. She found her brother-in-law (things had changed so that she had actually begun to think of him as her brother-in-law) in waiting for her to put her in her place. Kirsteen's chief sensation in all that crowded, flaring, incomprehensible scene, with the smoky lamps blazing, and the horses pawing and champing, and every one shouting to every one else about, was shame of her bundle and fear lest the well-dressed, carefully-brushed doctor should perceive with what a small provision it was that she was going forth into the unknown. No hope of blinding his eyes with the statement that she was going to friends in London if he saw what her baggage consisted of. He put her, to her surprise, into a comfort-

able corner in the interior of the coach, covering her up with a shawl which he said Anne had sent. "But I was going on the outside," said Kirsteen. "Ye canna do that," he said hastily. "You would get your death of cold, besides there was no place." "Then there is more money to pay," she said feeling for her purse, but with a secret pang, for she was aware how very little money was there. "Nothing at all," he said waving it away, "they are just the same price, or very little difference. Good-bye, Kirsteen, and a good journey to you. A doctor's never at his own disposition." "But the money, I know it's more money." "I have not another moment," cried the doctor darting away. Was it possible that she was in debt to Dr. Dewar? She had almost sprung after him when Mrs. Macgregor appeared carrying the bundle and put it on Kirsteen's knee. "Here is your bundle, Miss Kirsteen; and here's a little snack for you in a basket." Thank heaven he had not seen the bundle, but had he paid money for her? Was she in debt to Anne's husband, that common person? There was no time, however, to protest or send after him. With a clatter upon the stones, as if a house were falling, and a sound on the trumpet like the day of judgment, the coach quivered, moved and finally got under way.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW BIOGRAPHY OF POPE.[1]

It is thirty-five years, as every reviewer has remarked, since the edition undertaken by John Wilson Croker and now completed by Mr. Courthope was announced; but the real beginning of the work that Mr. Courthope brings to a close may be said to date from the papers by Mr. Dilke, of which that announcement was the text. Mr. Dilke's discovery of the Caryll letters may be said to have opened a new chapter in the history of Pope's reputation. By this lucky find, followed up with amazing acuteness and patience, Mr. Dilke was able to clear up several incidents which had baffled all previous biographers; and his success and the piquancy of his discoveries gave an immense stimulus to research into the obscure particulars of Pope's life and the obscure allusions in his poetry. Pope's marvellous intellectual activity and ingenuity, and his persistent habit of mystification in everything relating to himself, made his life and works the best possible field for the exercise of detective skill. By all this the edition now completed has profited. But for Mr. Dilke's researches, and the impulse they gave to investigation, it could never have been what it has become. Mr. Elwin, Mr. Courthope's predecessor, made the most ample acknowledgment of his debt to this enthusiastic volunteer from the outside; and now one of the main interests of the biography which it has fallen to Mr. Courthope to execute is to see how he views Pope's character under the fierce light that has been thrown upon it. The new biographer is in the position of a judge hearing an important case re-opened after the discovery and production of a vast and intricate mass of fresh evidence.

[1] "The Life of Alexander Pope"; by William John Courthope, M.A. London, 1889.

The importance of Mr. Courthope's decision is considerable. The completeness of the new edition must make it the standard for a good while to come, and the accompanying biography has thus a position of great advantage for influencing the general judgment of Pope's character. It is just as well that the biography should have been delayed till the disturbing effects of the new discoveries had passed away, and that the task of judicially weighing and summing up should have fallen to one whose judgment has not been biassed by the first shock of damaging revelations, and whose temper has not been exasperated by the worry of tracking the man of many mysteries through the perplexing details of his subtle little plots and manœuvres. It is just as well that Mr. Elwin's place was taken by Mr. Courthope before the stage of passing final judgment was reached. Mr. Elwin had great merits as a critic; it would be most unjust not to acknowledge the excellence of his editorial work. He spared no pains in research: he passed over no difficulty; and he took as much trouble to make his statements clear and concise as he did to make his information accurate. In his notes and introductions he gave a very fair and full representation of the commentaries of previous authorities. His own judgments on critical points were perhaps too uniformly hostile and unsympathetic; but they could never be accused of haste, and they were always backed by well considered and closely expressed reasons. Perhaps an unfair impression of his want of sympathy was given by his having to deal chiefly with Pope's earlier and more imperfect work; when he did admire, as in the case of the Rape of the Lock, he expressed his admiration ungrudg-

ingly. But in all that concerned the moral character of his subject Mr. Elwin wrote too much as a righteously indignant avenger, as one who had been disgusted by the discoveries of Pope's double-dealings, and whose anger had been kept alive by having to track his tortuous courses through so many perplexing circumstances. Pope had endeavoured to pass off a sophisticated correspondence as genuine, and the interests of truth demanded that the deception should be exposed. "I do not pretend to think," Mr. Elwin said, "that genius is an extenuation of rascality;" and it was as a rascal, a detected and discredited impostor, a gentleman who had stooped to the arts of a professional forger and swindler, that he pursued the poet through all his dealings with friends and enemies, publications and publishers. Pope cannot protest his goodwill to an acquaintance in the exaggerated fashion of his time without drawing down upon himself the comment—"At the age of twenty, when frankness usually preponderates, Pope already abounded in the ostentatious profession of sentiments he did not entertain." In the same letter Pope professes indifference to fame—a not uncommon profession, and one not often taken too seriously by the discerning: "In spite of his boasted apathy," Mr. Elwin comments, "there cannot be found in the annals of the irritable race a more anxious, jealous, intriguing candidate for fame." And so on. One tires of it after a time, and begins to doubt whether it is generous, or even just, or at all proportioned to the offence.

No doubt when an intriguer is found out, it is well to make an example of him *pour encourager les autres*. But Mr. Elwin carries it too far in the case of Pope. He strikes a note of excess, and a misleading note, when he speaks of Pope as "an intriguing candidate for fame." The intrigues in which Pope has been detected do not belong to the time when he can properly be said to have been a candidate for fame; they were engaged in long after his fame was established, partly to humiliate his enemies, and partly to gain credit for a universal benevolence and lofty equanimity of soul which he did not possess. He gained his fame originally by honest means enough, purely on his merits, in spite of the considerable disadvantages of obscure parentage and unpopular religion. Rascality and swindling are not excused by genius; deception is deception, and perfidy is perfidy. But what Mr. Elwin seemed to forget was that there are degrees of moral turpitude. One may hold this without incurring any suspicion of Jesuitical ethics. Our righteous indignation does not rise to the same height against all offences that may be put in the same general category. Falsehood is falsehood, but there are degrees. A man who tries to swindle the world out of its good opinion, to make people believe him full of "the unclouded effulgence of universal benevolence and particular fondness," with no motive but sheer vanity and inordinate love of applause, cannot without violence to common sense be put on the same moral level with the professional forger. Nine people out of ten who read the full narrative of Pope's frauds are more disposed to laugh at the ingenuity and fatuity of his tricks than to denounce them in angry reprobation. They are inexcusable and disgraceful, but taken in all their circumstances, as incidents in the life of a man otherwise memorable, they are nearer peccadilloes than crimes. A year or two ago, in writing a short sketch of Pope's life for an encyclopædia, I hazarded the opinion that when all the new revelations of Pope's intriguing habits are fairly weighed, his character remains where Johnson left it, neither better nor worse. "In all this," Johnson remarks of one of Pope's manœuvres about the Dunciad, "there was petulance and malignity enough, but I cannot think it very criminal." The remark might be extended to most of

the fresh instances of double-dealing. In judging of them it is well to bear in mind the maxim which the great moralist quoted as one "that cannot be denied," that "moral obliquity is made more or less excusable by the motives that produce it." It is satisfactory to find that Mr. Courthope approaches Pope in the spirit of Johnson rather than of Mr. Elwin.

Mr. Courthope does not try to extenuate or explain away Pope's moral delinquencies, but to put them in their proper place as parts of a very complex character. The result is that he brings us back to a judgment of Pope's moral character not substantially different from Johnson's. The space occupied by Mr. Dilke and Mr. Elwin in tracing with so much acumen the poet's mysterious ways, and the startling character of their revelations, have overloaded one side of the portrait, and Mr. Courthope has been at pains to restore the right proportion. His judicial deliverance will carry none the less weight that all the time he is adducing extenuating circumstances he protests that he has no intention of excusing or extenuating Pope's misdoings, and that "from the moralist's point of view the case must go undefended." The apparent inconsistency is only superficial; it is merely a nice question of naming. Mr. Courthope is quite right to say that he does not excuse or extenuate or defend from a moral point of view, if he thinks that the use of such expressions would imply that we ought to approve in Pope's case of conduct mean and contemptible in itself and unworthy of his fame. We need not quarrel about words, if a biographer observes just proportions in his general estimate of the man's moral nature as a whole, and if he allows due weight to considerations that prevent us from classing Pope morally with "professional swindlers" and "'dirty animals' like Joseph Surface." This Mr. Courthope does with great ability and fairness. Throughout the biography he gives prominence to the ideal and magnanimous strain in Pope's character as shown both in his private life and in his writings. Since the recent discoveries were made, Johnson has often been laughed at for speaking of "the perpetual and unclouded effulgence of universal benevolence and particular fondness" that shines out in Pope's letters. It has been assumed that all this was mere hypocrisy and pretence, because some of it was put in when he revised and redirected his correspondence, and that there was no such element as benevolence in the malign little poet's disposition. Mr. Courthope corrects this. His narrative gives fair prominence to the instances of kindly generosity to dependents and affectionate attachment to friends with which Pope's life abounds. The new letters in the correspondence, the letters that were not prepared for the public eye, are not all to Pope's discredit. Though he did alienate Bolingbroke by an inexplicable trick—it was, after all, a little trick—he kept the love of most of his friends, and Arbuthnot, a shrewd judge of men, credited him with "a noble disdain and abhorrence of vice." And whatever casuistry may be applied to the incidents of his life, it is not to be denied that the moral standard of his Satires as a whole is high. His praise of the Man of Ross, of Bathurst, of Allen, and of Barnard the Quaker must be set over against Sappho and Atossa, Sporus and Atticus; there is no good reason to suppose that his admiration of the one was less sincere than his hatred of the other. Mr. Courthope seems to me to fairly establish his contention that Pope was naturally of an ardent, generous, and romantic temper, and that this strain was never wholly lost amidst the bitter quarrels in which his later life was involved.

A generous warmth of temperament, craving for affection as well as admiration, craving for both intensely as necessities of a very fragile constitution, and apt to intemperate vindictiveness when they were withheld—

this was the basis of Pope's nature. His moral delinquencies are not put in a fair light unless they are viewed as the defects of such a temperament, launched out of a quiet, secluded, bookish youth into a world of roughly intriguing cliques and factions, "literature," as Mr. Mark Pattison happily puts it, "a mere arena of partisan warfare," and "the public barbarized by the gladiatorial spectacle of politics." It was in this school that Pope acquired his habit of plotting and double-dealing. Mr. Courthope suggests that he may have owed the habit to his Roman Catholic training. Equivocation was regarded by them as an excusable weapon against penal laws, and what is allowed in particular cases may easily be extended till it becomes a general rule of life. It may well be that Pope was helped by the casuistry of his Church in justifying his crooked ways to his own conscience. There is a trace of this self-deception in the words of his letter to Martha Blount:—"I have not told a lie (which we both abominate) but I think I have equivocated pretty genteelly." But, in truth, Pope did not need to go to his persecuted co-religionists for lessons in the art of genteel equivocation or hardier forms of duplicity. His political friends—and every man about town was then a politician—Jacobite and Hanoverian alike, were as accomplished in the art and as unscrupulous in the practice of it as any Roman Catholic priest. It was a fierce struggle for existence in the political world when the succession was uncertain and the throne insecure, and straightforward morality was not in fashion. Statesmen were fighting with life and all that made it worth having in peril, and were ready to use any means to win, whether of force or fraud. It is really by their intellectual qualities, their ingenuity, their far-reaching subtlety, their niceness of calculation, that Pope's intrigues are distinguished —their intellectual qualities and the pettiness of their objects. We must regard them as an imitation in his own private concerns of the games for larger stakes that were going on round him in the political field. There can be no doubt that Pope had great natural gifts for intrigue, and that he took to it with great relish. The pleasure of the sport, the employment that it offered to his restless ingenuity, blinded him to its immorality, and the passion grew upon him till he could do nothing directly, but "played the politician about cabbages and turnips." The fact that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points was with him a reason for not taking it. It is impossible even now to follow him through the steps of any of the intricate plots which recent inquiry has unravelled with such patience without some motions of sympathy with the artist's delight in his contrivances, so ingenious were they and out of all proportion to the advantage to be gained. Ingenuity, of course, is no palliation of fraud, but the amount of our indignation cannot but be affected by the impostor's motives, and the theory that finds in Pope's tortuous conduct nothing but mean and cowardly hypocrisy is simply imperfect analysis. This is just as indiscriminate as it is to find the animating spirit of his Satires in arrogant malignity and cruelty. Mr. Courthope does good service in his chapter on "The War with the Dunces" in tracing the history of the quarrel, and showing that the most shady transactions of Pope's later years were really incidents in a protracted war in which he was not the original aggressor. Not to have struck the first blow in a quarrel which he conducted with so many discreditable artifices and such relentless cruelty, is not, perhaps, much to boast of. But wanton malignity is undoubtedly a less respectable motive than vindictiveness, if we are to admit degrees of wickedness and of moral reprobation; and it is something to have it established by a careful judicial examination that Pope was vindictive rather than malignant.

As a clear, well arranged, and well

divided narrative of Pope's life, pervaded by a moderate and judicial estimate of his character, Mr. Courthope's biography is admirable. But his large and massive method of handling, which yields such excellent results in the condensed narrative of intricate events, and the judicial summing up of the complicated cases of conscience, is seen to want flexibility and precision when applied to such a many-sided question as Pope's place in literature. Perspicuity of manner is gained at the expense of exactness of substance. Mr. Courthope, indeed, places Pope with every appearance of exactness, with a bold geometrical simplicity, just at the point where lines representing Mediævalism and the Classical Revival intersect; but he is not so successful in his attempts to justify this simple diagram as corresponding to historical facts.

The defects of the massive method of handling are that it involves the omission of connecting links, and the assumption of large and definite masses common to the understanding of writer and reader. If the latter condition does not exist, the writer is tempted to take it for granted, and to refer to periods and tendencies on the large scale as if their characters were matters of clear and common knowledge, or at least established acceptation among critics. The result is that statements severally distinct, confident, and sonorous, give rise to a good deal of trouble when we try to reduce them to consistency for ourselves, or when the writer undertakes the office for us and attempts to supply the links of connection. Thus Mr. Courthope opens his biography by presenting the date of Pope's birth as a time of unsettlement and confusion, distracted by "opposing forces, Catholic and Protestant, Whig and Tory, Aristotelian and Baconian, Mediævalist and Classicist." Having thus boldly described the situation, he passes at once to his hero as "the poet who learned to harmonize all those conflicting principles in a form of versification so clear and precise that for fully a hundred years after he began to write it was accepted as the established standard of metrical music." It is a masterful and imposing introduction, but when the dazzled mind recovers and asks in what sense Pope can be said to have harmonized Catholicism and Protestantism, Whiggism and Toryism, Aristotelianism and Baconianism, Mediævalism and Classicism, it is not so easy to find a clear answer. It is right to say at once in fairness to Mr. Courthope that this is only the opening statement of his thesis, and that he does afterwards attempt, partly at least, to make it good and enable us to follow him intelligently in his bold transition from the general character of the time to the personality of Pope and the distinctive character of his work. But it is right also to say—and it illustrates the defects of the massive manner—that the reader would go very far astray who should take in its most obvious and literal sense Pope's harmonizing of these mighty opposites. To see how Pope harmonized Catholicism and Protestantism, one's first impulse would be to turn to the Essay on Man; but it cannot be there that the harmonization of which Mr. Courthope thinks is effected, for he calls it—not altogether justly—"a farrago of fallacies." So with Whiggism and Toryism. We recall the lines—

> For forms of government let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administered is best.

This cannot be the reconciliation spoken of, calling both parties equally fools. The truth, of course, is—if I rightly understand Mr. Courthope—that he uses the words Whiggism and Toryism, Protestantism and Catholicism, &c., in a subtle sense to signify a certain indefinite central idea or animating principle. The reader who wishes to penetrate to his meaning must tackle two very perplexing chapters, one on the Essay on Criticism, and a second on Pope's place in

English Literature, where the same topic is resumed.

These chapters are the least satisfactory part of the book. Perhaps it is that Mr. Courthope has tried to crowd too much into too little space. Seeing that he attempts to formulate the leading changes in the principles of poetic creation from Aristotle to Wordsworth, with the Essay on Criticism as a central and turning point, this is likely enough. Perhaps it is that his ideas took shape as he wrote, and that while he continued to make large and definite statements, they were not originally so cast as to show their coherency. At any rate the result is perplexing enough. Mr. Courthope at the end of the last chapter formulates certain conclusions about Pope's place in literature that one can at least understand, however much one may differ from some of them; but the discussion through which he reaches them is much less plain sailing, and it is not easy to follow the connection between some of the theories advanced in the course of it and the propositions to which we are finally conducted. Further, though the drift of the argument, so far as I can make it out, is paradoxical, it proceeds often by statements which are among the commonplaces of criticism, at least in words, and give it an air of plausibility till we see that it compels us, if we accept it as sound, to give them a special interpretation. The discussion would have been less intricate if Mr. Courthope had tried to establish Pope's position inductively by an examination of his poetry and a comparison of it with what came before and after. It is, however, by way of abstract discussion of his critical principles as laid down in the Essay that he proceeds, and thus we are involved in a bewildering series of definitions of what is meant by Nature, Wit, True Wit and False Wit, Mediæval Methods, and Classical Methods and Modern Methods. Finally, although the gist of the argument seems to be that the central artistic principle of Pope and his school is the "direct imitation of Nature," and that the Essay, in virtue of its distinct enunciation of this principle, occupies a more important position in literature than is commonly assigned to it, I have searched in vain for any attempt to define what is meant by that very familiar but not very tangible phrase "imitation of Nature." At least as much turns upon the meaning of that as on the meaning of Nature, and the conceptions of Nature prevalent at different times. But I will try to disengage his main positions, and examine what they seem to me to imply.

The starting-point of Mr. Courthope's dialectic, which has no lack of freshness and vigour if it is somewhat intricate, is the Essay on Criticism, the place to be assigned to it in literature, and Mr. Leslie Stephen's disparaging description of it as a "coining of aphorisms out of commonplace." This Mr. Courthope challenges, and maintains in effect that its critical principles were not commonplace to Pope's own generation, but that, on the contrary, when the Essay is taken in relation to the course of literature from Aristotle down through the Middle Ages to the time of Queen Anne, it is seen to mark an epoch. And the main significance of this epoch is, as I understand Mr. Courthope, the return after a long interval to a conception of the relations between Nature and Art identical with Aristotle's. According to Aristotle poetry is "a direct imitation of Nature;" and Pope brought Poetry back from Mediævalism to this conception when he counselled poets to

> First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
> By her just standard, which is still the same.

Mr. Stephen says that "Follow Nature" is a maxim "common to all generations of critics." Against this Mr. Courthope developes a theory of the essence of Mediævalism as consist-

ing in the imposition of subjective and metaphysical conceptions on Nature, and contends that the significance of Pope's advice was the clear and definite repudiation of this practice; that Pope in effect said, "Imitate Nature directly," and that this is the distinctive feature in his critical principles. He even seems to hold that it was in this that Pope's much discussed "correctness" consisted, and not in stricter attention to the rules of metre and grammar and rhetoric.

All this is comparatively simple, whether or not we agree with it. Perplexity arises when we begin to ask wherein Pope's adherence to the standard of Nature distinguishes him from our great poets before him and our great poets after him. We understand at once that Mr. Courthope's doctrine is opposed to the common habit in our century of speaking of Pope's poetry, as "artificial." So far I am, for one, in complete sympathy with him. But does he mean that Pope was the first poet in our literature to set up the just standard of Nature? His exposition here and there would seem to imply this, as well as the large importance that he claims for the Essay; but he expressly says that this is not his meaning. He expressly mentions Chaucer and Shakespeare among the poets who have imitated Nature directly. But if this direct imitation of Nature is the distinctive feature of Pope's principles, and the ground on which his school is called "classical," why are not Chaucer and Shakespeare also called "classical?" When we ask this we find ourselves not far off from Mr. Stephen's position that the following of Nature is a common maxim. Mr. Courthope's paradox would seem then only to amount to saying that great poets are all of one school. What, then, was distinctive in Pope's following of Nature?

Mr. Courthope would answer this in effect by saying that in Pope's mind Nature was opposed to the "false wit," the metaphors, conceits, fantastic allusions, and mystic symbolism of what Johnson called the "Metaphysical School" of the seventeenth century, Donne and Cowley, and the earlier work of Dryden. If he had not gone beyond this, and his serviceable illustration of the European prevalence of this false wit for more than a century, everybody would have understood him and agreed with him. It is tolerably obvious that abstinence from false wit in this sense is one of the items of Pope's correctness; he expressly particularizes it himself. Whether or not it is warrantable to describe Pope's method generally as a reaction against this false wit, as if it constituted the whole of his correctness, is another question. But Mr. Courthope does not stop here. He goes on to connect false wit with Mediævalism generally, the subtleties of Scholastic Philosophy, Thomas Aquinas, the Provençal poets, Dante and Petrarch, and the allegorical and symbolical presentation of Nature. Here again we admit the connection; anybody would; there is an obvious affinity between the keen, far-reaching, beautifully ingenious analogies of Donne and the analytic triumphs of the Schoolmen, of whom indeed Donne was at one time a close student. We admit the connection; but we pause when we are asked to jump from this admission to the conclusion that Pope's lines—

> True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
> What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed—

were a formal renunciation not merely of the conceits of the poetry of the seventeenth century, but of Mediævalism generally, as false wit, and a return to Aristotle and the standard of Nature.

It certainly is a most ingenious argument. If Mr. Courthope may claim to rank with Johnson as a judge of Pope's morality, he may equally claim to rank with Warburton as an interpreter of Pope's meaning. His interpretation of Pope's Classicism as opposed to Mediævalism carries with it the relation of the Essay to Whig-

gism and Toryism, Protestantism and Catholicism, Baconianism and Aristotelianism. Up to the time of the Revolution, which seated a Protestant on the throne, the Court had a leaning to Catholicism, and thereby encouraged Mediævalism, and the Tories were the party of the Court. Thus, although Pope himself was a Catholic and a personal friend of the leading Tories, the Essay on Criticism, in virtue of its protest against Mediævalism in poetry, falls into line with the anti-mediæval spirit of Whiggism and Protestantism. By Aristotelianism as opposed to Baconianism Mr. Courthope must mean the philosophy of Aristotle as developed by the Schoolmen, for it is part of his theory that Pope used the word Nature in the same sense as Bacon and consequently in the same sense as Aristotle. One is still left wondering what exactly he meant by saying that Pope "harmonized" all those opposing forces, seeing that the Essay is held to have signalized the final triumph of one class of them. But it is a most ingenious theory, certainly "witty" according to the definition of wit that Mr. Courthope quotes from Locke, whether we are to reckon it as true wit or the opposite.

Mr. Courthope's theory about the place of Pope's Essay on Criticism is so far sound that it maintains, in a very abstract and metaphysical manner, the tolerably plain fact that the Essay was part of the general and gradual emancipation of the English mind from mediæval habits of thought. Beyond this he does not seem to me to establish his case. Pope got less than his deserts from the critics of the last two generations: the fashion of taste had gone against him; but we should go as far wrong in the opposite direction if we argued that the advent of Pope in poetry was an event comparable to the advent of Newton in physical science, or to the advent of Locke in philosophy. Even if we admit that "True wit is Nature to advantage dressed" did mean in Pope's mind "True poetry is Nature directly imitated," how can a method which Pope had in common with Chaucer and Shakespeare, Ariosto and Cervantes, be said to be so distinctive of a school as to warrant the title of "classical"? Personally I do not think that the *differentia* of the so-called "classical" school is to be found in formal critical principles; it seems to me to lie rather, as I have indicated before in this magazine, in unconscious habits of expression. It has obtained the name "classical" on more superficial grounds, namely, that translations of Latin and Greek masterpieces and imitations of leading classical forms were among its most conspicuous productions, and that its critics, in the earlier period of the school, professed great deference for the ancient authorities. Certainly directness cannot be said to have been a prominent feature of its imitations of Nature, if direct imitation is the opposite of allusive, allegorical, and abstract presentation. We may pass the Rape of the Lock as direct, if we get a definition of Nature that includes sylphs and gnomes; but what shall we say of the Dunciad? And what shall we say of the countless odes to and descriptions of personified Seasons, Passions, Institutions, Conditions, Faculties, which held the field till the last years of the century? These were at least as much indirect imitations as the Roman de la Rose, the great mediæval example of allegory, and yet they form the bulk of the work of the "classical" school.

Mr. Courthope has not proved his paradox about Pope's relation to his predecessors, and he makes out a still less plausible case for a still bolder paradox about Pope's relation to Wordsworth. There is such a refreshing novelty about a theory which upholds Pope as distinctively the poet of Nature, and Wordsworth as a reactionary ally of "false wit," that one could wish it were not so manifestly strained and perverse. It is to be regretted too for another reason, that just as there is justice in Mr.

Courthope's defence of Pope against the charge of being peculiarly artificial, he does lay stress upon a feature in Wordsworth's theory of poetry that is very often overlooked. Wordsworth, though he is commonly called the poet of Nature, claims supremacy for the imagination in poetic work:

> Imagination needs must stir . . . .
> Minds that have nothing to confer
> Find little to perceive.

Coleridge says the same thing in the familiar lines:

> Dear Lady, we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does Nature live.

There is no antagonism between this and adherence to the just standard of Nature, unless Nature is taken in a very limited sense; but it gives Mr. Courthope an opening for connecting the modern poets with the false wits whom Pope superseded, and developing and pointing against them a new interpretation of the line—

> What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed.

Pope the antagonist of the metaphysical school, had taught that the essence of poetry was the presentation, in a perfect form, of imaginative materials common to the poet and the reader—"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." Wordsworth maintained, on the contrary, that matter not in itself stimulating to the general imagination, might become a proper subject for poetry if glorified by the imagination of the poet. There is an obvious analogy between this method of composition and the wit, or *discordia concors*, which was the aim of the seventeenth century poet.

This would have been true enough if it had been part of Wordsworth's theory that a poet's imagination may give poetic value to anything—a broomstick, for instance—irrespective of the ordinary laws of feeling. It is only by taking this as Wordsworth's meaning that Mr. Courthope is able to give a semblance of plausibility to his case, and starting with a little misunderstanding he goes on to enlarge this till we find him taking it as a condition of poetic work on Wordsworth's theory that the poet should "burn the bridge of connection between himself and his readers;" that is, should consult only his own feelings, and pay no regard to the manner in which other men think and feel. In answer to this it is sufficient to point out that the opposite of this is repeatedly asserted to be a poet's duty in the Preface to the "Lyrical Ballads," a document to which Mr. Courthope refers as an "animated rhetorical treatise," but which, judging from his extraordinary perversions of its leading doctrines, he cannot have studied very attentively. How can he reconcile the following extract from the Preface with what he says of Wordsworth's theory:

> The Poet is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. *But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men.*

The truth is that Wordsworth's quarrel with artificial poetic diction was that it was not intelligible to men in general as the appropriate expression of the feelings described. "The poet thinks and feels," he said, "in the spirit of human passions. How then can his language differ from that of all other men who feel vividly and see clearly?" Wordsworth was very far indeed from ignoring, even in theory, the need of "imaginative materials common to the poet and the reader," and he was fully alive to the danger of yielding to what he called "particular associations" as distinguished from such as were general; but, as he explains, he was obliged to trust his own judgment as to what would be intelligible to his readers. What other judgment than his own would Mr. Courthope suggest for the poet's guidance? How can the poet reach the common heart or the common mind except through his own heart

and mind? Where else can he find his imaginative materials? But it is not easy to make out what function Mr. Courthope assigns to the imagination in poetry. "In every great epic or dramatic poem," he says, "the action or fable, in every great lyric poem the passion, is not imagined and discovered by the poet, *but* [what is the point of the antithesis?] is shared by the poet with his audience: the element contributed by a poet singly is the conception and form of the poem." "The imaginative materials are common to the poet and the audience." Mr. Courthope seems to mean that unless a poet chooses subjects—fables, situations, characters, passions—that are easily and widely intelligible, and intrinsically interesting, he must be content with a limited audience. But why should this be said in words which appear to deny the creative character of the imagination, as if Shakespeare had not "imagined" the passion of Hamlet and Othello, or Milton had not "imagined" the bearing, the despair and the defiant hatred of his rebel angels in the fiery pit?

On his title-page Mr. Courtney quotes the saying of Horace, *Difficile est proprie communia dicere.* It is difficult; but one often feels in reading his critical chapters that he has succeeded. One could wish that his exposition of his paradoxes had been as successful as his disguise of his endoxes, for it is a gallant and vigorous attempt to give new life to an old controversy.

W. Minto.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

In studying the plans laid down by Friedrich Froebel for the education of young children, one is reminded of a passage in his letter to Krause, where he says:

> Here there budded and opened to my soul one lovely bright spring morning, when I was surrounded by Nature at her loveliest and freshest, this thought, as it were by inspiration:—That there must exist somewhere some beautifully simple and certain way of freeing human life from contradiction, or as I then spake out my thought in words, some means of restoring to man himself at peace internally; and that to seek out this way should be the vocation of my life.

Froebel in his own childhood had suffered much from this contradiction in life. He had a severe father and an unsympathetic stepmother; and had himself felt the ill effects of a stern and rigid rule, which merely required conformity to the given law, without enquiring if conformity were possible. He had found this kind of rule a hindrance to true development, inasmuch as organic growth cannot take place according to rules prescribed from without, but only according to the natural law. Gradually the idea took shape in his mind that this contradiction was not a necessary condition of life, that the soul and the outer world are not meant to be for ever at war, that when we have learned to live aright this conflict will cease, and they will be at one.

The idea of the introduction of harmony into education and into life seems to be the keynote of all Froebel's teaching. At the time that the thought above quoted from the letter of Krause first came to him, he had not as yet realised that this harmony might be effected by a change in education; he came gradually to see that the object for which he was striving was the substitution of development for repression and arbitrary rule. He says again in the same letter:

> My experience, especially that gained by repeated residences at the university, had taught me beyond a doubt, that the method of education hitherto in use,—especially where it involved learning by rote, and where it looked at subjects simply from the outside or historically, and considered them capable of apprehension by mere exercise-work—dulled the edge of all high true attainment, of all real mental insight, of all genuine progress in scientific culture, of self-contemplation, and thus of all real knowledge and of the acquisition of truth through knowledge. I might almost go further and say that its tendency was towards rendering all these worthy objects impossible. Therefore I was firmly convinced, as of course I still am, that the whole former educational system, even that which had received improvement, ought to be exactly reversed, and regarded from a diametrically opposite point of view—namely, that of a system of development.

The principles of Froebel, when rightly understood, are not only a guide enabling us to form natural systems of education, but also a far-reaching criticism of life in general, teaching as they do that the ideal life is not one in which there is constant strife between the soul and the outer world, but one in which these are in harmony; that we must not waste our energies in striving to perform the impossible, but must rather work out our best impulses with integrity and without affectation. But while Froebel's principles are in theory equally applicable to the conduct of life and to methods of education, they are practically more easily applied to the latter. For the outer

world in which our children live is less complicated and more easily regulated and arranged. We cannot provide them with an ideal world but we can do much more for them towards this object than we can for ourselves. Let it not be said that they will thus be unfitted for life in the world as it is. Rather will they be strengthened and enabled to take their places rightly therein,—enabled also each in his own sphere and according to his strength to exert the right kind of influence upon the outer world and help on progress in the right direction.

A well-regulated *kindergarten* is an example on a small scale of what life in the outer world ought to be. Each individual is encouraged to exercise choice in all cases where it is not hurtful to the community, and no one is compelled to do disagreeable things for the sake of what is so often falsely called discipline. The children are not asked if they are good or told that they are bad. They are not encouraged to think about themselves at all, but the moral feelings are unconsciously developed because there is an atmosphere of sympathy and happiness. Fear, the most common cause of untruthfulness in children, is entirely removed, and the nature of the surroundings is such as to gradually diminish other causes such as boastfulness and selfishness. The teacher watches the children and makes use of their own natural tendencies to further the objects which he has in view. He works with them, constantly helping and encouraging, gently turning their efforts in the right direction, and never takes up the position of a cold and rigid martinet. A child who does not succeed in anything he is trying to do is not punished and generally not blamed; but the children are not idle, because they are interested in their work, and because success is always preferable to failure. On the moral as well as on the intellectual side, the teacher does not make demands upon the powers of the children which are not likely to be satisfied. Right action in this matter requires sympathy, judgment and experience. It is hurtful to the moral nature to be asked to perform a good action of which that nature is not yet capable, but it is by the performance of that which is within its powers that the moral nature is strengthened and developed. Thus the child learns by doing, and moral progress becomes a steady development instead of a constant struggle between duty and inclination. This is the only way of reaching that absence of effort which is as necessary to a harmonious life as it is to a work of art. It also tends to produce in every individual a certain true simplicity of nature, which in a sense makes every one a genius by freeing him from the bondage of a dull conventionalism.

The same principles apply on the intellectual side of development. One must not set up an arbitrary standard before the child and crudely expect him to attain to that. In short, we must find something which he can do, and not peremptorily order him to perform things which are impossible to him. What is the right cure for idleness? First of all it may be safely stated that punishment is *not* the cure. Idleness is generally a sign either that the work is too difficult or that it is unsuited to the child. Very few children will prefer doing nothing to suitable occupation; and those few are in an unhealthy condition, probably caused by previous mismanagement. A headmaster remarked not long ago in a speech on prize-day that he had often seen an apparently dull boy changed into a bright, happy one, by being set to practical work in the laboratory. When children are dull, it is the business of the persons who are educating them to find out why they are dull, and apply the right remedy. The children cannot find it out for themselves, any more than they can discover the causes and cures of their bodily ailments. They often

have a vague sense that they are not being treated fairly, and in some cases they even learn to regard teachers as their natural enemies.

The fact is that not only is teaching useless when it fails to arouse interest, but it is injurious to the moral nature as well as to the mind. An ignorant boy is a less unsatisfactory object than one crammed with undigested information. One does not know how to begin to improve the latter; he seems a hopeless case; he is persuaded that all school-books are unutterably dull, and never opens one if he can avoid doing so. When this state of mind is once produced it is difficult to alter it. Probably it can only be altered by giving up school-books entirely for many months, and putting the boy to some totally new occupation. But it is by no means an impossible task to prevent its being produced at all. In a *kindergarten* a child's mind never gets into this state. There is a steady development which should be continued throughout the period of education. The pressure of contradictions—which is incompatible with real moral and intellectual progress—should never be introduced.

One of the problems of the present time is the successful application of Froebel's principles to the education of children beyond the age for the *kindergarten*. Owing to the fact that the attention of teachers has been more frequently directed to the practical working out of Froebel's principles so far as young children are concerned than to the general principles themselves and their application to the training of older children, we have not yet a good system of training for children too old for the *kindergarten* and too young for the grammar-school. In many *kindergartens* there are classes for children who have reached this stage, and an attempt is made to carry on the system; but the teaching is apt to be a little too childish, to fail in rousing fresh interests and not to develope sufficiently the energies of the children. Yet it appears to be less injurious than that often given to children between seven and fourteen years old in the junior classes of grammar-schools and high-schools, where tasks are too often set which are beyond the powers of the children, or fail to arouse their interest, in some cases even producing a feeling of positive disgust towards all kinds of school-work. A few months of such teaching often destroys the effect of years of careful and wholesome training. The child learns nothing which is of any real value, and his whole moral nature is strained and irritated. Perhaps fear of the teacher is added to the other difficulties of the case,—and yet it would not be fair to blame him too severely. It is difficult for masters who are inexperienced in teaching, and fresh from the university, to understand and sympathize with the requirements of minds at a stage of development so different from their own. In many cases they are doing their work as well as they know how to do it; but they have undertaken a difficult task, and often have no idea of the care which is needed to perform it rightly. True sympathy with children is chiefly found in the young who can remember their own childhood distinctly, and in those who are old enough to have the feelings of a parent towards them. A few men, and more women, have it throughout life. It would not be possible, however, to select a person less likely to have sympathy with a child, than a man between the age of twenty and twenty-four, who has lately been giving all his attention to the development of his own mind. As this is the kind of teacher boys under twelve years old generally have in grammar-schools, the result is naturally not satisfactory. But the fault is more in the system than in the individual teacher.

It is not yet generally recognized that the younger a child is, the more important is the training which he receives. Froebel realized this fully, and wisely applied himself to working out in detail a good system of training

for very young children. In our time a system of wholesome training for children between seven and fourteen is still urgently needed. It is beyond the scope of the present paper to enter into detail as to what this training must or must not be. But some points may be mentioned. (1) There must be the regular performance of some kind of useful work suited to the age and capacity of the child. (2) Book-learning must be given up in the case of any child to whom it cannot be made pleasurable. (3) Prizes must not be given for success in school-work, nor punishment for failure. (4) The natural love that children have for games must be taken advantage of, so as to cause a healthy development of the moral nature, the physical powers, the imagination, &c. (5) The energies of the child must be fully as well as harmoniously developed, and the child's growth must not be stunted by too easy work. (6) A love of nature and of all forms of beauty must be stimulated and encouraged.

The difficulty of establishing a natural system of education is much increased by the anxiety on the part of parents to see at every point evidence of their children's progress. This natural but inconvenient wish has prevented the *kindergarten* system from coming more generally into use, and unless parents can be induced to place more confidence in the capacity and judgment of teachers, it is to be feared that it will also prevent the introduction of improved systems of training for older children. In inspecting schools for young children an examiner should make it his business to find out whether they are being taught in the right way, not whether they have reached a high standard of book-knowledge. The latter is of little or no importance, the former is all-important. We should not hear so many protests against examinations if examiners knew how to do their work rightly. At present examiners think it is their business to find out what the children know, and so long as that is the case examinations will not be satisfactory. Are the children's minds in a healthy state and are their faculties being drawn out in the right way? These are the questions that need attention. An examination should be so conducted as to avoid developing self-consciousness and other morbid tendencies. We want to teach the children to be, not to seem. More freedom is needed both for teachers and children. Perhaps it may not be thought safe to grant the freedom; that has often been the case in history, and yet the grant of freedom has been generally justified by its results.

Frequent examinations prevent natural growth. We do not expect our gardeners to show us the roots of their growing plants. A child's attention should be fixed if possible more on the subject of study itself than on his own progress in it, and examinations as they are now conducted are apt to prevent this. They are less injurious to older children when an interest in the subjects themselves has been firmly established. But all examinations tend to encourage the performance of work in order to show what one can do, which is not a good motive for human conduct. It is wholesome to work from interest in a subject, or in order to help others, but not in order to show that we can do well, still less that we can do better than others. An object of this kind tends to destroy that "harmony of life," that "peacefulness of heart," the attainment of which for himself and others was Froebel's chief object. In our time, when the conflict of life seems to be constantly increasing, this harmony and peacefulness seem to be further off than ever. It is more difficult to introduce harmony into complicated than into simple forms of life. We have had many writers of pretty ballads but only one Shakespeare. In past generations there were many people who lived harmonious but narrow lives, the men pursuing the same occupations which their fathers pursued before them, and th

women chiefly occupied with household concerns, thus quietly passing through a life of calm content without hurry or striving. Many of them worked out in their lives the saying that "to do is better than to know," though perhaps if they had heard it they would hardly have understood it. But this kind of life has become impossible, and the problem now is how to introduce unity into the turmoil of modern life.

Like Froebel when a problem of the same kind presented itself to him, we turn to a change in education for its solution. Much may be done by training children to value things in their right proportions from the first, and by encouraging them to preserve the simplicity and reality of childhood, instead of exchanging them for the shams and conventions of "grown-up-land." Our faith ought not to be less than that of Froebel. It is true that the conditions are now more complicated, but on the other hand the world is now beginning to awake to the immense importance of right education. We are now taking pains to find out what is really wanted in the lives of the poor, instead of trying to force upon them things which we think they ought to want, so that many lives, which would otherwise be very narrow, are gradually being widened in a wholesome way. It is going out of fashion to offer to people because they are poor, mental and moral food which the givers would decline if offered to themselves. In short, there is more reality than at any former period in the efforts of the rich to help the poor, and an earnest attack is being made in this direction on the contradictions of life. There are many among the rich who are painfully oppressed by the weight of luxuries which it appears impossible under present conditions to share with others, and are making earnest endeavours to find out the right kind of mercy which shall really bless him that gives and him that takes. It is found that something can be done by offering opportunities for culture, for innocent enjoyment, for participation in simple pleasures, and to those who are capable of it, for deeper thought. So that here also we find in wholesome education a lessening of the contradictions of life.

And just as a thoughtful teacher learns nearly as much from his pupils as they learn from him, so do those who are engaged in widening the lives of the poor find themselves refreshed and strengthened by the wholesome simplicity, practical commonsense, and steady patience which are so often found among those who spend their lives in hard manual toil. Steady work teaches many lessons which cannot be learned in any other way, and when it does not absorb the whole nature, and is such that the worker can take pleasure in it—it is wholesome training. So much is this the case that perhaps what is most needed just now for the children of those who are not poor is this same manual work, if only for a short time every day. In this would be found a cure for many of the nervous diseases which are so common. It would give some knowledge of the nature of the objects with which we are surrounded, and the right feeling of respect for labour which it is difficult to give in any other way. It would develope the physical powers and the natural tendency which children have to help others, a tendency which is very insufficiently developed at present. The work must be useful—one kind of useful work being of course the production of beautiful things—or it will fail in its chief object. The child must not think it is done entirely for his sole benefit, and therefore it must not be done solely for that purpose, as it is no part of sound education to deceive a child for his supposed good.

In a well-conducted *kindergarten* the children do work which fulfils these conditions so far as it is possible to do so at their age. The right kind of beginning is made. As they

get older they should learn to do harder work and work of a more practical kind, and also continue the endeavour to produce beautiful things. There is no kind of useful work which cannot be made a pleasure to the worker if set about in the right way. Froebel, in writing of his childhood, mentions the advantage he received from helping his father and mother in gardening and in household occupations.

As in intellectual work, it is very important not to make too large demands at first upon the powers of the child. The development of his powers must be gradual and will then be pleasurable. If a feeling of despair is allowed to arise, progress becomes impossible until the happiness of the child is restored by encouragement. Pleasure and trust in the teacher are necessary conditions of development. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished by a teacher without close sympathy with and love for the child. An attempt to further the development of a human being by harsh rule and stern command, with threats of punishment, is like pulling the branches of a tree to make them grow. If the tree be firm and strong, no effect is produced beyond some slight damage to the branches; but if the tree be young and tender, its delicate roots are bruised and broken. Growth does not come by force. The right conditions must be supplied, the right food offered, and then the growth will take place naturally and freely. It is most true, as Froebel points out, that plant-life teaches many lessons about education.

In child-nature there is an infinite variety, and sympathy with the special needs of each individual is necessary for right development. We want to lighten somewhat the pressure of custom which lies upon us with a weight

> Heavy as frost and deep almost as life,

and to bring out in every child something of that fresh originality of mind which, when it is found, makes even ignorant persons agreeable companions and useful members of society, and which is also the first condition of brilliant success in all work.

Nature is a great healer and sets many crooked things straight. A child's mind, when working under reasonably free conditions, seizes upon that which it requires and disregards that which is unnecessary or hurtful. There is some tendency on the part of teachers in the *kindergarten* not to realize this quite sufficiently, and consequently to make their system a little too artificial. It is not satisfactory to bind one's self down too rigidly to one method however good. The laws of mental development are at present very imperfectly understood. Growth often takes place in unexpected ways, or does not take place when we should expect it. The order of development is less rigid and more variable than is sometimes supposed. If this were not the case, there would be more difference than there is at present between a child educated in a *kindergarten*, and one educated in a well-ordered home. In the home the objects present themselves to the child without any fixed order—he tumbles into knowledge; and this want of system is not without its advantages, seeing that we cannot make our systems perfect. Even if a definite system be pursued, some time and opportunity must be given at all stages of education for this chance development. In a home where a child is allowed, under the care of some educated person, to investigate the objects around him and the natural and artificial processes which are conducted in the house and its surroundings, much healthy development may take place without any fixed system. But a life which is limited to the nursery with artificial playthings and a daily walk by the side of a perambulator is eminently unsatisfactory. An ignorant nurse has no idea of the kind of sympathy and help a child requires. Even when she is fond of him she interrupts the workings of his mind with rude laugh-

ter. She does not understand how to speak the truth, though if convenient she will stigmatize an unintentional misstatement as a lie. She will capriciously surround him with vexatious restrictions, yet will develope self-consciousness and selfishness by flattery and over-indulgence. This is not a promising state of things; but a determined child, especially if he be fortunate enough to have brothers and sisters, will modify it somewhat by engaging in active and healthy play whenever he can elude the vigilance of his nurse, who is full of anxiety about the state of his clothes, and disapproves of most kinds of games. In a house where a reasonable amount of freedom is allowed, and where the children are intelligent and active in mind and body, they will, unaided by their elders, carry on their development by means of games in a fairly satisfactory manner. This part of education is, however, better managed in a *kindergarten* than anywhere else. Opposing tendencies are woven into harmony by the experienced teacher, suggestions are made when required, and the needs of all the children are duly considered. Every child takes part according to his ability, and no one is forgotten or neglected. The children are perfectly happy, because they are not indulged too much or over-excited, and the performance is as different from the proceedings at an ordinary children's party as Milton's "heart-easing mirth" from his "vain deluding joys."

We owe to Froebel the first recognition of the high purpose in children's play, and the idea of ordering and arranging it so as to form a harmonious development according to Nature's methods. Full of sympathy with child-nature, and having himself a child-like simplicity of mind, he saw that true education is not the suppression of natural tendencies, but their wholesome encouragement. The outside life of the world has many inharmonious elements. In these children's games we have a little image of the world with the inharmonious elements eliminated. Joining in them is a training for living the right kind of life. The children do not talk about living rightly, but they do it. This is the best preparation for the right use of a wider experience.

A Teacher of ethics better known than Froebel taught that the first condition of right life was to "become as a little child."

NOTE.—In quoting from Froebel's letter to Krause, the English translation by Emilie Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore has been used.

THE BALLAD OF THE LAST SUTTEE.

[Not many years ago a King died in the Rajpoot States. His wives, disregarding the orders of the English against *suttee*, would have broken out of the palace had not the gates been barred. But one of them, disguised as the King's favourite dancing-girl, passed through the line of guards and reached the pyre. There her courage failing, she prayed her cousin, a baron of the court, to kill her. This he did, not knowing who she was.]

UDAI CHAND lay sick to death
  In his hold by Gungra hill.
All night we heard the death-gongs ring
For the soul of the dying Rajpoot King,
All night beat up from the women's wing
  A cry that we could not still.

All night the barons came and went,
  The lords of the outer guard;
All night the cressets glimmered pale
On Ulwar sabre and Tonk jezail,
Mewar headstall and Marwar mail,
  That clinked in the palace yard.

In the golden room on the palace roof
  All night he fought for air;
And there was sobbing behind the screen,
Rustle and whisper of women unseen,
And the hungry eyes of the Boondi Queen
  On the death she might not share.

He passed at dawn—the bale-fire leaped
  From ridge to river-head,
From the Malwa plains to the Abu scaurs;
And wail upon wail went up to the stars
Behind the grim zenana-bars,
  When they knew that the King was dead.

The dumb priest knelt to tie his mouth
  And robe him for the pyre.
The Boondi Queen beneath us cried:
"See, now, that we die as our mothers died
"In the bridal bed by our master's side!
  "Out, women!—to the fire!"

We drove the great gates home apace;
  White hands were on the sill;
But ere the rush of the unseen feet
Had reached the turn to the open street,
The bars shot back, the guard-drum beat—
  We held the dove-cote still.

A face looked down in the gathering day,
And laughing spoke from the wall:
"Ohé, they mourn here; let me by—
"Azizun, the Lucknow nautch-girl, I!
"When the house is rotten, the rats must fly,
"And I seek another thrall.

"For I ruled the King as ne'er did Queen,—
"To-night the Queens rule me!
"Guard them safely, but let me go,
"Or ever they pay the debt they owe
"In scourge and torture!"—She leaped below,
And the grim guard watched her flee.

They knew that the King had spent his soul
On a North-bred dancing-girl;
That he prayed to a flat-nosed Lucknow god,
And kissed the ground where her feet had trod,
And doomed to death at her drunken nod,
And swore by her lightest curl.

We laid him down in his fathers' place,
Where the tombs of the Sun-born stand;
Where the grey apes swing, and the peacocks preen
On fretted pillar and jewelled screen,
And the wild boar couch in the house of the Queen
On the drift of the desert sand.

The herald read his titles forth,
We set the logs aglow:
Friend of the English, Free from Fear,
Baron of Luni to Jeysulmeer,
Lord of the Desert of Bikaneer,
King of the Jungle,—go!

All night the red flame stabbed the sky
With wavering wind-tossed spears;
And out of a shattered temple crept
A woman, who veiled her head and wept,
And called on the King,—but the Great King slept,
And turned not for her tears.

Small thought had he to mark the strife—
Cold fear with hot desire—
When thrice she leaped from the leaping flame,
And thrice she beat her breast for shame,
And thrice like a wounded dove she came
And moaned about the fire.

One watched, a bow-shot from the blaze,
The silent streets between,
Who had stood by the King in sport and fray,
To blade in ambush or boar at bay,
And he was a baron old and gray,
And kin to the Boondi Queen.

He spake: "O shameless, put aside
"The veil upon thy brow!
"Who held the King and all his land
"To the wanton will of a harlot's hand!
"Will the white ash rise from the blistered brand?
"Stoop down, and call him now!"

Then she: "By the faith of my tarnished soul,
"All things I did not well
"I had hoped to clear ere the fire died,
"And lay me down by my master's side
"To rule in Heaven his only bride,
"While the others howl in Hell.

"But I have felt the fire's breath,
"And hard it is to die!
"Yet if I may pray a Rajpoot lord
"To sully the steel of a Thakur's sword
"With base-born blood of a trade abhorred"—
And the Thakur answered, "Aye."

He drew and smote; the straight blade drank
The life beneath the breast.
"I had looked for the Queen to face the flame,
"But the harlot dies for the Rajpoot dame—
"Sister of mine, pass, free from shame,
"Pass with thy King to rest!"

The black log crashed above the white;
The little flames and lean,
Red as slaughter and blue as steel,
That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,
Leaped up anew,—as they found their meal
On the heart of the Boondi Queen!

YUSSUF.

THE FATHER OF LOW GERMAN POETRY.

"I DECLINE to recommend your book: it is its own recommendation. It will make an oasis in the desert." So wrote the foremost critic and literary historian in Germany, one who never flattered, and who had lately lost his professorial chair as the price of telling his king the truth,—so wrote, in 1852, Gervinus to a young and unknown writer who had sent him his book with a request for some commendatory words. The book came from a lonely island in the Baltic, and bore the felicitously daring title of "Quickborn (running spring)"; but its chief singularity lay in its being written in a tongue which, though familiarly used along the entire sea-board of the German Baltic and North Sea, was as strange to verse, almost to print, as the finger-counting of a rustic huckster to the honours of symbolic notation.

To-day in the presence of the various achievement of Groth and Reuter, we have no difficulty in seeing the significance of that long literary atrophy of the Low German speech to which "Quickborn" put an end. In Reuter's pretty idyll, "Hanne Nüte," its story is told by the help of a picturesque fable.

I know an oak by the North-sea strand,
Through its boughs the North-wind rages,
Proudly it lifts its crown in the air;
It has stood for a score of ages:
By no human hand
Was it planted there,
And it spreads from Pommern to Netherland.

The King and Queen hear of this marvellous tree and go down to the shore to see it. "Who has tended it that it grows so finely?" they ask. And young fellow steps forward: "Sir King, it owes little to you or your Queen. The great people had no time to tend it, and so we labouring-folk took it in hand and reared it for our own." We are gradually in this nineteenth century coming to discover what wealth of natural colour and scent there is in these gnarled and knotted giants of the primeval forests, and what potent music the wind can wake in their branches. In other words, we have perceived that no considerable mass of people can grow up and grow on for generations, earning its bread by daily but not brutalizing labour, and sweetening its labour in due measure with laughter and love, without developing in its midst germs of poetry which it is a loss to literature to ignore, but which can only be expressed with full effect in its own language. This we take to be the final justification of dialect-poetry. Much, indeed, which goes or has gone by that name does not deserve it in this sense. The scenes of clown and boor in dialect scattered through the genial dramatists from Aristophanes onward, which merely exploit the ludicrous effect of an uncouth speech, are not dialect-poetry. Nor, on the other hand, are learned transpositions into dialect of forms and scenery essentially alien and remote. Even Allan Ramsay, charming as he is, remembers the elegant artificialities of the pastoral rather too well. We read our "Pope in worsted stockings," also, with esteem; but heaven preserve us from Pope in a blouse!

From both these errors the creator of *Platt-Deutsch*, or Low German, poetry, like his forerunner Burns and his contemporary Barnes, was preserved; from the first by natural bent, from the second by prolonged and concentrated toil. Klaus Groth, whose seven-

tieth birthday has lately been celebrated all over Germany, was born in 1819 near Heide—the little provincial capital of Western Holstein—in his father's windmill; a strange, romantic sort of dwelling, "fit nurse for a poetic child." A boyhood outwardly uneventful, but full of ingathered impressions which later on gave its strange intensity of emotional tone to his landscape-painting, full also of strenuous discipline in various fields of learning, led him in 1842 to enter upon the critical work of his life. "There still lives here," he says in a private letter from his home near Kiel to the present writer, "a schoolmaster to whom, as a student, I confided my still unformed plans. It needed ten years more, five of them spent on the lonely island of Fehmarn, before the first fruits were ripe;—ten years of wearing labour, the secret toil of an alchemist, for I should have been thrown into a madhouse if any one had suspected what I was at." Such was the time in which appeared the work prophesied by Gervinus to have the effect of an oasis in the desert. And the prophecy was just. Before long all Holstein was singing his songs and telling his tales.

Groth's gift to his countrymen in "Quickborn" may fairly be called unique. Neither Barnes nor Burns (to repeat the too alliterative formula which it is difficult in this connexion to escape) has reflected the whole life of a country-side, present and past, with at once so comprehensive and so subtle an eye for the poetry of common occupations, for the gleams of fine colouring which lurk among the grays and russets of a homely folk of farmers and fishers. Barnes, with all his exquisite and loving portraiture of the dear Dorsetshire he knew, and with all his kindly enthusiasm for its traditions and antiquities, as a poet wholly ignores its past. The poetry of that past resides for him, not in the great deeds of Alfred nor in the tragedy of that Bloody Assize which Jeffreys opened in the scarlet-hung court of Dorchester, but in the Anglo-Saxon grammar and the curious cultivation of its quaint and old-world terms. Burns, on the other hand, a poet of impulse if ever there was one, but wholly devoid of constructive power ignores with rare exceptions whatever cannot be flashed upon the mind with the sudden brevity of a lyric,—the element of story in fact, the gradual changes of outward circumstance and inward emotion which make up a story as distinguished from a mere anecdote. Barnes, in a word, and speaking broadly, has no ballads; Burns has no tales. But some of Groth's finest and most memorable work belongs to these two classes; and he is in some, no doubt a much smaller measure, not only the Barnes and the Burns of Holstein, but its Walter Scott also.

It might appear that the poet of the flat, undistinguished North Sea marshes had intrinsically much the most difficult task of the three. The lovely undulating woodlands of our south coast, with their steep slopes of green down and intervening glimpses of glittering sea, were not for him; nor yet the sweep of the high Scotch moorland with its mountain-torrents and glinting birch-glens. He had not to do with a people cast either in the mould of the idyllic, if somewhat sleepy, rusticity of Dorset, or in that of the more drastic and sharp-featured world of "Scotch religion, Scotch drink, and Scotch manners," which Mr. Arnold has, summarily enough, told us is the world of Burns. But he had to do with a people, somewhat unostentatious and reserved certainly, holding its powers somewhat in the background, yet nevertheless possessing a wealth both of practical energy and of imaginative power which have filled its history with stirring records, its folklore with dreamy mythology, and its homes with the irrepressible arabesques of the amateur wood-carver. And he had the still, vast landscape of Holstein, with its boundless reaches of golden corn-land and sandy heath,

and of pastures scented with flower and honey; with its horizon so far and so level that you see the blue sky right down to it on all sides, while miles away along the white road that stretches like a gleaming thread from you to it, you still detect the horseman who passed you half an hour ago and the church tower whose bells you no longer hear. A flock of larks rises up like a chorus close at hand. By the still pool, a little further, a stork meditatively watches for his prey. The vast shadows of the clouds speed over the plain, subduing for a moment the dazzling lustre of the fields of rape, and turning from silver to gray the wings of the wild geese that sail in unsteady procession overhead. And if you follow their flight westward, you will probably perceive a thin line of shimmering light along the horizon, where the North Sea lurks insidiously behind its rampart of sandy shallows.

Such a landscape has its own subtle charm which never loses its hold upon those who have grown up in it. The born Marsh-man clings to it with passionate tenacity, and "even in Paradise," says Groth, "would never lose the oppressive longing for its melancholy splendour." It has also terrible and unforeseen capacities of its own as a gathering-ground of history and legend. War in these flat regions has little of the romance and adventure which belong to it in a country of cliff and crag, full of rocky fastnesses for refuge and lonely dells for ambush. But it has the stern tragedy of a struggle which, just because no refuge is possible, is fought out desperately to the bitter end. Its incidents are not picturesquely varied, but brief, sudden, intense; the smooth canvas lends itself little to the play of light and shade, but gathers the colour into blotches and pools which add to the force if not exactly to the pleasantness of the picture. The sea, too, as on every coast where the sands are wide and shallow and the tides swift, has contributed many a mysterious story to the legends of the country-side. You may hear there, as on other such shores, of village girls carried off by mermen, and mermaids wedded to villagers; of drowned men who neither died nor lived, conscious only of a dreamy longing to return; of poor pebble-seekers by the strand, drawn into the sea by a mysterious compulsion as though a voice called them and they had to go, and never returning to wife and children.

Among the finest parts of "Quickborn" are those in which such history or legend as this is retold in unadorned yet thrilling verse as, for instance, in "From the Old Chronicle," and in "Cottage Tales (*Wat sik dat Volk vertellt*)." The fate of the buried city of old Büsum, for instance, is more impressive in the reticent brevity of Groth's few stanzas than in the most detailed narrative.

Old Büsum lies below the wave,
The waters came and scooped its grave.

They scooped and scoured, they crawled and crept,
The island to the deep they swept.

Never a stick nor straw was found;
All buried in the gulf profound.

Nor any kine, nor dog, nor sheep;
All swallowed in the deepest deep.

Whatever lived and loved the light,
The sea locks in eternal night.

Sometimes at lowest ebb you see
The tops of houses in the sea.

Then peers the steeple from the sand
Like to the finger of a hand.

Then are the bells heard softly ringing
And the choristers softly singing;

And it is whispered o'er the deep:
"Suffer the buried dead to sleep!"

Nor would it be easy to surpass the terrible intensity of the lines which tell how the Marsh peasants avenged an incursion of Holstein nobles, an incident in the interminable feuds of the fifteenth century. The Hamme, it should be explained, is a kind of fortified pass on the road from Ditt-

marsch to Holstein proper, where it runs as a narrow stone-paved track through thick woods with deep trenches on each side. On August 4th, 1404, Duke Gerhard suddenly seized this pass.

"What moves along the Hamme so red and so white?"
Three hundred knights of Holstein, ready and ripe for fight.
The Dittmarschen yeomen had ruddy gold laid by,—
The Dittmarschen yeomen, they held their heads so high!

"What lies along the Hamme so pale and so red?"
Three hundred knights of Holstein in their bloody bed.
The Dittsmarschen yeomen that day they taught the lords,
They have gold in their coffers,—and iron in their swords.

"What moves along the Hamme so wan and so white?"
Three hundred Holstein ladies to the burial-rite.
The Dittmarschen yeomen on the Hamme stood that day!
And God's curse upon the nobles when they ride again this way!

This was not the only instance of a crushing defeat inflicted by these sturdy peasants upon the northern chivalry. The battle of Hellingsted a century later was a still more significant triumph. But the sixteenth century here as elsewhere in Germany brought with it the close of these prolonged and fruitless feuds, and in a manner disastrous and humiliating for the peasantry. Forced in a last decisive battle, in which all their leaders perished, to succumb, the miserable remnant laid down their arms and passed into the condition of serfs. This pathetic moment in the history of his country has been recorded by Groth in his poem of "The Last Feud." But, after all, only a fragment of Groth's work is devoted to these "battles long ago"; indeed the very conception of his stirring ballads was an afterthought and due to a felicitous hint from his great friend Müllenhoff. He is at heart the singer of the "familiar matters of to-day, which have been and shall be again." Now in brief snatches of lyric verse, now in sustained and flexible narrative, he tells us whatever is moving or piquant in the unwritten chronicle of the country-side, or in that subtler volume which writes itself in the memory of an observant poet. The tale of the stone at Schalkholt, for instance, the worn inscription on which records how two brothers were rivals for the hand of the same girl, the trimmest in the parish. "What's amiss, brother?" asked one, as they met one morning; "you look so melancholy. Cheer up and put your best clothes on to-morrow, for I am coming with my bride." "To-morrow I have no time, I must be away to the heath, else the wolf will make off with one of my flock." To-morrow came, and the newly engaged brother was found shot dead on the spot where the stone was afterwards raised to his memory. Or the tale of the girl who flies from her home in the Marsh-land with her sailor-lover, carried off in the grey of early morning trembling with fear and with love, while he is all exultation and triumph:

My boat is in the harbour,
My ship is by the strand,
And my true love is in my arms—
Good-bye, my fatherland!

Or the "Organ-player,"—the defiant young scapegrace over whose unregenerate boyhood the village-gossips had prophesied evil and the schoolmaster lost patience—who sells his inheritance, flashes out in momentary splendour with the proceeds, and then, when all is gone, takes to the portable organ and bears through Europe the pageant of his still defiant high spirits:

What care I for the mouldy pack!
I've all my music on my back,
I sing my song and have my crack,
And turn my organ round!

A page or two further, and we hear, in subtle contrast with these rollicking

stanzas, the pathetic wail of the "Old Harp-player," who has seen her youth and beauty go by, and as she crawls with her melancholy music from house to house shivering with cold and ague, recalls, like Villon's La Belle Heaulmière, the days when she sang, a rosy-cheeked girl, for very joy of heart, never dreaming of poverty and death. Verses of extreme simplicity, these, which in any cultured and artificial speech would seem bald with their plaintive repetitions, their lingering emphasis upon the same thought, but which in the homely folk-speech pierce like a natural cry. A yet sterner aspect of poverty meets us in the powerful sketch, "Peter Plumm." A young girl, Anna Blum, lives with her widowed mother and six still younger brothers and sisters. Forced to go into service for their support the child, in order to get better wages, conceives a strange plan. Late on one stormy night a boy presents himself, starved and shivering, at a cottage in a distant village, and begs for shelter. None of the farmers to whom he had applied for work cared to hire a young fellow of such delicate make and tender skin. He is taken in and cared for, and in spite of his being "a bit fine," given work. "Peter" rapidly becomes a general favourite,—winning golden opinions among the village housewives by his steadiness and neat-handed skill, for he cares little for drink, makes and mends his own coats, and never runs after the girls. Anton, his master's son, is his devoted friend. Seven years passed by, and then one day the military inspector made his rounds, and Anton and Peter were required to present themselves as recruits. To the amazement of the whole family the douce and canny Peter burst into a storm of tears and passionately refused to go. . . .The next morning the whole village knew that their Peter was a girl, and they rapidly discovered that they had always suspected as much. The new Anna soon turned everybody's head, and her old comrade Anton above all followed her everywhere about, complaining only of her girlish care for her long locks;—"Why should she be a butterfly among the rustic grubs?" But the end of the butterfly was sad,—so sad that the poet can scarcely bring himself to hint it, so intolerable does he feel the discord to be. Anna murdered her child, and it was at the foot of the lonely gallows-tree on the moor, and by the hangman's hand, as the German custom is, that the long locks were at length cut off. The hint is enough, and the poet, who feels too keenly to describe it, is too human to point it with any other moral than, "Oh, the pity of it!"

And human he remains even when he enters the less tragic but more oppressive atmosphere of the alms-house,—the tedious last chapter of so many a miserable story, with nothing wanting but the sententious epigram of the moralist and the *finis* of death. Long before Groth, George Crabbe had drawn its image in "The Borough" with the merciless fidelity of a prose Dante. His Blaney and Clelia and the rest are not so much studies in life as shocking examples, paraded with solemn, though perfectly sincere, unction for the warning of a dissolute age. Groth, on the other hand, a large-hearted artist with little vocation for writing pamphlets in rhyme, is drawn by a subtle attraction towards this shattered wreckage, as he calls it, of society. The alms-house is for him the lumber-room of the civic mansion, unvisited, unswept, uncared for, strewn with old and battered furniture, shattered minds and broken hearts, shrivelled and dusty lives. There is the silver-haired blind man who sits outside by the door, drawing figures in the sand with his stick, his glassy eyes fixed on the clouds as he listens to the chimes of other days still ringing in his ears. There is the aristocratic pauper,—"the Baron," who never appears in the street without gloves and a cane, and is profusely gracious to any compassionate donor of a slice of bread and butter. And

there are the two old men who have been in other days master and servant, but whom fortune has brought to the same level, and will soon lay in the same grave. Bowed and silent they sit opposite to each other at the deserted supper-table, and the monotonous memories drift into their minds. "How long is it ago, Jehann? It seems like yesterday; I had just built my new granary," and the old man tells for the hundredth time the story of his lost lôve.

Reminiscence, it will be seen, with its strangely mingled pangs and raptures, plays a large part in the poetry of Groth, and it is at this point that he touches hands, most obviously and on most nearly equal terms, with Burns. Elsewhere, indeed, he imitates him more directly, as in his "Hans Schander;" but the splendid vehemence, the bounding swiftness of "Tam o' Shanter" lie outside the scope of the less dynamic genius of the author of "Quickborn." It is to the elegiac, the passionate Burns that Groth is really akin; to the Burns of "Ye Banks and Braes" and of "Auld Lang Syne." The overpowering pathos of

> We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
> From mornin' sun till dine;
> But seas between us braid hae roar'd
> Sin auld lang syne,

has not often been more nearly approached than in "Min Jehann."

On the other hand, if he wants the boisterous humour of Burns, he has touches of his arch and sly fun, and he has, besides, a peculiar and delightful playfulness of his own, less potent and keen, indeed, but full of zest and charm. Children, we know, have only in the nineteenth century attained their true rank as subjects and sources of poetry. They have bewitched great poets, and inspired small ones to the verge of greatness. They brought to Wordsworth his sublimest rapture; to Victor Hugo his truest tenderness; to Rückert his keenest pathos and his most delicate fancy. Groth, too, is a lover of children if ever there was one; but he is a joyous lover, whose ecstasy of worship finds freest vent in a game of hilarious fun with the object of it, and then, when the game is over, in verses like the delightful "Ah! thou little flax-head!"—one of the most genial pieces of idolatry in existence. He is, moreover, like his great follower, Reuter, one of the poets who hear the birds talk; and if he does not convince the sceptical reader that they do, he leaves him in little doubt that *Platt*,—the expressive, familiar, insinuating *Platt* of Groth,—would be their language if they did. If poetry is fine imagery and lofty music, there is little that is poetical about "Ducks in the Water"; yet it is one of the freshest and gayest pictures of bird-society in literature, less various and brilliant certainly, but as brimful of character and life within its limits as Chaucer's "Parliament of Foules" and the wonderful bird-scenes of Aristophanes.

"Quickborn" is for the student of Groth nearly what the Lyrical Ballads are for the Wordsworthians. It presents, that is, with fair completeness in narrow compass all the essential traits of the poet, and in certain directions also his final and consummate achievement. But it leaves, in others, faint outlines to be filled in, incomplete essays to be worked out. In fresh and buoyant inspiration, in faculty of song, in natural charm and grace, the "Quickborn" was hardly rivalled by its successors. He had there sung his best once for all, and as a lyric poet his sole and sufficient monument is there. But the idylls of "Quickborn," fine as they are, had not yet shown all that he could achieve in telling a pathetic story. It was reserved for the following years to give decisive proof of this,—and above all in the masterpiece which so refined a critic as Emmanuel Geibel with not unintelligible enthusiasm called the finest idyll ever written in any language, the "Heisterkrog." The charm of

Groth lies very largely in qualities of atmosphere and sentiment which evade description, but we will endeavour to give our readers the materials for forming their own judgment.

It opens with a scene full of life and movement, the stir and noise of which gives its full effect to the stillness and the seclusion of those which follow. Michaelmas Fair is going on in the little town of Bredsted; and Michaelmas Fair, in the rustic creed of all Lower Germany, is one of the three Christian festivals. The streets are thronged with seekers for pleasure and profit, while in the tavern-parlour sit over their pipes and beer the men of importance and understanding, cheapening the reputation of the passers-by. Suddenly the crowd draws back, and a carriage dashes furiously down the street towards the churchyard. The spectators watch it disappear and resume their pipes in silence. They know that it is the owner of the Heisterkrog escaping from the intolerable solitude of his desolated home to stand for a moment by the grave in which his happiness lies buried.

The figure thus vigorously introduced belongs to a type frequent in Groth, and is painted with delicate though unostentatious skill. The only son of a Dutch merchant who had withdrawn from the fitful fever of life in Amsterdam to spend the evening of his days in contemplative leisure in Holstein, Jan Van Harlem was alien both by race and inherited proclivities from the community of farmers in which he grew up. On the Heisterkrog, a lonely spot by the sea, his father had built a roomy Dutch farmhouse, planted trees and sown crops, and there the young Jan revelled in a boy's paradise of liberty, hectoring the labourers, or wandering through the rich meadows with an indigenous lad as his "slave," who hunted worms for Jan's hook and imperilled his skin for the wild honey which Jan consumed. The unemployed parsons and hungry students who were engaged to teach him Greek succeeded one another with great rapidity, and he grew up as Nature made him, a broad-shouldered, taciturn Fleming, with a foreigner's antipathy for his neighbours, returned in kind by them. Marriage might have healed these differences, but Jan displayed no susceptibilities of this kind, and those marriageable maidens who tentatively spread their nets only fortified his aversion. But the old father dreaded to see the estate pass out of his family; Jan yielded to his urgency, and presently a bride appeared from Holland, a distant relative, rather plain, elderly, and placid. Soon after the marriage the father died, but no child gladdened the solitary pair, and they lived on in haughty seclusion, with an unsatisfied and unconfessed hunger in their hearts.

There came at this time to live in a neighbouring cottage a weaver from Angeln,—that district of North-eastern Holstein which bred the makers of England and retains their name. He was a widower with a family of young girls. A pale, shy, industrious man, whose motto was Wake and Work! and who had made it his children's motto also. The eldest, Marie, soon became the pet and delight of the neighbourhood. The roughest huckster in the market softened, the lame potseller, whose tongue was the dread of schoolboys, forgot his bad temper when she came in sight with her large eyes demurely lowered under her broad straw hat. Acquaintance sprang up between the two families of settlers. Some inherited instinct of the Flemish blood was appealed to by the industrial occupation of the weaver. The lonely and childless wife, who had no other friend, was drawn to the fresh young girl. They became intimate. "No wonder the foreign refugees hang together," said the neighbours, who grudged the best farm in the county to the "pair of cheese-faces." Jan too was very glad to see his pale wife roused by this new friendship from her wistful reveries; nor was he without his own joy also when their car-

riage stopped at the weaver's door, and Mariken ran out

Warm as a chick into the winter air,
And called *Good-morning* as the birds cry *Spring!*

One of those passionate attachments which come once in a lifetime to many seemingly reserved and self-contained natures took possession of the friendless woman, and she asserted it with imperious energy. A cousin of the weaver appeared in whom she suspected designs upon the hand of her *protégée*. She appealed to her husband to "save" the child; she counteracted the new-comer's suit with the eagerness of jealousy, and when he imagined that he had won the game, by persuading the weaver to emigrate with him to America and then formally asking Marie for his wife, he found that she elected to let father and sisters go and accept the home eagerly pressed upon her by the lady of the Heisterkrog. And so the last farewells were said, and she was carried in tears across the fatal threshold.

With the elasticity of youth however she soon recovered her joyousness.

It was with her as with the thrush in spring,
That wonders at the first at its own song,
Stops ever and anon as if in thought,
Half doubting yet the joy whereof he sings;
So carolled she, then sadness made her still,
But, soon forgetting, the glad heart of youth
Wakened again within her, and the house
Through all its quiet chambers rang with joy
The while she wandered in them, like a rose,
Shedding the smell of summer where she trod.

Fun too she brought into the grave and stately household, and the childless husband and wife would sit and laugh like children as they watched her after-dinner mimicry of some luckless suitor:

Hands against sides and fingers thrust apart,
Murmuring a verse about eternal love
Out of the hymn-book.

And as his eyes lingered on her unconscious face, the solitary man who had never known love felt his compassion for the orphan grow subtly into a deeper emotion. In the long summer evenings he walked with her by the sea and told her of his childhood, and his dreams of the great world he had never seen. But the girl's thoughts were far away across the gleaming water, and she heard him,

But as we hear, half dreaming, half awake,
What pierces to the deepest heart of us,
But whether joy or terror, we know not,
Or as we listen to the sound of bells,
That haply ring of peril, haply bliss,
Perchance a wedding or perchance a death,
But sweet they are, whatever they may mean.

Slowly the dreamy pleasure took distinct form, and she realized with beating heart that it was she who made the brightness of Jan's home.

Autumn came on, and with it the crisis of this little history. It was one of those September mornings on which the buoyancy and hopefulness of spring seem for a moment to return, when the wind resumes the exhilarating and voluptuous tones of the April breeze. Jan was to drive to Michaelmas Fair and the horses stood at the door. As he looked out over the landscape he felt the old joy of life in his veins again. The faint murmur of the festive town in the distance stirred him like an enchanted voice calling him to live. Suddenly Marie entered to see him go. The embodiment of the happiness he had never found stood before him; under an irresistible impulse he clasped her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. Half fainting she made no resistance, and when she came to herself the black horses were galloping

madly away, and she sat there alone—

And heard the ticking of the parlour clock,
And saw the pictures on the oaken chest.

As she slowly gathered her thoughts she became aware of a confused sound of voices outside; and the little goose-girl came running in with wild eyes crying breathlessly, "The Mistress!" Marie started up, and hurried with instinctive foreboding to the moat. A glance was enough. She saw a hand that quivered, a fold of dress that rose and sank,—

And then the world for her was at an end.

She stood like a corpse at the water's edge, deaf to the ineffectual cries of the would-be rescuers (for by the sea-coast no one learns to swim), deaf to the taunting insinuations of the old nurse, who loudly related how she had seen the mistress rush from the house death-pale, saying "She would make an end of that." And so indeed it proved for Marie.

As poison slowly dropping in her heart,
And beating with her blood through all her limbs,
Till they grew stark, and rebels to her will,
So dropped her thoughts. Speechless and motionless
She stood, and shed no tear and breathed no sigh;
Then staggered with the rest into the house,
Climbed slowly up into her little room,
And nothing spoke, asking or answering,
Or wishing, or desiring, any more.

Jan returned to find his home shattered. He shut himself up in absolute seclusion, from which he emerged only when the fatal Michaelmas Fair came round, to hurry on furious wheels to the churchyard where slept the two women whose graves he had made.

Nothing, it will be seen, could be simpler in motive than the "Heisterkrog"; nothing also could be simpler than the means used to produce its nevertheless powerful effect. Its characters are plain country-people, relieved by no personal brilliancy or distinction from the background of unpretending Holstein landscape upon which they are thrown, but rather harmonizing and blending with it; for Groth's men and women have, like Wordsworth's, a certain air of belonging to, of growing out of, the mother-earth they tread, of being in some sense akin in their repose to the rock and the tree. Only, at a certain point in the low-toned canvas, the quiet lines become distorted and convolved, the subdued tones break into sudden glare and gloom; the dry and mechanical nature awakens to find itself in the grasp of the blind passion which, as it is finely said,

Sees all things, that itself it may not see,
Finds out each lurking longing of the heart,
And draws it forth and clothes itself therein.

The tragedy of such tardy awakenings as Jan's belongs to the Northern poet, just as the tragedy of love like Juliet's belongs naturally to the poet of the South. It is a tragedy which deals mainly in the eloquence of reserve, in the pathos that is without a cry. The fluid speech and fluid emotion of the South are more easily lured into artistic form; but the stubborn human nature of the North has yielded, in the hands of competent masters, art not less classical, not less a portion of the permanent possession of Europe; and a place, not the lowest, among these belongs to the poet who divined, with the sympathy of a son of the soil and the passionate love of an exile, the elements of universal poetry and music which lay locked up in the unvocal bosom of his "Landeken deep,"—the low-lying land whose speech bears for no other reason and with no other justification than this, the name of *Platt*.

C. H. Herford.

GRANVILLE SHARP AND THE SLAVE-TRADE.

THE International Congress at Brussels and the recent speech of Lord Salisbury at the Guildhall have directed public attention once more to the question of the slave-trade. The very name of slavery is now abhorrent to the ears not only of Englishmen, but of men of every Christian and civilized country. Half a century ago England paid many millions out of the national purse to compensate the West Indian slave-holders for the liberation of their negroes. Since then slavery has been abolished in the Southern States of America, as one result of a long and cruel civil war; Russia, half-civilized as she is, has emancipated her serfs; and we are now working with other European powers for the suppression of the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa. But it is perhaps not generally remembered that this indignation against a traffic in human flesh and blood dates back for only a century, and that the origin, the foundation-stone, as it were, of the war against slavery and all its attendant horrors was one somewhat obscure and now almost forgotten individual, Granville Sharp.

This great philanthropist was born in 1734, and was the son of Thomas Sharp, Archdeacon of Northumberland, a man well known in his day, and grandson of the still better known John Sharp, who was chaplain-in-ordinary to James the Second, and was afterwards made Archbishop of York by William the Third. In 1750 his father, who had a large family, withdrew him from school at Durham and bound him apprentice to a linendraper named Halsey, in London; and he continued to be connected with trade until the year 1758, when he obtained a clerkship in the Ordnance Office.

But already in the young apprentice we see the extraordinary force of character and intellectual capacity which afterwards distinguished the man. Brought up, as he had been, in an orthodox clerical family, and firmly convinced of the truths of the Christian Revelation, he was during his apprenticeship brought into contact first with a Socinian and afterwards with a Jew, who happened to reside in his master's family. Religious controversies arose, and in each case Sharp was met with a similar argument; the Socinian declaring that he erred in his interpretation of the New Testament from want of knowledge of Greek, while the Jew attributed the inferences which he drew from passages of the Old Testament to his ignorance of Hebrew. Determined not to be baffled, this apprentice-lad, whose schooling had finished at the age of fifteen, devoted his spare time to the study first of Greek and afterwards of Hebrew, with the astonishing result that in after years he carried on successful controversies with the leading Greek and Hebrew scholars of the day, and actually invented a rule with regard to the use of the Greek article in Scripture which has since been very generally adopted.

But it is with the philanthropic efforts of Granville Sharp, rather than with his literary achievements that we have to deal, although doubtless his controversy with the celebrated Dr. Kennicott on a point of Hebrew scholarship trained his remarkable intellect for the part which he subsequently took in a great legal strife. It was in the year 1765 that a seeming accident turned his active sympathies towards the wrongs of the African slaves. His brother, William Sharp, who was one of the first London surgeons of his day, opened his house every

morning for the gratuitous relief of the poor, and on one occasion a negro, named Jonathan Strong, appeared in a miserable condition to ask for medical aid. It appeared on inquiry that he had been the slave of a lawyer at Barbadoes, named Lisle, who had first destroyed his health by barbarous treatment and then turned him adrift in the streets. The Sharps befriended him; he was admitted into St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and after a time he recovered sufficiently to be placed in service. But as ill-luck, or, as the sequel showed, good-luck would have it, about two years afterwards Jonathan was recognized in the streets by his former master. Seeing the negro apparently in good health again, the lawyer determined to recover what he called his property, and with the assistance of two officers of the Lord Mayor succeeded in kidnapping Strong, intimidating his new master to whom he appealed for protection, and lodging him in gaol. From thence the negro wrote a letter to his former benefactor, Granville Sharp, who, undeterred by the evasions of the authorities of the prison, insisted on seeing him, and then with characteristic decision (to quote from his diary)"charged the master of the prison at his own peril not to deliver him up to any person whatever who might claim him, until he had been carried before the Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Kite, to whom Granville Sharp immediately went and gave information that a Jonathan Strong had been confined there without any warrant, and he therefore requested of his Lordship to summon those persons who detained him, and to give Granville Sharp notice to attend at the same time. This request was complied with."

The diary then goes on to relate a stormy sitting at the Mansion House, at which Sharp found himself confronted by two persons who claimed the negro: one a public notary, who produced a bill of sale from the original master to a Jamaica planter, named Kerr; the other man named Lair, the captain of the vessel in which Strong was to be taken away. The Lord Mayor having dismissed the claim, Lair seized the negro by the arm, and told his lordship that he took him as the property of Mr. Kerr. But Sharp, again equal to the occasion, promptly charged the captain with an assault, and he at once quitted his hold.

The slave-owner was not, however, going to let his prey slip from his grasp so easily. He at once instituted a lawsuit against Sharp and his brother James for having obtained the liberation of the negro, and, knowing the former to be a man of peace, he endeavoured to intimidate him by demanding "gentlemanlike satisfaction." Sharp's reply is characteristic of the man and of his sense of humour: "I told him that as he had studied the law so many years, he should want no satisfaction that the law could give him." To this satisfaction Sharp now addressed himself, and he gave it in a manner which would hardly have been thought possible. His first step was naturally to obtain the best legal advice, and with that view he employed a leading solicitor, and retained Sir James Eyre, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. And this was the result—after considering the case, his solicitor brought him a copy of an opinion given in 1729 by York and Talbot, the Attorney and Solicitor-General of the day, affirming that a slave coming from the West Indies to Great Britain or Ireland does not become free, and told him that it was hopeless to attempt any defence, as Lord Chief Justice Mansfield held the same opinion.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would now have given the case up in despair, but fortunately for the cause of humanity, Granville Sharp was the hundredth. "Thus forsaken by my professional defenders," he wrote some years afterwards, "I was compelled, through want of regular legal assistance, to make a hopeless attempt at self-defence, though I was totally un-

acquainted either with the practice of the law or the foundation of it, having never opened a law-book (except the Bible) until that time, when I most reluctantly undertook to search the indexes of a law-library which my bookseller had lately purchased."

The junior clerk in the Ordnance Office attacking the Lord Chief Justice on a point of law might, as in the case of his controversy with Dr. Kennicott, be compared to David in his combat with Goliath; and, like his Hebrew predecessor, the modern David was destined to conquer with the sling and the stone of his own abilities and of faith in the justice of his cause. Without instruction, without assistance, discouraged by several legal authorities, including the celebrated Blackstone, to whom he appealed, and deserted, as has been stated, by his own lawyers, for two whole years he devoted himself to his object "faint yet pursuing."

Before the final term at which he had to answer the charge against himself and his brother, he produced in manuscript his tract "On the Injustice of tolerating Slavery in England," in which he defended the course which he had taken with such learning, research, and closeness of argument, that the preconceived opinions of the lawyers among whom it was circulated were shaken to their foundations, and the counsel for the prosecution were so intimidated that they declined to persevere with the action.

Sharp thus remained master of the field in the first skirmish of outposts, but it was only to be the prelude to a general assault on his main position. Already in his tract he had boldly carried the war into the enemy's country, and, basing his arguments on an Act of Charles the Second, had declared that not only the seller of the negro, but all who had aided and abetted in the transaction were liable to heavy fines and costs; and it was but a short time before the force of his reasoning was again to be felt. Another negro, named Lewis, had been kidnapped by his former master, a Mr. Stapylton, and carried on board a ship bound for Jamaica. Sharp obtained a writ of Habeas Corpus, had it served on board the ship, which had been detained in the Downs, and brought back the negro in triumph. The case was subsequently tried at the King's Bench before Lord Mansfield, and in the course of it a Mr. Dunning, who had been retained as counsel on behalf of the negro, held up Sharp's tract in his hand and publicly declared that he was ready to maintain in any of the courts of Great Britain, that no man could be legally detained as a slave in this country. The wary Chief Justice seems to have evaded the real point at issue by discharging the negro on the ground that Stapylton had failed to prove that he was even nominally his property; but he practically refused to pass any judgment upon the slave-owner, a proceeding against which Sharp indignantly protested.

But the trials of the cases of Strong, Lewis and of two or three other negroes had not decided the question of the abstract right of slaves to freedom in England. Public opinion continued to fluctuate on the subject, and that of Lord Mansfield was known to be adverse to the slave.

At length in 1772 the case of James Somerset presented itself, and appears to have been selected as a test-case, with the mutual consent of Lord Mansfield and Sharp. It was similar to those of Strong and Lewis. Somerset was a Virginian negro who had been seized and conveyed on board ship by his former master, a Mr. Charles Stewart. He appealed to Sharp, who at once took up the case, and placed it in the hands of eminent legal counsel.

We have no space to enter into the details of this celebrated trial. The counsel on the side of the negro were led by Mr. Sergeant Davy, while Mr. Dunning and another appeared for Stewart. Sharp supplied Davy and his coadjutors with his notes on the

trial of Lewis, and appears to have borne the whole or at least the main part of the expense; but to the eternal honour of the Bar it must be stated that the whole of his counsel refused to accept any recompense for their services. Unfortunately there is another side to the picture. Dunning who defended Stewart, was the same who at the trial of Lewis had held up Sharp's tract and declared his readiness to maintain in any court of England that no property could here exist in a slave. Granville Sharp's opinion of his conduct was expressed in a manner very severe for so charitable a man. "And yet after so solemn a declaration he, Mr. Dunning, appeared on the opposite side of the question (against James Somerset) the very next year! This is an abominable and insufferable practice in lawyers, to undertake causes diametrically opposite to their own declared opinions of law and common justice."

The case was opened in February, 1772, before Lord Mansfield assisted by the three justices, Ashton, Willes, and Ashurst. To use the words of Mr. Prince Hoare, Sharp's biographer, "the cause of liberty was no longer to be tried on the ground of a mere special indictment, but on the broad principle of the essential and constitutional right of every man in England to the liberty of his person, unless forfeited by the laws of England." The counsel for the negro based themselves mainly on Sharp's now celebrated argument, that "all the people who come into this country immediately become subject to the laws of this country, are governed by the laws, regulated entirely in their whole conduct by the laws, and are entitled to the protection of the laws of this country, and become the King's subjects." On the other hand the counsel for the slave-owner represented the inconvenience and apparent injustice of divesting a man of his lawful property, only because he sailed in pursuit of his lawful business from one country to another. The court reserved their judgment, but it was eventually given on June 22nd, 1773. To the credit of Lord Mansfield it must be said that he overcame his prejudices and joined in an unanimous verdict with his colleagues on the side of freedom. This judgment established the celebrated axiom,' "So soon as any slave sets his foot on English ground he becomes free."

The "History of the Abolition of the Slave-trade" does ample justice to the part played by Sharp in this famous trial. After deservedly praising the conduct of the counsel for the negro, it uses the following words: "But chiefly to him under Divine Providence are we to give the praise, who became the first great actor in it, who devoted his time, his talents, and his substance to this Christian undertaking, and by whose laborious researches the very pleaders themselves were instructed and benefited."

But Sharp had no idea of relaxing his efforts against slavery because he had won his case. Already, during its adjournment, he had, in anticipation of its successful issue, addressed a letter to Lord North, then Prime Minister, in which he calls his attention to the "present miserable and deplorable slavery in our Colonies," and urges him to induce the King and the Privy Council to recommend to the several Colonial Assemblies a "formal repeal of those unjust laws." It does not appear that Lord North took any notice of this appeal; but a first blow had been struck at the slave-trade, which was soon to be systematically threatened.

About the same time a helping hand was stretched out from America itself. On the very day when the trial of Somerset ended, Sharp received a letter from a Quaker named Benezet, who had established a free school at Philadelphia for the benefit of the negroes, and had published several treatises against slavery. Benezet's letter and the reply seem to have laid the foundation of a systematic agita-

tion. The Quaker states that Sharp's treatise on "The Injustice of Slavery" had been circulated in America, enlarges on the iniquity of the slave-traffic, suggests a representation to the King and both Houses of Parliament, and says that he believes it would be supported by the people of New England, Maryland and Virginia. Sharp's reply, which is as full of the caution of the lawyer as of the zeal of the philanthropist, seems to have been widely circulated, and his legal opinions were recognized as rules for future procedure. The correspondence continued until the year 1774, and although it was many years yet before public opinion could be sufficiently matured for the purpose, Sharp seems to have been strengthened and confirmed in his great idea of the total abolition of slavery in Great Britain and her colonies. But in the meanwhile there was some danger of the ground already won being lost again. Immediately after the decision in Somerset's case, a motion was made in the House of Commons for leave to bring in a bill "for the securing of property in negroes and other slaves in this kingdom." The feeling in the House must however have been generally hostile, as there is no record of the bill having been pressed to a division.

Although not immediately connected with the slave-trade, it is worth noticing here as bearing on Sharp's general position and influence, the efforts which he made on behalf of the natives of the Caribbee Islands, a mixed race against whom a "little war" was at the time being carried on, which he considered manifestly unjust. With his usual boldness and disregard of personal consequences, he addressed a very strong letter on the subject to Lord Dartmouth, at that time Secretary of State for the Colonies. The minister, far from resenting the letter as an impertinent interference, requested him to call upon him the next day, and in the course of the interview which followed, promised to speak on behalf of the Caribs if he should have any favourable opportunity. It is probable that this intercession had some influence with the Government, as a treaty was shortly afterwards concluded with the Caribs, by which they seem to have been confirmed in most of their ancient possessions.

The outbreak in 1775 of the war with the American colonies was fraught with important consequences to Sharp, both in his public and private capacities. It interfered with his communications with America, and so threw back his efforts against the slave-trade, and it led to his resignation of the clerkship in the Ordnance Office. He had previously published a volume on the people's natural right to a share in the legislature, which appears to have been widely circulated in America. The principles which he then maintained led him to deprecate in the strongest possible manner the attempt of the English Government to force taxation upon the unrepresented colonists; and when war actually broke out he found himself unable conscientiously to discharge the duties of an office which required him to book the shipment of warlike stores to be used for a purpose which he believed to be unjust. He was allowed a long leave of absence, but he definitely resigned his appointment in 1776, the war having then progressed so far as to preclude the hope of a speedy settlement. He was now entirely without means, having spent his patrimony in defending the slaves, and having resigned his clerkship from conscientious scruples; but the eager generosity of his brothers prevented the necessity of his seeking lucrative employment, and enabled him to devote the whole of his time to literature and to philanthropic effort.

Thus in 1777 we find him engaged in an attempt to bring about a reconciliation with America. Emboldened by the favourable manner in which his writings had been received in New York, and by some private communications, possibly of a semi-official

character, he called on Lord Dartmouth, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and had a long conference with him on the "expediency of making peace with America, and of giving such a proof of the sincerity of our Government, in treating on the subject, as would effectually promote an attempt to bring that country back to its allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain." It was seen that the proof of sincerity must include a representation of the Colonies in the English House of Commons something analogous to that of an English county, and Sharp was employed by Lord Dartmouth in examining precedents. A few days later he wrote to him a remarkable letter, in which he called his attention to the mischievous existence of the "petty venal boroughs," and clearly foreshadowed the changes in the English parliamentary representation, which were not carried out until nearly sixty years afterwards by the Reform Bill of 1832. A few months later, in a letter to the Duke of Richmond, he made an offer of his personal services in an attempt at a reconciliation with America, and expressed himself with confidence as to the result. How far he had grounds for such an opinion it is impossible to say, but the war with England seems to have been unpopular in America at that particular time, and his name was widely known and respected there on account of his efforts against slavery and the popularity of his writings. It may be that a golden opportunity was then lost; at any rate less peaceful counsels prevailed, and the war was prosecuted to its bitter and disastrous end.

But, while throwing himself with characteristic energy into this and many other current questions, such as the reform of parliamentary representation, the impressment of seamen, and the establishment of episcopacy in America, Sharp seems never to have lost sight of his great central idea, namely, the abolition of the slave-trade. As a loyal son of the Church he had early endeavoured to enlist the sympathies of the bishops on his side, and in 1779 he made it his business to call on all of them, to request their influence and assistance towards the accomplishment of the work. The dignitaries of the Church, however, seem to have confined their assistance to sympathetic good wishes, and it was not until 1783 that a horrible incident of the trade enabled Sharp to excite public opinion strongly against it. This incident came to light in consequence of an action brought by the owners of a slave-ship against the underwriters to recover the value of one hundred and thirty slaves, who had been deliberately cast overboard under a pretended scarcity of water. Sharp threw himself into the case with his accustomed energy, wrote a letter to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty urging that the master and crew should be put on trial for murder, published the proceedings of the court in the newspapers, and apparently made capital out of the statement of the Solicitor-General, who was counsel for the shipowners, that so far from the "guilt of any murderous act," there was not, in a legal point of view, "a surmise of impropriety in the transaction." Sharp failed in bringing the murderers to justice; but this last atrocity seems to have brought the abolition of the hateful trade within measurable distance of accomplishment.

He was soon to have practical experience of its fatal effects in his efforts to found a new colony at Sierra Leone. A number of slaves, who had claimed their freedom in England, were begging and starving about the streets of London, and, after consultation with some of the men themselves, he determined to send a number of them as settlers to the coast of Africa. In 1786 about four hundred negroes were thus sent out to Sierra Leone, with about sixty Europeans, chiefly women. A grant of land was ob-

tained from a neighbouring chief, but from its very infancy the little colony was beset with numerous difficulties. Disease broke out on board ship before the settlers had even landed; and worse still, most of the Europeans were induced by the offer of high wages to take service with the slave-dealers.

Things were going from bad to worse, when Sharp sent out, principally at his own expense, another ship with supplies for the colonists, and he subsequently succeeded in forming a Joint-Stock Company for the purpose of trading with Sierra Leone. It is in the course of these transactions that we first find him corresponding with William Wilberforce, who was afterwards the champion of the slaves in the House of Commons. After some difficulties and delays, a Government charter was obtained for the "St. George's Bay Company," as it was called, and in spite of molestations from slave-dealers and native chiefs, and a most wanton raid in 1794 from a French fleet, the colony founded by Granville Sharp has survived, and flourishes at the present day.

It was in the year 1787 that the first systematic step was taken towards the abolition of the slave-trade. In that year a society for the purpose was formed consisting mainly of Quakers, who elected Sharp as their Chairman of Committee, and induced Wilberforce to become Parliamentary leader in the cause. In 1788 Sharp entered into communication with the celebrated La Fayette, who had taken an interest in the abolition, and wished to bring about a union of the French and English Governments for that purpose. Later in the year he had an interview with Pitt, who in consequence of the illness of Wilberforce had undertaken himself to make the first motion in Parliament in favour of the abolition. The interview is thus recorded in the diary: "Waited on Mr. Pitt at one o'clock. Mr. Pitt said 'his heart was with us; that he had pledged himself to Mr. Wilberforce that his cause should not suffer (during his indisposition), but believed that the best way would be to give time to collect all possible evidence, and to obtain an order of the present session (if the rules of the House would permit, of which he would inform himself), to resume the business early next session.'"

Although death prevented Pitt from seeing the ultimate triumph of the anti-slavery cause, he always voted for it and took a warm interest in its success; and it appears that his great and far-seeing mind had grasped the idea of the civilization of Africa, and, had the abolition been carried out sooner, he would possibly have brought forward measures for the furtherance of that object.

The Prime Minister's motion, pledging the House to consider the state of the slave-trade in the following session, was carried, together with a secondary bill intended to relieve the condition of the negroes during their passage from Africa. In 1789, Mr. Wilberforce, whose health was now recovered, brought in before a Committee of the whole House twelve propositions leading to the abolition of the trade; but after several discussions the consideration of the question was again postponed.

Meanwhile the Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society were indefatigable in their exertions. They published a print representing a section of a slave-ship with slaves packed in it for the middle passage, and not content with trying to arouse public opinion in England, they sent Mr. Clarkson as a deputation to Paris, where the original leaders of the French Revolution, including Mirabeau and La Fayette, were favourable to the cause. Mirabeau actually prepared a motion for the abolition of the trade, but he met with as strenuous an opposition in the National Assembly as Wilberforce had encountered in the English House of Commons.

In 1791, in spite of the eloquence of Pitt and of his great rival Fox,

both of whom favoured the abolition, the motion was defeated. But the Anti-Slavery Society undauntedly renewed their efforts in every direction; and in the following year their arguments were materially strengthened by the evidence furnished from the new colony founded by Sharp in Sierra Leone. Mr. Thornton, Chairman of the St. George's Bay Company, ended his speech in the following words, which are as true to-day as they were a century ago. "It had," he said, "unfortunately obtained the name of a trade and many had been deceived by the appellation; but it was a war and not a trade; it was a mass of crimes and not commerce; it alone prevented the introduction of trade into Africa. He had found, in attempting to promote the establishment of a colony there, that it was an obstacle which opposed itself to him in innumerable ways. It created more embarrassments than all the natural impediments of the country, and was more hard to contend with than any difficulties of climate, soil, or the natural disposition of the people."

In 1794 Mr. Wilberforce's bill was carried in the House of Commons but defeated in the House of Lords. He continued to renew his motion annually until 1799, when it was thought better to let the question rest for a time, though he periodically moved for papers likely to give information on the subject. In 1804, after the union with Ireland, the bill was again introduced. It passed the House of Commons, and in the House of Lords it was merely postponed. In the following year the bill was defeated in the House of Commons, owing to the over-confidence of some of its supporters. But in 1806, after the death of Pitt, Fox took up the question in person, and made a motion in the following words: "That the House, considering the slave-trade to be contrary to the principles of justice, humanity, and policy, will with all practicable expedition take effectual steps for its abolition." This motion was carried by overwhelming majorities in both Houses of Parliament. In the following autumn Fox died, but in 1807 Lord Grenville brought into the House of Lords a bill for the abolition of the slave-trade, which was carried by 100 to 36, and subsequently in the House of Commons by 283 to 16. A Committee of the House of Commons afterwards passed a resolution, that no vessel should clear out for slaves from any port within the British dominions after the first of May of that year, 1807, and that no slaves should be landed in the colonies after March 1st, 1808.

Thus ended this long and memorable struggle in the cause of humanity. Wilberforce's name has been handed down to posterity as its parliamentary champion, but it is evident that the larger share of the credit is due to the founder and originator of the movement, and the ever-watchful chairman of the Anti-Slavery Society's Committee.

But, though Granville Sharp had lived to see the abolition of the slave-trade in Great Britain and her colonies, he had by no means realised his highest aspirations. In a memorandum found among his papers the following words occur which show how much he was still in advance of the age in which he lived: "I am bound in reason and common justice to mankind further to declare that many years, at least twenty, before the (Anti-Slavery) Society was formed, I thought, and ever shall think, it my duty to expose the monstrous impiety and cruelty . . . . not only of the slave-trade, but also of slavery itself, in whatever form it is favoured; and also to assert that no power on earth can ever render such enormous iniquities legal; but that the Divine retribution (the 'measure for measure' so clearly denounced in the Holy Scriptures) will inevitably pursue every Government or Legislature that shall presume to establish or even to tolerate such abominable injustice."

The abolition of slavery in the West

Indies and America was not to be in his time. He lived till 1813, but his strength gradually declined, and during the last few years of his life he seems to have been hardly capable of transacting business. In 1816 the African Society erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

The above is a bare outline of the work of one of the most remarkable of our English philanthropists. Probably none of them can be compared to him with regard to the magnitude of the results achieved, with the exception perhaps of the late Lord Shaftesbury. And the characters of these two men seem to have had much in common. Both of them were animated by the deepest possible religious convictions, which showed themselves continually in their correspondence and diaries; both of them sacrificed all personal considerations in order to further the benevolent objects which they had in view. But with regard to social advantages, the comparison entirely ceases. The heir to an ancient earldom, with every advantage that birth, wealth, and education can give, began life on a very different footing from the obscure individual who, although of gentle blood, had only quitted a trading establishment in the City to become a clerk in an unfashionable Government office. The great results of Sharp's life were due to himself alone. He possessed one of the acutest intellects of his time. Again and again, as we have seen, the amateur took the field against the professional, and usually came off victorious. The grammar-school boy engaged in controversies with the pride of the English universities, the leading Greek and Hebrew scholars of the day, and more than held his own. The junior clerk in the Ordnance Office entered the lists single-handed against practically the whole legal profession, headed by one of the ablest of our judges, and backed by the dread precedents of the law, gradually won over deserters from the enemy's camp, and ended by defeating him completely and for ever. Nor was it only with reference to philanthropic effort and Biblical criticism that his grasp of mind became apparent. In the domain of politics he saw clearly the folly and injustice of the war with the American colonies, and sealed his convictions by the resignation of his government employment; and he also recognized the faults of the parliamentary representation of the day. Ever in advance of his time, he looked forward to social and political reforms which were not carried out till many years after his death; but his writings remain to prove a far-reaching sagacity which is not always joined even to the highest powers of the mind.

GRANVILLE BROWNE, LT.-COL.

THE WHIGS AND IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

In a letter written to "The Times" at the close of last year Sir George Bowen drew attention to the opinions of the late Earl Russell upon the question of Imperial Federation. It appears that in his "Recollections and Suggestions" (published in 1875), Lord Russell, in the following words, made a suggestion which resembles that recently made by Lord Rosebery: "I am disposed to believe that if a congress or assembly representing Great Britain and her dependencies could be convoked from time to time, to sit for some months in the autumn, arrangements reciprocally beneficial might be made." He further expressed in conversation his deep concern at the then prevailing indifference to colonial questions, and authorised Sir George Bowen to tell the Australians that so long as he lived his voice would always be raised in support of the integrity and consolidation of the British Empire; and Sir George Bowen consequently proceeds to claim him as "a vigorous supporter of what is now called (for the want of a better name) Imperial Federation."

Political controversy has no more favourite, if somewhat unscrupulous, device than that of extracting an approval of a course which it is desired to recommend from the words of some dead statesman, spoken in circumstances totally different from those to which they are made to apply. We have not yet seen Sir Robert Peel quoted as a socialist, or the Duke of Wellington as an advocate of female suffrage, but Lord Russell has already been claimed as a Home Ruler, and Sir George Bowen's letter at first suggested a similar attempt to make use of a great name. It is, however, perhaps susceptible of a more interesting explanation. Taken in conjunction with Lord Rosebery's speech at the Mansion House in last November, it suggests that Imperial Federationists may have recognised the impossibility of their object as it has been generally understood: that they now exist merely as a protest against the idea of separation; and that their aims are now such that the consent of any English statesman may be assumed for them without indiscretion. Failing some such explanation as this, Sir George Bowen's statement must considerably surprise any one who, even in the most superficial manner, has studied the history of the self-governing colonies for the past half century. For to Lord Russell, more than to any other single statesman, are due those relations between England and her colonies now considered by the Imperial Federationists to be so unsatisfactory. He was the author on two different occasions of utterances which may, with little exaggeration, be said to have decided the fate of the empire: namely, the famous despatch, defining the nature of local responsible government, which he wrote as Colonial Secretary to Mr. Poulett Thomson, Governor-General of Canada, during the debates on the union of the Canadas in 1840; and the speech (quoted by Mr. Spencer Walpole) upon the introduction of the Australasian Colonies Bill in 1850. With Lord Grey and the Whig party generally, he laid down the lines upon which our Colonial policy has proceeded, and if in later years its authors became dissatisfied with the result, it must be assumed either that they changed their opinions as to the object to be desired, or that they proceeded in the beginning without foreseeing the na-

tural consequences of their acts. The subject, which has not been noticed in the discussions excited by the publication of Mr. Walpole's excellent book, is one of considerable importance; and in spite of the tedium of colonial questions, and still more of colonial history, we may perhaps be permitted to develope a little more in detail the attitude of the great Whig statesman and his colleagues.

It was Canada that first engaged the attention of the English Parliament, and in the case of Canada the new departure was in the first instance taken. The debates on the union of the Canadas in 1840 were interesting and important, and in them the nature of local responsible government first received a full consideration and discussion. Lord Durham, in his great and elaborate report on Canada in 1839, upon which the Government Bill, introduced by Lord John Russell, was based, made the following recommendation: "The responsibility to the United Legislature [of the British North American Provinces] of all officers of the government, except the governor and his secretary; should be secured by every means known to the British constitution. The governor, as the representative of the Crown, should be instructed that he must carry on his government by heads of departments, in whom the united legislature shall repose confidence; and that he must look to no support from home in any contest with the legislature, except on points involving strictly Imperial interests."

The view of the Government and of the supporters of the bill founded upon Lord Durham's report, was clearly defined in debate and in despatches. It is first of all to be noted that they were clearly in favour of the maintenance of the connexion with the colonies. In reply to those who feared and those who hoped for separation, Lord John Russell said that he could listen to no proposition having for its object to lead to a separation between the two countries, believing it to be for the best interests of both that the connexion should subsist. He considered our colonies to form an inherent part of the strength of this empire, and deeply impressed with that conviction, he said without hesitation that they could not continue to govern Canada without going back to the principles of representative government. Lord Melbourne, in reply to Lords Ashburton and Brougham, who both frankly looked forward to separation, said that he should look on the loss of these colonies by their becoming independent of the connexion with the mother country as a most grievous one, and above all as a heavy blow to the character and reputation of this country.

On the other hand, the serious disaffection in Canada consequent on the rebellion, and on the excitement which had attended Lord Durham's mission, made a return to the principles of representative government a necessity. Lord Durham had adopted the cry of responsible government, hitherto the cry of the party in the Canadas hostile to the British connexion, as the best means of perpetuating that connexion. The result was a compromise, the principles of which were set out in the despatch already referred to, from Lord John Russell to Mr. Poulett Thompson,—a despatch which Lord Brougham afterwards with justice described as, "worthy of him who by his writings has so ably illustrated the principles of the British constitution—who by his legislation has re-invigorated that constitution—whose ancestors by their martyrdom founded that constitution." After stating the English theory of ministerial responsibility, Lord John proceeds:

"If we seek to apply such a practice to a colony we shall at once find ourselves at fault. The power for which a minister is responsible in England is not his own power, but the power of the Crown of which he is the organ. The governor under whom he serves receives his orders from the Crown of England. But can the colonial council

be the advisers of the Crown of England? Evidently not, for the Crown has other advisers, for the same functions, and with superior authority. It may happen therefore that the governor receives at one and the same time instructions from the Queen, and advice from his executive council totally at variance with each other. If he is to obey his instructions from England, the parallel of constitutional responsibility entirely fails; if on the other hand he is to follow the advice of his council, he is no longer a subordinate officer, but an independent sovereign. There are some cases in which the force of these objections is so manifest that those who at first made no distinction between the constitution of the United Kingdom and that of the colonies, admit their strength. I allude to the question of foreign war, and international relations, whether of trade or diplomacy. It is now said that internal government is alone intended." Lord John then proceeded to quote some cases of internal government in Lower Canada affecting British officers, emigrants, and merchants, in which "the honour of the Crown, or the faith of Parliament, or the safety of the State, are so seriously involved that it would not be possible for Her Majesty to delegate her authority to a minister in a colony."

Lord John was a master of constitutional theory, and nothing so far can be more clearly or admirably put. He went on: "While I then see insuperable objections to the adoption of the principle as it has been stated, I see little or none to the practical views of Colonial Government recommended by Lord Durham, as I understand them." There was no desire, he said, to thwart the representative assemblies. Her Majesty would look to the affectionate attachment of her people in North America as the best security for permanent dominion. The objection that no fixed line is drawn between the power of the Governor and the privileges of the Assembly, was met by the statement that "such a distinction could never be drawn in the case of a political constitution in which different bodies share the supreme power, for such constitutions are only enabled to exist by the forbearance of those among whom the power is distributed. Each authority must exercise a wise moderation."

This despatch was followed by another on October 16th, putting an end to the practice of allowing persons appointed to offices in the Colonial government to hold them for life or during good behaviour, from which it followed that the higher executive offices were to be held by persons having the confidence of the representative part of the legislature. This *modus vivendi*, for it cannot be called by any higher name, was further described in the course of the debate by Lord Howick. If by responsible government it were meant that the executive government of the colony should be directly responsible to the Colonial Assembly, he was of opinion that responsible government so defined would be incompatible with the maintenance of colonial government. But he believed that if the government at home, as well as the authorities in the colony, were to pursue a system of protective government, guided by a conciliatory spirit and a desire to consult the wishes of the people, then such a form of government would answer the object which those who were loudest in their clamours for responsible government had in view. On a later occasion, as Lord Grey, he further defined this by saying that the interference of the Imperial Parliament in matters of colonial government—the vagueness of this expression is noteworthy—ought to be confined to extreme cases. And he also enlarged on the impossibility of defining in exact terms the power of the Governor, the Assembly, the Secretary of State, and the Crown.

Amongst the critics of the Government proposals and of these rather contradictory utterances, the most

thorough, and, as the result proved, the most clear-sighted, were the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Gladstone. The Duke made three speeches and recorded a protest against the bill, which, so far as this point goes, are summed up in the emphatic statement that "their lordships might depend that local responsible government and the sovereignty of Great Britain were completely incompatible." Mr. Gladstone, in the course of a powerful argument in which he quoted Lord John Russell's despatch, admitted that the privilege which Parliament possessed in limiting the choice of ministers by the Crown was the security of every liberty which the people enjoyed. But if the Colonial Assembly possessed the same privileges why was this called the Imperial Legislature? He recollected well a speech made by a Right Honourable gentleman opposite some years ago on the motion for a repeal of the union with Ireland. The Right Honourable gentleman had said that to talk of a permanent union between two countries each possessing an independent legislature was one of the most visionary ideas that ever entered the mind of man; and yet this self-same visionary idea was what the report of Lord Durham had recommended as the best means of perpetuating the union between Great Britain and her colonies.

The bill passed, with dissentients numbering six in the Commons and ten in the Lords, and formed an epoch in Canadian history which an able writer on the colonies has well compared with the epoch of Independence in that of the United States. It is not here contended that, in the critical state into which Canadian affairs had been allowed to drift, any other policy was then possible. It is merely to be noted that the problem has been solved, not in the direction contemplated by Lord Melbourne's administration, but by the abandonment little by little of Imperial control not only over the internal affairs of Canada, but also over the international relations of trade and diplomacy which Lord John Russell said it was out of the question to surrender.

The important debates which took place in the British Parliament on the Canadian Act for the indemnification of parties in Lower Canada whose property was destroyed during the rebellion in 1837 and 1838, which was affirmed in spite of the protests of minorities led by Lord Stanley, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone, showed very clearly that, in Lord Lansdowne's words, the gift of constitutional government had under Lord Elgin's governorship become a reality, not a delusion—a substance, and not a shadow. The political arguments by which Lord Grey justified this act were conclusive, when he contended that the mass of the people should never be treated as criminals or offenders—that, in Burke's words, it was impossible "to draw an indictment against a people." But the constitutional arguments which the Government used in deprecating interference with the Colonial legislature meant independence if they meant anything.

Before leaving the subject of Canada it is worth while to look at the passing of the British North America Act in 1867. By this measure, while each province was given a provincial legislature with accurately defined powers, a central federal Parliament was established, with great and, as Lord Carnarvon, then Colonial Secretary, said, almost sovereign powers. Lord Russell supported the bill distinctly contemplating the possibility of ultimate emancipation, and Mr. Cardwell, who, as the previous Colonial Secretary may be considered as in part its author, said that the "object was to have the satisfaction of witnessing the growth of great and powerful communities attached to the mother country by no other ties than those of love and affection, and a reciprocal regard."

The granting of constitutions to the

Cape, to New Zealand, and to the various Australasian colonies proceeded on the same principles, but without the same justification from political necessity, and the sacrifice of Imperial prerogatives and of the interests of the British taxpayer may perhaps be traced, although with Canada for an example there was less excuse for it, rather to want of precision and definition than to design. Lord John Russell's speech, however, on the introduction of the Australasian Colonies Government Bill is remarkable as containing the first hint from a leading statesman that the end might be independence. The peroration of this eloquent speech is as follows:

> I anticipate indeed with others that some of the colonies may so grow in population and wealth that they may say: "Our strength is sufficient to enable us to be independent of England. The link is now become onerous to us; the time is come when we think we can, in amity and alliance with England, maintain our independence." I do not think that that time is yet approaching. But let us make them so far as possible fit to govern themselves. Let us give them, so far as we can, the capacity of ruling their own affairs. Let them increase in wealth and population; and, whatever may happen, we of this great empire shall have the consolation of saying that we have contributed to the happiness of the world.

It must also be said that the impression that the prevision of the Government did not at any rate extend so far as to contemplate any ultimate result from their policy but emancipation, is strongly impressed on the mind of the student of the debates in this session of 1850, in which the danger of the course proposed was insisted upon by Sir William Molesworth, and an alternative scheme of Colonial policy laid by him before Parliament. It is beyond the scope of this article to describe a scheme which is so well worthy of study, and we can here only say that its cardinal principle was the distinction clearly drawn between Imperial and Colonial powers, and the reservation of the former to the Home Government. The United States was a system of states clustered around a central republic; our Colonial empire was to be a system of colonies clustered around the hereditary monarchy of England. Some such scheme it is easy to see might have been the germ of a real federation; but it was rejected, if indeed it was ever seriously considered, by the Whig leaders. No group of statesmen could have been better fitted by their training and their tastes for the great constitutional task, upon which everything hinged, of drawing a clear line of demarcation between Imperial and Colonial powers. But although it may fairly be said that they desired to maintain the Empire as a reality, they steadily refused to adopt the only means by which a constitutional connexion could have been preserved. They preferred, as Lord Grey expressed it, "to rely on the exercise of a little good sense and moderation on the part both of those who had to advise Her Majesty at home, and of the Legislative Council in the Colonies, to reconcile the most ample measures of self-government in the internal affairs of the Colony, with the maintenance of as much authority as was required for the general interests of the empire."

A highly typical illustration of the working of the principles of the British Government in relation to the Australasian colonies is to be found in their commercial policy.

In the preface to his work on Colonial Policy Lord Grey stated that one of the principles he had most at heart when he joined Lord John Russell's administration in 1847, was the completion of the work of commercial reform, and that he looked forward to "securely establishing a system of free trade throughout the empire." He enumerated the measures for the alteration of the duties on sugar, coffee, and timber, for the repeal of the navigation laws, and for giving power to the local legislatures to abolish differ-

ential duties in the colonies, as having placed the colonial trade on a footing free from serious objection. He dealt the final blow at the old system of monopoly by which differential duties were levied, "for the purpose of favouring colonial produce in our markets and our produce in the markets of the colonies," and too much credit cannot be given for this great work. It formed indeed an integral part of the policy by which the springs of our industry were liberated and free trade, perhaps the greatest political achievement of the century, securely established. But in the case of the colonies the work was marred by the over-hopefulness which was a distinguishing mark of the school of Cobden. Lord Grey afterwards stated that by the above quoted provisions his object was to allow the colonies to raise revenue by customs, but to prevent the imposition of duties inconsistent with the principles of free trade. There was, he said, no question at the time the act was passed, but that a policy of free trade would be insisted on for the colonies, and the complete absence of discussion on this point in Parliament fully bears out this view. As in the political and constitutional, so in the commercial field the want of definite and binding direction by enactment proved fatal. The reins were thrown down, and an unfounded confidence that the colonies would not take the bit between their teeth, and that the Colonial Office would through the veto maintain the exercise of their Imperial authority—and, it may be added, the difficulty of dealing with the circumstances of a new country—appear to have stood in the way of any attempt to deal with this vital question in a far-seeing and systematic manner.

The anticipations of the author of this policy were completely and signally falsified. No control was retained by this country; various colonies built up for themselves a protection tariff, and the passage of the act allowing the imposition of differential duties between the Australian colonies and New Zealand, gave Lord Grey an opportunity of stating his opinion of the state of things which had now grown up. His speech is a confession of the failure of his policy. He protested in the strongest terms against the bill as a great step towards turning the tie with our colonies into a merely nominal one. After joint defence, commercial policy was most of all a subject of common Imperial concern, and it would be a question whether in these circumstances the connexion would be worth maintaining.

It is impossible to study Lord Grey's speeches and writings on colonial questions without being profoundly impressed by his statesmanlike grasp of the principles of government, his lofty patriotism, and his vigilant attention to all the details of colonial policy. His one care as Colonial Secretary was for the expansion and consolidation of the Empire, and we do not observe that he looked forward like Lord John Russell to even ultimate emancipation as the result of his efforts. How was it then that he rendered himself responsible for a policy which has led to a relation between England and her colonies admitted, as we have seen, by Lord Grey himself to be scarcely worth maintaining? The explanation is probably to be found in the fact that he over-estimated the capacity, or was deceived as to the desire of his successors, and of the department over which they presided, to make the Imperial control which he had imagined a reality. He judged erroneously that they would follow the lines he had laid down, that they would be animated by his own high standard of duty, firmness, and intelligence, and he under-rated the ignorance and indifference of the House of Commons. If he could have remained a permanent Colonial Secretary, the history of the last forty years might have been different. A similar line of argument may explain the seeming inconsistency between Lord Russell's Colonial policy and his

later view as expressed by Sir George Bowen, although as we have seen there is distinct evidence in his speeches of his having contemplated emancipation as a probable end. But every speech and every action of his life show him to have been animated by the most ardent patriotic feeling, and it is possible that at the close of his career he may have been alarmed at the rapidity of the progress which the colonies, as the result of his policy, had made towards independence. Whether this would justify Sir George Bowen in claiming him as an advocate of Imperial Federation depends on the meaning to be attached to that phrase, which rivals the expression Home Rule in the variety of interpretations of which it is susceptible.

It is no part of the present writer's design to enter on a discussion of this question, nor even to pronounce an opinion as to whether it would have been a wiser and more statesmanlike policy to have established on a firm basis a close and lasting relationship between England and her great colonies, than to have aimed at creating (or perhaps we should say created without aiming at it) free self-governing communities in different parts of the world. It is important, however, not to shut our eyes to the actual position of affairs, or to the real lessons of the historical retrospect in which we have engaged. It is possible, as we have seen, that a policy other than one of mere indifference might have made the British Colonial empire a reality. It is certain that, speaking from a constitutional point of view, it is now the shadow of an empire. A North American Federation is already in existence; an Australasian Federation is probably growing; and both are or will be in every essential self-sufficing, separate nationalities. Imperial Federation would mean a contradiction of the past which we may well believe to be an impossibility. A sentimental aspiration confined to what used to be called the governing classes of this country cannot reverse the history of forty years. We should be wise to accept what is open to us, and to strive after what is a sufficiently inspiring ideal,—that of a perpetual alliance between free and equal states. This is the only form of "Federation" which we can now realise. Treaty obligations may well be durable when based on a community of language, laws and blood. They will be more elastic than a constitutional instrument, and therefore more likely to stand the strain of diverse or conflicting interests.

If, as Lord Rosebery's most recent speech would seem to imply, this is all that is contemplated by the Imperial Federation League, this country need not look suspiciously on its labours. But we may still be allowed to question the expediency and deplore the methods of an advocacy which, in Australia at any rate, appears only to have resulted in calling into being a national party, and bringing into prominence a previously non-existent idea,—the idea of an independent Australia.

B. M.

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

OF A STEEPLE-CHASE.

On an evening not long ago a party of friends sat talking over their cigars of steeple-chasing. The subject was not one of which we had any practical or much other experience,—one reason possibly for the keenness of our discussion. We were not quite ignorant of the sportsman's joys, but with most, if not with all of us, "time, strife and the world's lot" had left little more than a pleasant memory of them. None of us, I am very sure, had ever ridden in a steeple-chase. The nearest approach to that dignity had been made by myself, who did once appear at the starting-post in one of my college-races—*grinds* we then called them; they no longer, I believe, are included in the diversions of Oxford undergraduates. But as the horse, being much the more sensible animal of the two, had resolutely declined any further part in the performance, it was hard, even with the best intentions, to pose as an authority on the subject. However, we all talked considerably. Somebody, if my recollection serves, had lately met somebody else who had once seen the great race run at Liverpool, and had learned from him that the fences were very large. How this may be it is not for me to say, who have never set eyes on Beecher's Brook, Oliver's Brook, or any other of the historic obstacles at Aintree. But I did remember to have heard Charles Davis, the renowned huntsman of the Royal Buckhounds, tell a story of a steeple-chase run over the Aylesbury Vale in the days of those hard-riding heroes who gallop and jump for ever on the Druid's lively pages. The fences, he used to say, were of such portentous size that — though Davis was certainly as little fearful of a big fence in the way of business as any man who ever sat in a saddle—he declined to start the riders until such changes had been made in the course as were at any rate sufficient in his opinion to protect him from a charge of manslaughter. This reminiscence was accordingly produced with much complacency, but my friends pointed out to me that Aylesbury was not Aintree, nor then now; and finally, being all of acutely legal minds, that what a third person had been heard to say could not be received as evidence. My story, therefore, though allowed to be interesting, was voted inconclusive.

At this point one of the company who had not hitherto talked much (though not habitually a silent man) took up his parable, at some length. What follows is to be understood as more or less representing the flow of his words.

The size of the fences is not the most common complaint one hears made against the courses now in use, —at least by the spectators—but a fence always looks small when surveyed from the secure elevation of your own legs. It is so long, however, since I have seen a steeple-chase ridden in England that my mind is a blank on the subject. Whether our friend's friend's criticism was just, whether it is endorsed by any other friend's friends, is unknown to me. But whenever I hear these matters discussed there always rises to my memory a steeple-chase I once saw ridden in Australia.

It was many years ago. I had not been long from England, and though I had heard much and seen something

of Australian horses and their riders, this was my first experience of their steeple-chasing. The season was midsummer, being the first day of January in a year that need not be specified; the colony also shall be left to the imagination of those who have seen Australia only with the eyes of Mr. Trollope or Mr. Froude,—and very sharp eyes both those gentlemen used, though it is not wise to tell Australians so. The course was perfectly flat and as hard, and nearly as bare, as Lord's cricket-ground at the end of a dry summer. Every fence was visible from the stand; there were about eight or ten, I think, all of timber with the exception of a wall built up stoutly enough of turf and mud; there was no water, an element abhorred, so I was told, by all Australian horses, and not much affected, or so I fancied, by some of their riders. Statistics have rather vanished from my memory, in which indeed they never held a secure place, but my impression is that the course was about two miles round, and that about one half of the fences were, or had to be, jumped twice. But these details are quite unimportant now; what is important is, and will always remain, ineffaceable. In the straight run-in were four fences; of the distance between them I cannot speak certainly, but my impression is that between the first and last there cannot have been more than two hundred yards. They were the wickedest fences a horse's head was ever put at. All were of timber: two of posts and rails, which would not have bent beneath the weight of all the rogues in America; one was a paling—something like that which sent John Leech's old gentleman round by Shuffler's Bottom; the most devilish of all was made of rough half-logs so put together that the mountain bull of Caledon, who could crash the forest in his race, would have come thundering on them in vain. The pace was terrific, considering the nature of the ground and the fences. Every man—so says that high authority Whyte Melville—has his own theories about riding at timber. The Honourable Crasher, we know, went as fast as his horse could carry him, on the principle that what you cannot clear you may break—though the only thing that cheerful sportsman could have broken on this course would have been his own neck. But speaking generally we may assume that it is the English custom to ride more slowly at timber than at other fences, and some famous riders of the old day were used to pull their horses back into a trot; we remember, too, the saying of that famous Paladin of the hunting-field, Assheton Smith,—"When a man goes a hundred miles an hour at his fences, depend upon it he funks." These men went two hundred miles an hour, so to speak, at their fences, and most assuredly they did not funk. It was explained to me afterwards that Australian horses were accustomed to be ridden in this fashion, and that any attempt to ride them otherwise would inevitably end in disaster. Fate on a later day gave me sound, albeit painful, reasons for accepting this explanation, but at the time it seemed sheer midsummer madness. Some twelve or fourteen horses started, and there were no falls, refusals, or mistakes of any kind. As the field came up the straight a sheet might have covered it, the silk jackets glancing through the dust and the hoofs rattling in thunder on the sun-baked ground. My own riding days were not quite over then, and, though I had never professed to carry a spare neck in my pocket, those curious and uncertain parts of our composition we call our nerves were in tolerably good order. But this mad charge fairly frightened me. The slightest mistake in that crowd, at that pace, on that ground, must surely, it seemed, be fatal. And fatal it would surely have been, but there was no mistake. The whole lot sailed over the four fences as though they had been so many sheep-hurdles, or that accommodating turnpike-gate over which Black Bess used to bear her rider so gallantly before the eyes

of our enraptured infancy, and galloped off into the dusty distance with a flirt of their tails like so many colts at play.

They came with the rush of the Southern surf
On the bar of the storm-girt bay;
And like muffled drums on the sounding turf
Their hoof-strokes echo away.

Everybody seemed to take it pretty much as a matter of course, though they told me, who was certainly not inclined to doubt it, that whenever anything did happen on these occasions, it was generally something serious; but to me it was certainly the most surprising performance I had ever seen, and so it remains in my memory to this day.

As I have quoted from one of Lindsay Gordon's galloping ballads—which, however, commemorate a race on the flat—I may add that I once and only once saw him ride across a country. It was not a very big affair, in respect of horses, riders or fences, and Gordon, though he generously tried to make a race, won as he pleased. He was not a pretty rider to look at, but a child could have told he was a strong one. Tall and thin and very long in the leg, he sat in the saddle not unlike a pair of compasses, and he leaned so far back over his fences that his jacket almost brushed his horse's quarters. A fall with him must have been an awkward matter, as it could hardly be possible for him to roll clear. But falls were not common with him, at least in race-riding. On the whole they were probably less common over the Australian courses than over the English ones, bad as they were when they did come; for one thing the ground was much lighter there than here, most of the races being run over grass-land, and then the fences, though much bigger and stronger than any our chasers are used to here, were almost always clean. The best chaser in Australia would probably not have stood up for half-a-dozen fields over an English course, but on his own ground he was a marvel. All these things may have changed now; "I know not and I speak of what has been." The best horse and the best man must needs fall sometimes; but with Gordon there was one thing it would have puzzled any horse to do—he could not refuse. Fall he might, but jump he must; he was held in a grip of steel by arm and leg, and driven as they drive the Scotch express. On a slug or a rogue Gordon was invincible; with a generous horse he was apt, I have been told, to take liberties. His sight was bad; it was said that he could hardly see his fence till he was close on to it, and his general style of riding rather favoured the idea. In the race I saw him in there was no occasion for the display of a horseman's finer qualities, hands, judgment, temper: he had nothing to do but to sit in his saddle; but in respect of the first, I fancy there was more of the iron grasp than the velvet glove. On the whole his riding was perhaps of that kind which may be said to do more honour to a man's heart than his head. But about the heart there was never any shadow of doubt. The stories told of his exploits, done not in the delight of battle, the χάρμη of the race-course or the hunting-field, but in cold blood, were prodigious, nor was there any reason to disbelieve them. Not Assheton Smith, nor Dick Christian, nor any of the heroes of old, can have been more fearless himself or more capable of making his horse fearless. There is no lack of brave riders in Australia, though not so many perhaps whom English custom would call very good ones; but Gordon's utter disregard of consequences was something phenomenal. Like the Galloping Squire he was essentially "a rum one to follow, a bad one to beat."

OF A PORTRAIT.

Who are you, Painter?—nought is here
To tell us of your name or story,
To claim the gazer's smile or tear,
To dub you Whig, or damn you Tory.

Few who have seen it are likely soon to forget the portrait of John Graham, Viscount of Dundee, which was shown at the Stuart Exhibition last winter. Though the name by which he is popularly known, Bonny Dundee,—when he is not called Bloody Claver'se,—comes of course from Scott's ballad, and was not, as is sometimes fondly imagined, conferred on him by his contemporaries by reason of his good looks, it could certainly, if this portrait speak truth, be justified by the latter. The nearest to it in this respect is perhaps Vandyck's portrait of Charles Cavendish, "the young, the lovely and the brave" of Waller's elegy, who was killed in the cavalry affair at Gainsborough in the second year of our civil war. The two faces have a certain resemblance, but the young Scotchman's is the finest, and not only in point of comeliness; it has the character, the interest, the romance. To look at it, remembering the profane, rapacious, and violent savage of tradition, may furnish a lesson in myth-making no less amusing than instructive. But after all, perhaps the most curious thing about the portrait is that its history has entirely perished. No one knows by whom it was painted, or where, or when. There is no record of it in the family to whom it belongs, not even how or when it came into their possession. There is the picture,—a portrait of an extremely handsome young man, in dark armour, a lace cravat round his neck, and on his head a periwig or possibly his own hair long, full and curling: in the corner is written presumedly by some other hand than the painter's, obviously, if the general belief be true, at a much later date than the painting, Ld. Dundee, killed, 1689; and beyond this there is no passing.

James Graham of Claverhouse was born some time between the years 1643 and 1649. The former date is the one generally accepted and has some contemporary authority for it; but the authority is not absolute, and as he was entered at St. Andrews University in February, 1665, together with his younger brother David, there is some colour for the supposition that he was born in a later year than 1643. Fifteen or sixteen was a commoner age for matriculation in the seventeenth century than two and twenty, which would be an extreme age now; Montrose was only in his fifteenth year when he began his studies at St. Andrews. Between his birth and his appearance on the public stage of Scottish history, there are only three points of time in Claverhouse's career on which we can rest with any feeling of confidence; his matriculation at St. Andrews in 1665, his presence at the battle of Seneff in 1674, and his return to Scotland in 1677. Before taking service with William of Orange he is believed to have carried arms under the French flag. Many young gentlemen both English and Scottish followed Monmouth into France in 1672, Captain John Churchill among them and Hugh Mackay of Scourie, who met his countryman afterwards at Killiecrankie; it is very probable that Claverhouse was of the number, but there is no record of it. At any rate he was back in Scotland some time in 1677, and in the following year received, at the King's express desire, the command of a troop in a cavalry regiment newly raised for service in the Western Lowlands.

It is evident that this portrait is the portrait of a very young man,—of a lad of eighteen some people have thought, but the smooth oval face, the small mouth without even the shadow of a moustache, and the long curls are deceptive; it may be the face of a man of two or three and twenty. His biographer, Mark Napier, had no doubt that it was the work of a Dutch hand, done when Claverhouse was in William's service. If this be so, it would favour the later date of his birth; for if we put that in the year 1643, and allow him a period of service under the French King, he

must have been thirty when he joined the Dutch flag, and we can hardly read a man of thirty in this face. But it has been pronounced with some authority to be no Dutchman's work, which complicates matters terribly; and if we take it to be the portrait of a lad of eighteen the puzzle becomes well-nigh hopeless. The work has been ascribed both to Jameson and Dobson, but rashly, for Jameson died in 1644 and Dobson in 1646, and in the latter year Claverhouse cannot have been more than three years old and was possibly not born. If we take 1649 for the year of his birth, and assume him to have passed the customary period of time at St. Andrews, he would have left college in 1668 when he was nineteen. That year is given by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in the fragment of biography he handed over to Napier, as the year when Claverhouse went abroad. But there is no specified authority for this, and as it was not till 1672 that Monmouth joined the French army with a force of six thousand Scottish and English troops, Claverhouse may have spent those four years in Scotland, and some of the time possibly in England. This supposition, however, would allow him a very short period of service under the French flag; still it can be made to fit with the date of his matriculation and the battle of Seneff, which are, as I have said, the only certain points of time in this part of his life. The picture then, if painted in England or Scotland, cannot have been painted later than 1672, when Claverhouse was between twenty-three and twenty-nine years old. If we take the earliest date for his birth, and assume the portrait to represent a youth of eighteen, it would have been painted in 1661. This will give us a period of eleven years within which to find the painter.

Who, then, could he have been? Both Jameson and Dobson are, as we have seen, out of the question. The only other Scotchman painting during the necessary time in his own country seems to have been John Scougal, the cousin of Patrick, bishop of Aberdeen. He painted in 1670 a portrait of Sir Archibald Primrose, now in the possession of his descendant Lord Rosebery; other works of his are to be seen in various parts of Scotland, notably three portraits, of William the Third, of Mary and of Anne, in the Glasgow collection—that of Mary, says Mr. Robert Brydal (author of "Art in Scotland") being "well drawn, good in colour, and suggestive of the influence of Vandyck's work." There was a Fleming, James, or Jacob de Witt, also painting in Scotland about this time, but mostly, it would seem, painting chimney-pieces and ceilings, though he was subsequently employed on portraits by James when Viceroy in Scotland, and by some of the nobility. But Scougal is the only native painter of whom there is any record as working north of the Tweed in these years; for Michael Wright, one of Jameson's pupils, settled in London when quite young, and Thomas Murray must have needed more than the precocity of the young Lipsius to have been painting portraits in 1672.

If we allow the possibility of Claverhouse having visited London before crossing the seas, of course the area of choice is widened; but even then it is not large, and small indeed if we accept the professional verdict that the picture is no foreign work. But this,—I write it with all humility—seems to me a somewhat arbitrary verdict, unless no more is implied than that it was not painted abroad. Indeed, to speak strictly, there was no native British school then; every painter held more or less directly of Vandyck. But if we take the limitation in its easier sense, this might be Lely's work, who is the accredited painter of the better known portrait belonging to Lord Strathmore,—though, as Napier has pointed out, the leading-staff seems to indicate an officer of higher rank than a captain of horse, which was all Claverhouse was when he could have sat

to Lely who died in 1680, and suggests the possibility of its being a work of Kneller's hand. Or it might have been painted by John Riley, a clever painter, and an amiable, modest man born in London in 1646 but not much heard of till Lely's death, and then rather over-crowed by the swaggering Kneller. Riley painted Charles, and it was on this portrait that the King passed his famous criticism—afterwards borrowed by Macaulay for one of his own portraits—"Odd's fish, if I'm like this, I'm an ugly fellow." There was also the aforesaid Michael Wright, who painted Prince Rupert in 1672; and John Greenhill, who studied under Lely, and is said to have been able to copy him and Vandyck to perfection, but who drank himself to death when still a young man in 1676. Old Stone, who could copy Vandyck almost as well as Greenhill, was dead eight years before our time, and Kneller did not settle in London till two years after it. But there may be others of whom my few and casual researches into the history of painting have not informed me. I would borrow Horace Walpole's apology, and beg the reader to excuse such brief and trifling articles, which are but an essay which may lead to further discoveries.

It has been hinted by some shameless sceptic that the picture is not contemporary with Claverhouse at all, but done after death from some other portrait by commission of some one who had known him in his youth and could tell the painter how he looked. This fable is founded on the inscription in the corner, which, as aforesaid, is in the style not of Graham of Claverhouse but of Lord Dundee, and on another circumstance perhaps not generally known. The portrait has been for a time beyond which no memory or record seem to run in the possession of the family of Lord Leven, it being now the property of Lady Elizabeth Melville Cartwright, cousin of the present Earl. After the Revolution of 1688, a certain Sir John Medina, a Spaniard born in Brussels, who had been painting portraits in London for the last few years, came to Scotland on the invitation of David, third Earl of Leven, who promised and procured him many commissions. He painted most of the Scottish nobility and other pictures, landscapes and historical pieces. Walpole says he took with him to Scotland many bodies ready finished, to which he added heads as occasion offered; it is certain at any rate that he placed the heads of the first Duke of Argyle and his two sons, John (Jeannie Deans's friend) and Archibald, on the bodies of Roman warriors, as may be seen in the Castle of Inverary to this day. It has been suggested by this unbeliever, whose name will assuredly perish with him, that this portrait of Claverhouse may be a work of this same Medina, sometimes called the Kneller of the North, and thus have become an heirloom of the Levens.

Against this heresy, if it be worth seriously refuting, may be set these two arguments: first, that the portrait has always been held authentic and contemporary both in the families of the Levens and the Grahams; secondly, that the learned in such matters roundly maintain that it can have been painted only from a living head. It may be added also that the evidence of the inscription is worthless, as it may clearly have been placed there by any hand at any time. The picture has been engraved more than once, but no plate that I have seen comes near to the refined and melancholy beauty of the original. The earliest known engraving is by Robert Williams, who divides with John Smith the fame of being the best workman in mezzotint of his time, which covers the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. It is a fine plate, save for the aforesaid exception, bearing the title of Viscount Dundee and his coat of arms, but no date. The engraving which stands as frontispiece to Napier's first volume has ob-

viously, as Napier came afterwards to see, been made up from this plate; and so, it is generally considered by competent authorities, have such others as exist—except of course the engraving of the Strathmore portrait which is given, I believe, to Smith. The Airth portrait (also engraved in Napier's first volume) is said to be an original, but there is no record of the painter or time of painting, and it has been suspected to be only another version of the Leven portrait, a common custom of those times both with brush and burin. In the Pepysian library at Cambridge there is a clumsy copy of Williams's engraving, which fixes its date at least not later than 1703, the year in which Pepys died. A very fine photograph was taken of the Leven portrait, by permission of the owner, when it was on view in the Stuart Exhibition last year, by Mr. Cameron of Mortimer Street, who has added to his mother's gifts an amount of executive skill which has never yet been surpassed in this department of his profession.

So I can only end as I began—who was the painter? Whoever he was, Scotchman, Englishman, or Dutchman, he must, though nameless now, have been a great master at the moment when he did this thing; for, over and above the accident of the beautiful face, there are few if any portraits of the time, that have been exhibited in this kingdom, finer in colour or execution. More than this, no man can say. It hangs in its Northamptonshire home, as great a puzzle to posterity as Claverhouse himself!

THE HEAD OF THE DISTRICT.

I.

THE Indus had risen in flood without warning. Last night it was a fordable shallow; to-night five miles of raving muddy water parted bank and caving bank, and the river was still rising under the moon. A litter borne by six bearded men, all unused to the employ, stopped in the white sand that bordered the whiter plain.

"It's God's will," they said. "We dare not cross to-night, even in a boat. Let us light a fire and cook food. We be tired men."

They looked at the litter inquiringly. Within, the Deputy Commissioner of the Kot-Kumharsen district lay dying of fever. They had brought him across country, six fighting-men of a frontier clan that he had won over to the paths of a moderate righteousness, when he had broken down at the foot of their inhospitable hills. And Tallantire, his assistant, rode with them, heavy-hearted as heavy-eyed with sorrow and lack of sleep. He had served under the sick man for three years, and had learned to love him as men associated in toil of the hardest learn to love—or hate. Dropping from his horse he parted the curtains of the litter and peered inside.

"Orde—Orde, old man, can you hear? We have to wait till the river goes down, worse luck."

"I hear," returned a dry whisper. "Wait .till the river goes down. I thought we should reach camp before the dawn. Polly knows. She'll meet me."

One of the litter-men stared across the river and caught a faint twinkle of light on the far side. He whispered to Tallantire: "There are his camp-fires, and his wife. They will cross in the morning, for they have better boats. Can he live so long?"

Tallantire shook his head. Yardley Orde was very near to death. What need to vex his soul with hopes of a meeting that could not be? The river gulped at the banks, brought down a cliff of sand, and snarled the more hungrily. The litter-men sought for fuel in the waste—dried camel-thorn and refuse of the camps that had waited at the ford. Their sword-belts clinked as they moved softly in the haze of the moonlight, and Tallantire's horse coughed to explain that he would like a blanket.

"I'm cold too," said the voice from the litter. "I fancy this is the end. Poor Polly!"

Tallantire rearranged the blankets; Khoda Dad Khan, seeing this, stripped off his own heavy-wadded sheepskin coat and added it to the pile. "I shall be warm by the fire presently," said he. Tallantire took the wasted body of his chief into his arms and held it against his breast. Perhaps if they kept him very warm Orde might live to see his wife once more. If only blind Providence would send a three-foot fall in the river!

"That's better," said Orde faintly. "Sorry to be a nuisance, but is—is there anything to drink?"

They gave him milk and whisky, and Tallantire felt a little warmth against his own breast. Orde began to mutter.

"It isn't that I mind dying," he said. "It's leaving Polly and the district. Thank God! we have no children. Dick, you know, I'm dipped—awfully dipped—debts in my first five years' service. It isn't much of a pension, but enough for her. She has her mother at home. Getting there is the difficulty. And—and—you see, not being a soldier's wife——"

"We'll arrange the passage home, of course," said Tallantire quietly.

"It's not nice to think of sending round the hat; but, good Lord! how many men I lie here and remember that had to do it! Morten's dead—he was of my year. Shaughnessy is dead, and he had children; I remember he used to read us their school letters; what a bore we thought him! Evans is dead—Kot-Kumharsen killed him. Ricketts of Myndonie is dead—and I'm going too. Man that is born of a woman is small potatoes and few in the hill. That reminds me, Dick; the four Khusru Kheyl villages in our border want a one-third remittance this spring. That's fair; their crops are bad. See that they get it, and speak to Ferris about the canal. I should like to have lived till that was finished; it means so much for the North-Indus villages—but Ferris is an idle beggar—wake him up. You'll have charge of the district till my successor comes. I wish they would appoint you permanently; you know the folk. I suppose it will be Bullows, though. Good man, but too weak for frontier work; and he doesn't understand the priests. The blind priest at Jagai will bear watching. You'll find it in my papers,—in the uniform-case, I think. Call the Khusru Kheyl men up; I'll hold my last public audience. Khoda Dad Khan!"

The leader of the men sprang to the side of the litter, his companions following.

"Men, I'm dying," said Orde quickly, in the vernacular; "and soon there will be no more Orde Sahib to twist your tails and prevent you from raiding cattle."

"God forbid this thing!" broke out the deep bass chorus. "The Sahib is not going to die."

"Yes, he is; and then he will know whether Mahomed speaks truth, or Moses. But you must be good men, when I am not here. Such of you as live in our borders must pay your taxes quietly as before. I have spoken of the villages to be gently treated this year. Such of you as live in the hills must refrain from cattle-lifting, and burn no more thatch, and turn a deaf ear to the voice of the priests, who, not knowing the strength of the Government, would lead you into foolish wars, wherein you will surely die and your crops be eaten by strangers. And you must not sack any caravans, and must leave your arms at the police-post when you come in; as has been your custom, and my order. And Tallantire Sahib will be with you, but I do not know who takes my place. I speak now true talk, for I am as it were already dead, my children,—for though ye be strong men, ye are children."

"And thou art our father and our mother," broke in Khoda Dad Khan with an oath. "What shall we do, now there is no one to speak for us, or to teach us to go wisely!"

"There remains Tallantire Sahib. Go to him; he knows your talk and your heart. Keep the young men quiet, listen to the old men, and obey. Khoda Dad Khan, take my ring. The watch and chain go to thy brother. Keep those things for my sake, and I will speak to whatever God I may encounter and tell him that the Khusru Kheyl are good men. Ye have my leave to go."

Khoda Dad Khan, the ring upon his finger, choked audibly as he caught the well-known formula that closed an interview. His brother turned to look across the river. The dawn was breaking, and a speck of white showed on the dull silver of the stream. "She comes," said the man under his breath. "Can he live for another two hours?" And he pulled the newly-acquired watch out of his belt and looked uncomprehendingly at the dial, as he had seen Englishmen do.

For two hours the bellying sail tacked and blundered up and down the river, Tallantire still clasping Orde in his arms, and Khoda Dad Khan chafing his feet. He spoke now and again of the district and his wife, but, as the end neared, more frequently of the latter. They hoped he did not know that she was even then risking her life in a crazy native boat to regain

him. But the awful foreknowledge of the dying deceived them. Wrenching himself forward, Orde looked through the curtains and saw how near was the sail. "That's Polly," he said simply, though his mouth was wried with agony. "Polly and—the grimmest practical joke ever played on a man. Dick — you'll — have — to — explain."

And an hour later Tallantire met on the bank a woman in a gingham riding-habit and a sun-hat who cried out to him for her husband—her boy and her darling—while Khoda Dad Khan threw himself face-down on the sand and covered his eyes.

II.

THE very simplicity of the notion was its charm. What more easy to win a reputation for far-seeing statesmanship, originality, and, above all, deference to the desires of the people, than by appointing a child of the country to the rule of that country? Two hundred millions of the most loving and grateful folk under Her Majesty's dominion would laud the fact and their praise would endure for ever. Yet he was indifferent to praise or blame, as befitted the Very Greatest of All the Viceroys. His administration was based upon principle, and the principle must be enforced in season and out of season. His pen and tongue had created the New India, teeming with possibilities—loud-voiced, insistent, a nation among nations—all his very own. Wherefore the Very Greatest of all the Viceroys took another step in advance, and with it counsel of those who should have advised him on the appointment of a successor to Yardley Orde. There was a gentleman and a member of the Bengal Civil Service who had won his place and a university degree to boot, in fair and open competition with the sons of the English. He was cultured, of the world, and, if report spoke truly, had wisely and, above all, sympathetically ruled a crowded district in South Eastern Bengal. He had been to England and charmed many drawing-rooms there. His name, if the Viceroy recollected aright, was Mr. Grish Chunder Dé, M.A. In short, did anybody see any objection to the appointment, always on principle, of a man of the people to rule the people? The district in South Eastern Bengal might with advantage, he apprehended, pass over to a younger civilian of Mr. G. C. Dé's nationality (who had written a remarkably clever pamphlet on the political value of sympathy in administration); and Mr. G. C. Dé could be transferred northward to Kot-Kumharsen. The Viceroy was averse, on principle, to interfering with appointments under control of the Provincial Governments. He wished it to be understood that he merely recommended and advised in this instance. As regarded the mere question of race, Mr. Grish Chunder Dé was more English than the English, and yet possessed of that peculiar sympathy and insight which the best among the best Service in the world could only win to at the end of their service.

The stern, black-bearded kings who sit about the Council-board of India, divided on the step with the inevitable result of driving the Very Greatest of All the Viceroys into the borders of hysteria, and a bewildered obstinacy pathetic as that of a child.

"The principle is sound enough," said the weary-eyed Head of the Red Provinces in which Kot-Kumharsen lay, for he too held theories. "The only difficulty is——"

"Put the screw on the District officials; brigade Dé with a very strong Deputy Commissioner on each side of him; give him the best assistant in the Province; rub the fear of God into the people beforehand; and if anything goes wrong, say that his colleagues didn't back him up. All these lovely little experiments recoil on the District-Officer in the end," said the Knight of the Drawn Sword with a truthful brutality that made

the Head of the Red Provinces shudder. And on a tacit understanding of this kind the transfer was accomplished, as quietly as might be for many reasons.

It is sad to think that what goes for public opinion in India did not generally see the wisdom of the Viceroy's appointment. There were not lacking indeed hireling organs, notoriously in the pay of a tyrannous bureaucracy, who more than hinted that His Excellency was a fool, a dreamer of dreams, a doctrinaire, and, worst of all, a trifler with the lives of men. "The Viceroy's Excellence Gazette," published in Calcutta, was at pains to thank "Our beloved Viceroy for once more and again thus gloriously vindicating the potentialities of the Bengali nations for extended executive and administrative duties in foreign parts beyond our ken. We do not at all doubt that our excellent fellow-townsman, Mr. Grish Chunder Dé, Esq., M.A., will uphold the prestige of the Bengali, notwithstanding what underhand intrigue and *peshbundi* may be set on foot to insidiously nip his fame and blast his prospects among the proud civilians, some of which will now have to serve under a despised native and take orders too. How will you like that, Misters? We entreat our beloved Viceroy still to substantiate himself superiorly to race-prejudice and colour-blindness, and to allow the flower of this now *our* Civil Service all the full pays and allowances granted to his more fortunate brethren."

III.

"When does this man take over charge? I'm alone just now, and I gather that I'm to stand fast under him."

"Would you have cared for a transfer?" said Bullows keenly. Then, laying his hand on Tallantire's shoulder: "We're all in the same boat; don't desert us. And yet, why the devil should you stay, if you can get another charge?"

"It was Orde's," said Tallantire, simply.

"Well, it's Dé's now. He's a Bengali of the Bengalis, crammed with code and case law; a beautiful man so far as routine and deskwork go, and pleasant to talk to. They naturally have always kept him in his own home-district, where all his sisters and his cousins and his aunts lived, somewhere south of Dacca. He did no more than turn the place into a pleasant little family preserve, allowed his subordinates to do what they liked, and let everybody have a chance at the shekels. Consequently he's immensely popular down there."

"I've nothing to do with that. How on earth am I to explain to the district that they are going to be governed by a Bengali? Do you—does the Government, I mean—suppose that the Khusru Kheyl will sit quiet when they once know? What will the Mahomedan heads of villages say? How will the police—Muzbi Sikhs and Pathans—how will *they* work under him? We couldn't say anything if the Government appointed a sweeper; but my people will say a good deal, you know that. It's a piece of cruel folly!"

"My dear boy, I know all that, and more. I've represented it, and have been told that I am exhibiting 'culpable and puerile prejudice.' By Jove, if the Khusru Kheyl don't exhibit something worse than that I don't know the Border! The chances are that you will have the district alight on your hands, and I shall have to leave my work and help you pull through. I needn't ask you to stand by the Bengali man in every possible way. You'll do that for your own sake."

"For Orde's. I can't say that I care twopence personally."

"Don't be an ass. It's grievous enough, God knows, and the Government will know later on; but that's no reason for your sulking. *You* must try to run the district; *you* must stand between him and as much insult as possible; *you* must show him the ropes;

you must pacify the Khusru Kheyl, and just warn Curbar of the Police to look out for trouble by the way. I'm always at the end of a telegraph-wire, and willing to peril my reputation to hold the district together. You'll lose yours, of course. If you keep things straight, and he isn't actually beaten with a stick when he's on tour, he'll get all the credit. If anything goes wrong, you'll be told that you didn't support him loyally."

"I know what I've got to do," said Tallantire, wearily, "and I'm going to do it. But it's hard."

"The work is with us, the event is with Allah,—as Orde used to say when he was more than usually in hot water." And Bullows rode away.

That two gentlemen in Her Majesty's Bengal Civil Service should thus discuss a third, also in that service, and a cultured and affable man withal, seems strange and saddening. Yet listen to the artless babble of the Blind Mullah of Jagai, the priest of the Khusru Kheyl, sitting upon a rock overlooking the Border. Five years before, a chance-hurled shell from a screw-gun battery had dashed earth in the face of the Mullah, then urging a rush of Ghazis against half a dozen British bayonets. So he became blind, and hated the English none the less for the little accident. Yardley Orde knew his failing and had many times laughed at him therefore.

"Dogs you are," said the Blind Mullah to the listening tribesmen round the fire. "Whipped dogs! Because you listened to Orde Sahib and called him father and behaved as his children, the British Government have proven how they regard you. Orde Sahib ye know is dead."

"Ai! ai! ai!" said half a dozen voices.

"He was a man. Comes no[illegible] his stead, whom think ye? [illegible]gali of Bengal—an eater of [illegible] from the South."

"A lie!" said Khoda Dad Khan. "And but for the small matter of thy priesthood, I'd drive my gun butt first down thy throat."

"Oho, art thou there, lickspittle of the English? Go in to-morrow across the Border to pay service to Orde Sahib's successor, and thou shalt slip thy shoes at the tent-door of a Bengali, as thou shalt hand thy offering to a Bengali's black fist. This I know; and in my youth when a young man spoke evil to a Mullah holding the doors of Heaven and Hell, the gun-butt was not rammed down the Mullah's gullet. No!"

The Blind Mullah hated Khoda Dad Khan with Afghan hatred; both being rivals for the headship of the tribe, but the latter was feared for bodily as the other for spiritual gifts. Khoda Dad Khan looked at Orde's ring and grunted, "I go in to-morrow because I am not an old fool, preaching war against the English. If the Government, smitten with madness, have done this, then . . . ."

"Then," croaked the Mullah, "thou wilt take out the young men and strike at the four villages within the Border?"

"Or wring thy neck, black raven of Jehannum, for a bearer of ill-tidings?"

Khoda Dad Khan oiled his long locks with great care, put on his best Bokhara belt, a new turban-cap and fine green shoes, and accompanied by a few friends came down from the hills to pay a visit to the new Deputy Commissioner of Kot-Kumharsen. Also he bore tribute—four or five priceless gold mohurs of Akbar's time in a white handkerchief. These the Deputy Commissioner would touch and remit. The little ceremony used to be a sign that, so far as Khoda Dad Khan's personal influence went, the Khusru Kheyl would be good boys,—till the next time; especially if Khoda Dad Khan happened to like the new Deputy Commissioner. In Yardley Orde's consulship his visit concluded with a sumptuous dinner and perhaps forbidden liquors, certainly with some wonderful tales and great good-fellowship. Then Khoda Dad Khan would swagger back to his hold,

vowing that Orde Sahib was one prince and Tallantire Sahib another, and that whosoever went a-raiding into British territory would be flayed alive. On this occasion he found the Deputy Commissioner's tents looking much as usual. Regarding himself as privileged he strode through the open door to confront a suave, portly Bengali in English costume writing at a table. Unversed in the elevating influence of education, and not in the least caring for university degrees, Khoda Dad Khan promptly set the man down for a Babu—the native clerk of the Deputy Commissioner—a hated and despised animal.

"Ugh!" said he cheerfully. "Where's your master, Babujee?"

"I am the Deputy Commissioner," said the gentleman in English.

Now he over-valued the effects of university degrees and stared Khoda Dad Khan in the face. But if from your earliest infancy you have been accustomed to look on battle, murder, and sudden death, if spilt blood affects your nerves as much as red paint, and, above all, if you have faithfully believed that the Bengali was the servant of all Hindustan, and that all Hindustan was vastly inferior to your own large, lustful self, you can endure, even though uneducated, a very large amount of looking over. You can even stare down a graduate of an Oxford college if the latter has been born in a hothouse, of stock bred in a hothouse, and fearing physical pain as some men fear sin; especially if your opponent's mother has frightened him to sleep in his youth with horrible stories of devils inhabiting Afghanistan, and dismal legends of the black North. The eyes behind the gold spectacles sought the floor. Khoda Dad Khan chuckled, and swung out to find Tallantire hard by. "Here," said he roughly, thrusting the coins before him, "Touch and remit. That answers for *my* good behaviour. But, O Sahib, has the Government gone mad to send a black Bengali dog to us? And am I to pay service to such an one? And are you to work under him? What does it mean?"

"It is an order," said Tallantire. He had expected something of this kind. "He is a very clever S-sahib."

"He a Sahib! He's a *kala admi*—a black man—unfit to run at the tail of a potter's donkey. All the peoples of the earth have harried Bengal. It is written. Thou knowest when we of the North wanted women or plunder whither went we? To Bengal—where else? What child's talk is this of Sahibdom—after Orde Sahib too! Of a truth the Blind Mullah was right."

"What of him?" asked Tallantire uneasily. He mistrusted that old man with his dead eyes and his deadly tongue.

"Nay, now, because of the oath that I sware to Orde Sahib when we watched him die by the river yonder, I will tell. In the first place, is it true that the English have set the heel of the Bengali on their own neck, and that there is no more English rule in the land?"

"I am here," said Tallantire, "and I serve the Maharanee of England."

"The Mullah said otherwise, and further that because we loved Orde Sahib the Government sent us a pig to show that we were dogs, who till now have been held by the strong hand. Also that they were taking away the white soldiers, that more Hindustanis might come, and that all was changing."

This is the worst of ill-considered handling of a very large country. What looks so feasible in Calcutta, so right in Bombay, so unassailable in Madras, is misunderstood by the North and entirely changes its complexion on the banks of the Indus. Khoda Dad Khan explained as clearly as he could that, though he himself intended to be good, he really could not answer for the more reckless members of his tribe under the leadership of the Blind Mullah. They might or they might not give trouble, but they certainly had no intention whatever of obeying the new Deputy Commissioner. Was Tallantire

perfectly sure that in the event of any systematic border-raiding the force in the district could put it down promptly?

"Tell the Mullah if he talks any more fool's talk," said Tallantire curtly, "that he takes his men on to certain death, and his tribe to blockade, trespass-fine and blood-money. But why do I talk to one who no longer carries weight in the counsels of the tribe?"

Khoda Dad Khan pocketed that insult. He had learned something he much wanted to know, and returned to his hills to be sarcastically complimented by the Mullah whose tongue raging round the camp-fires was deadlier flame than ever dung-cake fed.

IV.

Be pleased to consider here for a moment the unknown district of Kot-Kumharsen. It lay cut lengthways by the Indus under the line of the Khusru hills—a rampart of useless earth and tumbled stone. It was seventy miles long by fifty broad, maintained a population of something less than two hundred thousand, and paid taxes to the extent of forty thousand pounds a year on an area that was rather more than half sheer, hopeless waste. The cultivators were not gentle people, the miners for salt were less gentle still, and the cattle-breeders least gentle of all. A police-post in the top right-hand corner and a tiny mud fort in the top left-hand corner, prevented as much salt-smuggling and cattle-lifting as the influence of the civilians could not put down; and in the bottom right-hand corner lay Jumala, the district head-quarters—a pitiful knot of limewashed barns facetiously rented as houses, reeking with frontier fever, leaking in the rain, and ovens in the summer.

It was to this place that Grish Chunder Dé was travelling, there formally to take over charge of the district. But the news of his coming had gone before. Bengalis were as scarce as poodles among the simple Borderers, who cut each other's heads open with their long spades and worshipped impartially at Hindu and Mahomedan shrines. They crowded to see him, pointing at him, and diversely comparing him to a gravid milch-buffalo, or a broken-down horse, as their limited range of metaphor prompted. They laughed at his police-guard, and wished to know how long the burly Sikhs were going to lead Bengali apes. They inquired whether he had brought his women with him, and advised him explicitly not to tamper with theirs. It remained for a wrinkled hag by the road-side to slap her lean breasts as he passed, crying:—"I have suckled six that could have eaten six thousand of *him*. The Government shot them, and made this That a king!" Whereat a blue-turbaned, huge-boned plough-mender shouted:—"Have hope, mother o' mine! He may yet go the way of thy wastrels." And the children, the little brown puff-balls, regarded curiously. It was generally a good thing for infancy to stray into Orde Sahib's tent, where copper coins were to be won for the mere wishing, and tales of the most authentic, such as even their mothers knew but the first half of. No! This fat black man could never tell them how Pir Prith hauled the eye-teeth out of ten devils; how the big stones came to lie all in a row on top of the Khusru hills, and what happened if you shouted through the village-gate to the grey wolf at even "Badl Khas is dead." Meantime Grish Chunder Dé talked hastily and much to Tallantire, after the manner of those who are "more English than the English,"—of Oxford and "home," with much curious book-knowledge of bump-suppers, cricket-matches, hunting-runs, and other unholy sports of the alien. "We must get these fellows in hand," he said once or twice uneasily; "get them well in hand, and drive them on a light rein. No use, you know, being slack with your district."

And a moment later Tallantire

heard Debendra Nath Dé, who brotherliwise had followed his kinsman's fortune and hoped for the shadow of his protection as a pleader, whisper in Bengali:—"Better are dried fish at Dacca than drawn swords at Delhi. Brother of mine, these men are devils, as our mother said. And you will always have to ride upon a horse!"

That night there was a public audience in a broken-down little town thirty miles from Jumala, when the new Deputy Commissioner, in reply to the greetings of the subordinate native officials, delivered a speech. It was a carefully thought-out speech, which would have been very valuable had not his third sentence begun with three innocent words, "*Hamara hookum hai*—It is my order." Then there was a laugh, clear and bell-like, from the back of the big tent where a few border land-holders sat, and the laugh grew and scorn mingled with it, and the lean, keen face of Debendra Nath Dé paled, and Grish Chunder turning to Tallantire spake:—"*You*—you put up this arrangement." Upon that instant the noise of hoofs rang without, and there entered Curbar, the District Superintendent of Police, sweating and dusty. The State had tossed him into a corner of the province for seventeen weary years, there to check smuggling of salt, and to hope for promotion that never came. He had forgotten how to keep his white uniform clean, had screwed rusty spurs into patent-leather shoes, and clothed his head indifferently with a helmet or a turban. Soured, old, worn with heat and cold, he waited till he should be entitled to sufficient pension to keep him from starving.

"Tallantire," said he, disregarding Grish Chunder Dé, "come outside. I want to speak to you." They withdrew. "It's this," continued Curbar. "The Khusru Kheyl have rushed and cut up half a dozen of the coolies on Ferris's new canal-embankment; killed a couple of men and carried off a woman; I wouldn't trouble you about that—Ferris is after them and Hugonin, my assistant, with ten mounted police. But that's only the beginning, I fancy. Their fires are out on the Hassan Ardeb heights, and unless we're pretty quick there'll be a flare up all along our Border. They are sure to raid the four Khusru villages on our side of the line: there's been bad blood between them for years; and you know the Blind Mullah has been preaching a holy war since Orde went out. What's your notion?"

"Dam!" said Tallantire, thoughtfully. "They've begun quick. Well, it seems to me I'd better ride off to Fort Ziar and get what men I can there to picket among the lowland villages, if it's not too late. Tommy Dodd commands at Fort Ziar, I think. Ferris and Hugonin ought to teach the canal thieves a lesson, and . . . . No, we can't have the Head of the Police ostentatiously guarding the treasury. You go back to the canal. I'll wire Bullows to come in to Jumala with a strong police-guard, and sit on the treasury. They won't touch the place, but it looks well."

"I—I—I insist upon knowing what this means," said the voice of the Deputy Commissioner, who had followed the speakers after an interval.

"Oh!" said Curbar, who being in the Police could not understand that fifteen years of education must, on principle, change the Bengali into a Briton. "There has been a fight on the Border, and heaps of men are killed. There's going to be another fight, and heaps more will be killed."

"What for?"

"Because the teeming millions of this district don't exactly approve of you, and think that under your benign rule they are going to have a good time. It strikes me that you had better make arrangements. I act, as you know, by your orders. What do you advise?"

"I—I take you all to witness that I have not yet assumed charge of the district," stammered the Deputy Com-

missioner, not in the tones of the "more English."

"Ah, I thought so. Well, as I was saying, Tallantire, your plan is sound. Carry it out. Do you want an escort?"

"No; only a decent horse. But how about wiring to head-quarters?"

"I fancy, from the colour of his cheeks, that your superior officer will send some wonderful telegrams before the night's over. Let him do that, and we shall have half the troops of the province coming up to see what's the trouble. Well, run along, and take care of yourself—the Khusru Kheyl job upwards from beneath, remember. Ho! Mir Khan, give Tallantire Sahib the best of the horses, and tell five men to ride to Jumala with the Deputy Commissioner Sahib Bahadur. There is a hurry toward."

There was; and it was not in the least bettered by Debendra Nath Dé, clinging to a policeman's bridle and demanding the shortest, the very shortest way to Jumala. Now originality is fatal to the Bengali. Debendra Nath should have stayed with his brother who rode steadfastly for Jumala on the railway line, thanking gods entirely unknown to the most catholic of universities that he had not taken charge of the district, and could still—happy resource of a fertile race!—fall sick.

And I grieve to say that when he reached his goal two policemen, not devoid of rude wit, who had been conferring together as they bumped in their saddles, arranged an entertainment for his behoof. It consisted of first one and then the other entering his room with prodigious details of war, the massing of bloodthirsty and devilish tribes, and the burning of towns. It was almost as good, said these scamps, as riding with Curbar after evasive Afghans. Each invention kept the hearer at work for half-an-hour on telegrams which the sack of Delhi would hardly have justified. To every power that could move a bayonet or transfer a terrified man, Grish Chunder Dé appealed telegraphically. He was alone, his assistants had fled, and in truth he had not taken over charge of the district. Had the telegrams been despatched many things would have occurred; but since the only signaller in Jumala had gone to bed and the station-master after one look at the tremendous pile of paper discovered that railway regulations forbade the forwarding of imperial messages, policemen Ram Singh and Nihal Singh were fain to turn the stuff into a pillow and slept thereon very comfortably.

Tallantire drove his spurs into a rampant skewbald stallion with china-blue eyes, and settled himself for the forty mile ride to Fort Ziar. Knowing his district blindfold he wasted no time hunting for short cuts, but headed across the richer grazing-ground to the ford where Orde had died and been buried. The dusty ground deadened the noise of his horse's hoofs, the moon threw his shadow, a restless goblin, before him, and the heavy dew drenched him to the skin. Hillock, scrub that brushed against the horse's belly, unmetalled road where the whip-like foliage of the tamarisks lashed his forehead, illimitable levels of lowland furred with bent and speckled with drowsing cattle, waste and hillock anew, dragged themselves past and the skewbald was labouring in the deep sand of the Indus-ford. Tallantire was conscious of no distinct thought till the nose of the dawdling ferry-boat grounded on the further side, and his horse shied snorting at the white head-stone of Orde's grave. Then he uncovered, and shouted that the dead might hear:—"They're out, old man! Wish me luck." In the chill of the dawn he was hammering with a stirrup-iron at the gate of Fort Ziar where fifty sabres of that tattered regiment, the Belooch Beshaklis, were supposed to guard Her Majesty's interests along a few hundred miles of Border. This particular fort was commanded by a subaltern who, born of the ancient family of the Derouletts,

naturally answered to the name of Tommy Dodd. Him Tallantire found robed in a sheepskin coat, shaking with fever like an aspen, and trying to read the native apothecary's list of invalids.

"So you're come, too," said he. "Well, we're all sick here, and I don't think I can horse thirty men; but we're bub—bub—bub blessed willing. Stop, does this impress you as a trap or a lie?" He tossed a scrap of paper to Tallantire, on which was written painfully in crabbed Gurmukhi: "We cannot hold young horses. They will feed after the moon goes down in the four border villages issuing from the Jagai pass, on the next night." Then in English round hand—"Your sincere friend."

"Good man!" said Tallantire. "That's Khoda Dad Khan's work, I know. It's the only piece of English he could ever keep in his head, and he is immensely proud of it. He is playing against the Blind Mullah for his own hand—the treacherous young ruffian!"

"Don't know the politics of the Khusru Kheyl, but if you're satisfied, I am. That was pitched in over the gate-head last night, and I thought we might pull ourselves together and see what was on. Oh, but we're sick with fever here and no mistake! Is this going to be a big business, think you?"

Tallantire told him briefly the outlines of the case, and Tommy Dodd whistled and shook with fever alternately. That day he devoted to strategy, the art of war and the enlivenment of the invalids, till at dusk there stood ready forty-two troopers, lean, worn, and dishevelled, whom Tommy Dodd surveyed with pride, and addressed thus:—"O men! If you die you will go to Hell. Therefore endeavour to keep alive. But if you go to Hell that place cannot be hotter than this place, and we are not told that we shall there suffer from fever. Consequently be not afraid of dying. File out there!" And they grinned, and went.

V.

It will be long ere the Khusru Kheyl forget their night attack on the lowland villages. The Mullah had promised an easy victory and unlimited plunder; but behold, armed troopers of the Queen had risen out of the very earth, cutting, slashing, and riding down under the stars, so that no man knew where to turn, and all feared that they had brought an army about their ears, and ran back to the hills. In the panic of that flight more men were seen to drop from wounds inflicted by an Afghan knife jobbed upwards, and yet more from long-range carbine-fire. Then there rose a cry of treachery, and when they reached their own guarded heights they had left, with some forty dead and sixty wounded, all their confidence in the Blind Mullah on the plains below. They clamoured, swore, and argued round the fires; the women wailing for the lost, and the Mullah shrieking curses on the returned.

Then Khoda Dad Khan, eloquent and unbreathed, for he had taken no part in the fight, rose to improve the occasion. He pointed out that the tribe owed every item of its present misfortune to the Blind Mullah, who had lied in every possible particular and talked them into a trap. It was undoubtedly an insult that a Bengali, the son of a Bengali, should presume to administer the Border, but that fact did not, as the Mullah pretended, herald a general time of license and lifting; and the inexplicable madness of the English had not in the least impaired their power of guarding their marches. On the contrary, the baffled and outgeneralled tribe would now, just when their food-stock was lowest, be blockaded from any trade with Hindustan until they had sent hostages for good behaviour, paid compensation for disturbance, and blood-money at the rate of thirty-six English pounds per head for every villager that they might have

slain. "And ye know that those low-land dogs will make oath that we have slain scores. Will the Mullah pay the fines or must we sell our guns?" A low growl ran round the fires. "Now, seeing that all this is the Mullah's work, and that we have gained nothing but promises of Paradise thereby, it is in my heart that we of the Khusru Kheyl lack a shrine whereat to pray. We are weakened, and henceforth how shall we dare to cross into the Madar Kheyl border, as has been our custom, to kneel to Pir Sajji's tomb? The Madar men will fall upon us, and rightly. But our Mullah is a holy man. He has helped two score of us into Paradise this night. Let him therefore accompany his flock, and we will build over his body a dome of the blue tiles of Mooltan, and burn lamps at his feet every Friday night. He shall be a saint: we shall have a shrine; and there our women shall pray for fresh seed to fill the gaps in our fighting-tale. How think you?"

A grim chuckle followed the suggestion, and the soft *wheep, wheep* of unscabbarded knives followed the chuckle. It was an excellent notion, and met a long felt want of the tribe. The Mullah sprang to his feet, glaring with withered eyeballs at the drawn death he could not see, and calling down the curses of God and Mahomed on the tribe. Then began a game of blind man's buff round and between the fires, whereof Khuruk Shah, the tribal poet, has sung in verse that will not die.

They tickled him gently under the armpit with the knife-point. He leaped aside screaming, only to feel a cold blade drawn lightly over the back of his neck, or a rifle-muzzle rubbing his beard. He called on his adherents to aid him, but most of these lay dead on the plains, for Khoda Dad Khan had been at some pains to arrange their decease. Men described to him the glories of the shrine they would build, and the little children clapping their hands cried:—"Run, Mullah, run! There's a man behind you!" In the end, when the sport wearied, Khoda Dad Khan's brother sent a knife home between his ribs. "Wherefore," said Khoda Dad Khan with charming simplicity, "I am now Chief of the Khusru Kheyl!" No man gainsaid him; and they all went to sleep very stiff and sore.

On the plain below Tommy Dodd was lecturing on the beauties of a cavalry charge by night, and Tallantire, bowed on his saddle, was gasping hysterically because there was a sword dangling from his wrist flecked with the blood of the Khusru Kheyl, the tribe that Orde had kept in leash so well. When a Rajpoot trooper pointed out that the skewbald's right ear had been taken off at the root by some blind slash of its unskilled rider, Tallantire broke down altogether, and laughed and sobbed till Tommy Dodd made him lie down and rest.

"We must wait about till the morning," said he. "I wired to the Colonel just before we left, to send a wing of the Beshaklis after us. He'll be furious with me for monopolising the fun, though. Those beggars in the hills won't give us any more trouble."

"Then tell the Beshaklis to go on and see what has happened to Curbar on the canal. We must patrol the whole line of the Border. You're quite sure, Tommy, that—that stuff was—was only the skewbald's ear?"

"Oh, quite," said Tommy. "You just missed cutting off his head. *I* saw you when we went into the mess. Sleep, old man."

Noon brought two squadrons of Beshaklis and a knot of furious brother officers demanding the court-martial of Tommy Dodd for "spoiling the picnic," and a gallop across country to the canal-works where Ferris, Curbar, and Hugonin were haranguing the terror-stricken coolies on the enormity of abandoning good work and high pay, merely because half a dozen of their fellows had been cut down. The sight of a troop of the Beshaklis restored wavering confidence, and the

police-hunted section of the Khusru Kheyl had the joy of watching the canal bank humming with life as usual, while such of their men as had taken refuge in the water-courses and ravines were being driven out by the troopers. By sundown began the remorseless patrol of the Border by police and trooper, most like the cowboys' eternal ride round restless cattle.

"Now," said Khoda Dad Khan, pointing out a line of twinkling fires, "ye may see how far the old order changes. After their horse will come the little devil-guns that they can drag up to the tops of the hills, and, for aught I know, to the clouds when we crown the hills. If the tribe-council thinks good, I will go to Tallantire Sahib—who loves me—and see if I can stave off at least the blockade. Do I speak for the tribe?"

"Ay, speak for the tribe in God's name. How those accursed fires wink! Do the English send their troops on the wire—or is this the work of the Bengali?"

As Khoda Dad Khan went down the hill he was delayed by an interview with a hard-pressed tribesman, which caused him to return hastily for something he had forgotten. Then, handing himself over to the two troopers, who had been chasing his friend, he demanded escort to Tallantire Sahib, then with Bullows at Jumala. The Border was safe, and the time for reasons in writing had begun.

"Thank Heaven!" said Bullows, "that the trouble came at once. Of course we can never put down the reason in black and white, but all India will understand. And it is better to have a sharp short outbreak, than five years of impotent administration inside the Border. It costs less. Grish Chunder Dé has reported himself sick, and has been transferred to his own province without any sort of reprimand. He was strong on not having taken over the district."

"Of course," said Tallantire bitterly. "Well, what am I supposed to have done that was wrong?"

"Oh, you will be told that you exceeded all your powers, and should have reported, and written, and advised for three weeks until the Khusru Kheyl could really come down in force. But I don't think the authorities will dare to make a fuss about it. They've had their lesson. Have you seen Curbar's version of the affair? He can't write a report, but he can speak the truth."

"What's the use of the truth? He'd much better tear up the report. I'm sick and heart-broken over it all. It was so utterly unnecessary—except in that it rid us of that Babu."

Entered unabashed Khoda Dad Khan, a stuffed forage-net in his hand, and the troopers behind him.

"May you never be tired!" said he, cheerily. "Well, Sahibs, that was a good fight, and Naim Shah's mother is in debt to you, Tallantire Sahib. A clean cut, they tell me, through jaw, wadded coat, and deep into the collar-bone. Well done! But I speak for the tribe. There has been a fault—a great fault. Thou knowest that I and mine, Tallantire Sahib, kept the oath we sware to Orde Sahib on the banks of the Indus."

"As an Afghan keeps his knife—sharp on one side, blunt on the other," said Tallantire.

"The better swing in the blow, then. But I speak God's truth. Only the Blind Mullah carried the young men on the tip of his tongue, and said that there was no more Border-law because a Bengali had been sent, and we need not fear the English at all. So they came down to avenge that insult and get plunder. Ye know what befell, and how far I helped. Now five score of us are dead or wounded, and we are all shamed and sorry, and desire no further war. Moreover, that ye may better listen to us, we have taken off the head of the Blind Mullah, whose evil counsels have led us to folly. I bring it for proof,"—and he heaved on the floor the head. "He will give no more trouble, for *I* am chief now, and so I

sit in a higher place at all audiences. Yet there is an offset to this head. That was another fault. One of the men found that black Bengali beast, through whom this trouble arose, wandering on horseback and weeping. Reflecting that he had caused loss of much good life, Alla Dad Khan, whom, if you choose, I will to-morrow shoot, whipped off this head, and I bring it to you to cover your shame, that ye may bury it. See, no man kept the spectacles, though they were of gold!"

Slowly rolled to Tallantire's feet the crop-haired head of a spectacled Bengali gentleman, open-eyed, open-mouthed—the head of Terror incarnate. Bullows bent down. "Yet another blood-fine and a heavy one, Khoda Dad Khan, for this is the head of Debendra Nath, the man's brother. The Babu is safe long since; all but the fools of the Khusru Kheyl know that."

"Well, I care not for carrion. Quick meat for me. The thing was under our hills asking the road to Jumala, and Alla Dad Khan showed him the road to Jehannum, being, as thou sayest, but a fool. Remains now what the Government will do to us. As to the blockade——"

"Who art thou, seller of dog's flesh," thundered Tallantire, "to speak of terms and treaties? Get hence to the hills—go, and wait there starving, till it shall please the Government to call thy people out for punishment—children and fools that ye be! Count your dead, and be still. Rest assured that the Government will send you a *man!*"

"Ay," returned Khoda Dad Khan, "for we also be men." Then, as he looked Tallantire unwinkingly in the eyes, he added:—"And by God, Sahib, may thou be that man!"

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was dark again on the second afternoon when Kirsteen, all dizzy, feverish, and bewildered, attained once more, so to speak, to solid ground, after so much that had flown past her, endless, monotonous whirling in inconceivable flats and levels through night and through day. She put her foot upon the pavement timidly, and gave a frightened glance about her, knowing herself to be in London—that fabulous place of which she had never been sure whether it were not altogether a fairy tale. The journey had been like a dream, but of a different kind. She had seemed to herself to be sitting still as in an island in the seas and seeing the wastes of earth sweep past her, field pursuing field. There were hills too, but little ones, not much worthy the attention, and they too went coursing after each other, with all the sheep upon them and the trees and villages at their feet. There were pauses in the dream in which a great deal of commotion went on, and horses champed, and men shouted, and the coach swayed to and fro; but she formed to herself no definite idea of anything that was going on. People came to the coach door and spoke of dinner and supper, but Kirsteen was too shy to eat, though now and then she stepped down, feeling that she was stiffening into stone. And then the long night came, through which went the same roll and jar and jolt of the coach, and now and then a feverish interval of noise and distraction breaking the doze into which she had fallen. She was too much agitated, too unassured, too conscious of the break with all her former life and habits which she was making, to enjoy the journey or the sight of so many new places or the novelty in everything. And yet there was a certain wild pleasure in the rush through the night, even in the languor of weariness that crept over her and betrayed her into sleep, and the strange awakening to feel that it was no dream but that still, even while she slept, the fields and hedges were flying past and the journey going on. The second day, however, was one long bewilderment and confusion to Kirsteen, who was altogether unaccustomed to the kind of fatigue involved in travelling; and when she was set down finally in the midst of all the lights and commotion, the passengers tumbling down from above and from behind, the little crowd of people awaiting their friends, the ostlers, the coachmen, the porters with the luggage, her bewilderment reached its climax. She was pushed about by men running to and fro, getting out boxes and bags and every kind of package, and by the loiterers

who had gathered to see the coach come in, and by the people who had not found their friends, some of whom came and peered into her face, as if she might perhaps be the person for whom they looked. Kirsteen at length managed to get out of the crowd, and stood in a corner waiting till the din should be over, observing with all the keenness that was left in her till she found some one whose face she could trust. She found at last a man who was "a decent-like man," whom she thought she could venture to address, and, going up to him, asked if he could direct her to Miss Jean Brown's, the mantua-maker? "I have got the address in my pocket," she said, "but perhaps ye will know." "No, miss," said the decent-like man, "there's a many Browns. I think I knows half a hundred." "She is a person from Ayrshire," said Kirsteen. "They don't put up where they comes from, not commonly," said her friend, with a grin, "but if you 'as a letter, miss, I advise you to look at it." Kirsteen had doubts about betraying the whereabouts of her pocket in this strange place, but another glance assured her that he was an unusually decent-like man; and, besides, what could she do? She took out cautiously the letter with Miss Jean Brown's address. "Chapel Street, Mayfair, will that be near hand?" she said.

"Bless you, that's the West End, that is—it's miles and miles away."

Kirsteen's heart sank so that she could have cried—miles and miles!—after her long jolting in the coach. The tears came to her eyes. But after a moment she recovered herself, feeling the utter futility of yielding to any weakness now. "Could you direct me the way to go?" she said, "for I'm a stranger in London." To see her standing there, with her bundle in her hand and her cloak on her arm, making this very unnecessary explanation was a pathetic sight. The decent-like man was touched—perhaps he had daughters of his own.

"I might find the way," he said, "for I'm a Londoner born, but a stranger like you, fresh from the country, as anybody can see, and ready to believe whatever is told you—no, no! The thing you've got to do, miss, is to take a coach—"

"A coach!" said Kirsteen in horror. "Is London such a big place, then, that it wants a coach to go from one part to another?"

"It's a hackney coach, if you have ever heard of such a thing," said the man. "I'll call one for you if you please. It is the best thing to do. You could never find your way by night even though you might in the day."

Kirsteen hesitated for a moment. "It will cost a great deal," she said, looking wistfully from the yard into the crowded street, with its flaring lamps, and the hoarse cries that came from it. She shrank back to the side of her new friend as she gazed, feeling more than ever like a shipwrecked mariner, not knowing among what kind of savages she might fall. "Oh, will ye tell me what to do?" she said, with a quite unjustifiable faith in the decent-like man.

However, it is sometimes good to trust, and the result of Kirsteen's confidence was that she soon found herself in a hackney coach, driving, a very forlorn wayfarer indeed, through what seemed to be an endless succession of streets. She had asked her friend humbly whether he would take it amiss if she offered him a shilling for his kindness, and he had taken a load off her mind by accepting the coin with much readiness, but in return had filled her with confusion by asking where was her luggage? "Oh, it will be quite right when I get there," Kirsteen had said, deeply blushing, and feeling that both the coachman and her acquaintance of the yard must think very poorly of her. And then that long drive began. Every corner that was turned, and there were she thought a hundred, Kirsteen felt that now at last she must have reached her journey's end;

and on each such occasion her heart gave a wild throb, for how could she tell how Miss Jean would receive her, or if there would be rest for her at last? And then there would come a respite, another long ramble between lines of dark houses with muffled lights in the windows, and then another corner and another leap of her pulses. She thought hours must have elapsed before at last, with a jar that shook her from head to foot, the lumbering vehicle came to a stop. Kirsteen stepped out almost speechless with excitement, and gave something, she could scarcely tell what, to the coachman; and then even this conductor of a moment, whose face she could scarcely see in the dark, clambered up on his box and trotted away, leaving her alone. She thought, with a pang, that he might have waited just a moment to see whether they would let her in. It would only have been kind —and what could she do in that dreadful case if they did not? And what was she to Miss Jean Brown that they should let her in? Her loneliness and helplessness, and the very little thread of possibility that there was between her and despair, came over Kirsteen like a sudden blight as she stood outside the unknown door in the dark street. She began to tremble and shiver, though she tried with all her might to subdue herself. But she was very tired—she had eaten scarcely anything for two days. And this great gloomy town which had swallowed her little existence seemed so dark and terrible. There was no light to show either knocker or bell, and she stood groping, almost ready to give up the attempt and sit down upon the steps and be found dead there, as she had heard poor girls often were in London. She had come to this pitch of desperation when her hand suddenly touched something that proved to be a bell. Immediately her heart stood still, with a new and keener excitement. She waited clinging to the railing, holding her breath.

It seemed a long time before there was any response. Finally a door opened, not the door at which Kirsteen stood, but one below, and a faint light shone out upon a little area into which stepped a figure half visible. "Who is there? And what may you be wanting?" said a voice.

"I was wanting to speak to Miss Jean Brown," Kirsteen said.

"Miss Brown never sees anybody at this hour. Ye can come to-morrow if ye want to see her."

"Oh," cried Kirsteen, her voice shrill with trouble, "but I cannot wait till to-morrow! It's very urgent. It's one from her sister in Scotland. Oh, if ye have any peety ask her—just ask her!—for I cannot wait."

Another figure now came out below, and there was a short consultation. "Are ye the new lass from the Hielands?" said another voice.

Even at this forlorn moment the heart of Kirsteen Douglas rose up against this indignity. "I am from the Hielands," she said: then anxiety and wretchedness got the better of her pride. "Yes, yes," she cried, "I am anything ye please; but let me in, oh, let me in, if ye would not have me die!"

"Who is that at the front door? Can ye not open the front door? Is there not a woman in the house that has her hearing but me that am the mistress of it?" cried a new voice within; a vigorous footstep came thumping along the passage, the door was suddenly thrown open, and Kirsteen found herself in front of a flaring candle which dazzled her eyes, held up by a woman in a rustling silk dress half covered by a large white muslin apron. Perhaps the white apron made the most of the resemblance, but the worn-out girl was not in a condition to discriminate. She stumbled into the house without asking another question, and crying "Oh, Miss Jean!" half fell at the feet of Marg'ret's sister, feeling as if all her cares were over and her haven reached.

"Yes, I am just Miss Jean," said

the mistress of the house, holding her candle so as to throw its full light on Kirsteen's face. "But who are you? I dinna ken ye. You're from the auld country, that's easy to be seen; but I canna take in every Scots lass that comes with Miss Jean in her mouth. Who are ye, lassie? But ye're no a common lass. The Lord keep us, ye'll never be my sister Marg'ret's young leddy from Drumcarro?"

Miss Jean put down her candle hastily on a table, and took Kirsteen's hands. "You're cauld and you're in a tremble, and ye dinna say a word. Come in, come in to the fire, and tell me, bairn, if it's you."

Then there followed a few moments or minutes in which Kirsteen did not know what happened. But the clouds cleared away and she found herself in a room full of warm firelight, seated in a great chair, and herself saying (as if it was another person) "I thought I had got home and that it was Marg'ret."

"But you called me Miss Jean."

"Ah," said Kirsteen, now fully aware what she was saying and no longer feeling like another person. "I knew it was Miss Jean, but it was my Marg'ret too. It was maybe this," she said touching the white apron, "but it was mostly your kind, kind eyne."

"I'm feared you're a flatterer," said Miss Jean; "my eyne might be once worth taking notice of, but not now. But you're just worn out, and famishing, and cauld and tired. Eh, to think a Miss Douglas of Drumcarro should come to my house like this, and nobody to meet you, or receive you, or pay you any attention! It was just an inspiration that I went to the door myself. But your room will be ready in a moment, and ye shall have some supper and a cup of tea." She paused a moment and cast a glance round. "Did you bring your—luggage with ye?" she said.

Kirsteen laughed, but blushed a little. "I have nothing but my bundle; I came away in such a hurry—and on my feet."

Miss Jean blushed far more than Kirsteen did. She "thought shame for the servants." "We must say ye left it at the office and it's coming to-morrow," she said anxiously. And then care and warmth and a sense of well-being and comfort and rest so enveloped Kirsteen that she remembered little more. There was a coming and going of various faces into the light, a bustle of preparation, Miss Jean's keys taken out and brought back, consultations about the spare room, and the well-aired sheets, through all of which she sat happy and passive, seeing and hearing everything once more as if she were another person. The dark seas seemed to have been traversed, the unknown depths fathomed, and paradise attained. Perhaps the blazing fire, the fragrant tea, the little hasty meal, were not very paradisaical elements; but even these creature comforts acquire a sentiment after a long, tedious journey, especially when the tired traveller retains all the quick sensations of youth, and is delivered from the horrible exaggerated terrors of inexperience as well as the mere fatigue of body and soul.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE journey over and the end attained! This was the thought that came to Kirsteen's mind as she opened her eyes upon the morning—not so tired, she reflected, as she had been at the inn at Arrochar, at Mrs. Macfarlane's, after her first day's walk. Was that a year ago? she asked herself. The adventures by the way, the long lines of loch and hill, the villages and the silent kirks which had seemed to make her safer whenever she saw them, the great flaring dark image of Glasgow, relieved by the sight of Anne and her babies, and the green with the bleaching, the whirl of the long unbroken journey, rattling, jolting, rolling, hour after hour through day and night — the strange passage in the

dark through unknown London, and finally this little room in which she opened her eyes, lying still and closing them again to enjoy the sensation of rest, then opening them to see the yellow fog of the morning like a veil against the two small windows already shrouded by curtains, to which Kirsteen was unaccustomed and which seemed to shut out all air and light—if that could be called light that pressed upon the panes with a yellow solidity just touched by a wintry sun. Were all her journeyings over, and had she reached the new world in which she was to live?

Her bundle had been carefully opened, her linen laid out in a drawer half open to show her where to find it, her second gown hung carefully up, shaken out of its creases by a skilful hand. Miss Jean herself had done this, still "thinking shame for the servants" of the new-comer's scant possessions. It was already known all through the house that a distinguished visitor, Miss Douglas of Drumcarro, had arrived, a visitor of whose name Miss Jean was very proud, though a little mystified by her arrival, and wondering much to know what such a phenomenon as the arrival of a girl of good family unattended in London and at her house might mean. She was proud to give the needed hospitality, but why it should be to her, and not to any of her "grand connections," that Kirsteen had come, mystified the dressmaker. And Marg'ret in her letter had given no explanation; "Miss Kirsteen will tell you everything herself," was all she had said. The seamstresses down below, and the servants still lower down who had mistaken the young lady for a new lass, were all in much excitement discussing the strange event. It was probably some story with love in it, the young women thought, and were all eager for a glimpse of the new-comer or for any contribution to her history.

She was nearly dressed when Miss Jean came with a gentle tap at the door. "I was thinking you would perhaps like your breakfast in bed, my dear young lady. You have had a dreadful journey. From Glasgow in two days, and cramped up in the coach the whole time. But bless me, you are already dressed," she added, scanning the gown in which Kirsteen had just clothed herself, from head to foot, or rather from hem to throat. Miss Jean looked it all over, and gave it a twitch here and there, and smoothed the shoulders with her hand. "It's not ill made for the country," she said, "and fits you well enough, but these little puffed sleeves are out of fashion for morning dress. You must let me put you in the mode, Miss Douglas, before ye are seen in the world."

Miss Jean herself wore a stuff gown, crossed over upon the bosom, and open at the neck which was covered with a neckerchief of voluminous white net underneath the gown. She wore a brown front with little curls, and a close cap tied under her chin for morning wear, with a large and long muslin apron trimmed round with muslin work and lace. She had a large and ruddy countenance, with eyes like Marg'ret's, kind and soft. Kirsteen was surprised to find, however, how little in the morning was the resemblance which she had thought so great in the night. Marg'ret, though the virtual mistress of the house at home, never changed the dress and aspect of a servant woman for anything more becoming the housekeeper. But Miss Jean was more imposing than many of the country ladies, with a large gold watch like a small warming-pan hooked to her side, and her handkerchief fastened by a brooch of real pearls. To have this personage addressing her so respectfully, looking forward to her entry into the grand world, overwhelmed the girl who already she felt owed her so much.

"Oh," she said, "Miss Jean—I have not come to London to be seen in the world. I'm just a poor runaway from home. I promised Marg'ret I would tell you everything. Nothing

can change the Douglas blood. We have that, but we have little more; and all my father thinks of is to push on the boys and restore the old family. The lassies are just left to shift for themselves."

"That is often the case, my dear young lady. Ye must just marry, and do as well for yourselves in that way."

"We are three of us at home, and we can do nothing, and what does it matter being a Douglas if ye have no siller? I've come away, not to see the world, but to make my fortune, Miss Jean."

Miss Jean threw up her hands in dismay. "Bless the bairn, to make her fortune!" she cried.

"That's just what I intend," cried Kirsteen. "I'll not marry a man to deceive him when I care for nothing but his money. I'll marry no man, except—and I've just come to London to work for my living—and make my fortune, if I can."

"Whisht, whisht, whisht!" cried Miss Jean, "that's all very well in a lad, —and there's just quantities of them goes into the city without a penny and comes out like nabobs in their carriages—but not women, my dear, let alone young lassies like you."

"I will not be a young lass for ever, Miss Jean."

"No," said the dressmaker shaking her head, "ye may be sure of that, my dear lamb. That's just the one thing that never happens. But ye'll be married, and happy, and bairns at your knee, before your youth's past, for that," she said, with a sigh, "I'm thinking, my dear, is the best way. I was never one that had much to do with the men. There's some does it, and some not. Look at Marg'ret and me, ne'er had such a thought; but now we're getting old both the one and the other, and who will we have to lay our heads in the grave? —not one belonging to us. We're just as the auld Queen said, dry trees."

"Not Marg'ret," cried Kirsteen, "not while one of us is to the fore! I am not wishing to lay her head in the grave, but for love and faithfulness she will never lack as long as there is a Douglas to the fore."

"It's a real pleasure to me," said Miss Jean, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "to hear ye speak. And well I know Marg'ret would want before you wanted, any one of the family. So it's on both sides, and a grand thing to see a faithful servant so respected. Now, Miss Douglas—"

"My name is Kirsteen."

"Well, Miss Kirsteen. You'll just take a good rest, and look about you, and see the follies of London before ye think anything more about making your fortune. Eh, to hear those bairns speak! Ye would think it was the easiest thing in the world to make a fortune. Ye would think ye had but to put forth your hand and take it. That's just my nephew John's opinion, that has got a small place in an office in Fleet Street, and is thinking what grand things he'll have in the show the year he's Lord Mayor. He was not satisfied at all with the last one," said Miss Jean, with a hearty laugh. "'Auntie,' says he, 'it shall be very different when it comes to my turn.' And the laddie has fifteen shillings a week, and to fend for himself! But, my dear," she said, smoothing Kirsteen's shoulder once more, and giving a twitch to the one line in her gown which did not hang as Miss Jean approved, "by the time we have put ye into the last fashion, and ye've been at a grand party or two, ye'll have changed your tune."

"Who will bid me to grand parties?" said Kirsteen; but Miss Jean had disappeared and did not hear. It gave Kirsteen a little pang to think there was nobody who could interfere, no "grand connections" such as the mantua-maker supposed, to call her to the world, a pang not so much for herself as for the mortification involved in Miss Jean's discovery of the fact. As for grand parties Kirsteen had found out that they were

a delusion. The ball at the Castle had filled her with dreams of pleasure, but yet nothing but harm had come of it. She had been neglected while there, and received none of the homage which every girl is taught to expect, and she had found only Glendochart, whose suit had cost her her home and everything that had been dear. A tear stole to Kirsteen's eye as she made this reflection, but it never fell, so quickly did her heart rise to the excitement of the novelty around her. She said to herself that even if there was no Glendochart she would not now go back. She would stay and work and make her fortune, and make Jeanie an heiress, and get every dainty that London could provide to send to her mother. She would buy a carriage for her mother, and easy couches and down pillows and everything that heart could desire; and then when *he* came back—the tear rose again, but only to make brighter the triumphant smile in Kirsteen's eyes. Let the others go to grand parties if they could (Mary would like it) but as for her, she would make her fortune, and be a help to every one that bore her name. She knelt down by her bedside to say her prayers, her heart so throbbing with purpose and anticipation that she could scarcely go through these devout little forms which had been the liturgy of her childhood. "Oh, that I may make my fortune and help them all," was the real petition of her heart. To suggest anything so worldly to her Maker would have been blasphemy according to the creed which Kirsteen had been taught, but this was the breath of intense aspiration that carried up the little innocent petitions. She rose from her knees in a thrill of purpose and feeling. "They shall not be shamed as they think, they shall be thankful there was Kirsteen among the lassies, as well as seven sons to make Drumcarro great again. Oh, maybe not Drumcarro but the old Douglas country!" Kirsteen said to herself. And so went down stairs glowing to see what the new sphere was in which she was to conquer the world. And then when *he* came back!

Kirsteen was quite unacquainted with the kind of house, tall and straight and thin, in which, as in the fashionable quarter, Miss Jean had established herself. The thread of narrow street filled with a foggy smoky air through which the red morning sun struggled—the blank line of houses opposite, and the dreary wall of the church or chapel which gave it its name, seemed to her petty and dingy and small beyond description, all the more that Miss Jean evidently expected her visitor to be impressed with the fashionable character of the locality. "The rooms were a great deal bigger where we were, near Russell Square," she said, "and more convenient for the work; but fashion is just everything, and this is where all my leddies live. You could not be expected to go back to Bloomsbury having once got foot in Mayfair." Naturally Kirsteen was quite incapable of contradicting this axiom, which everybody in the work-room considered incontrovertible. The work-room was a long room built out at the back of the house, with many windows, and walls which had no decoration except a few plates of the fashions pinned to them, as being particularly lovely. A long table ran down the middle at which were seated a number of young women, every one of whom to Kirsteen's inexperienced perceptions was infinitely more fashionable, more imposing than her highest conception of herself had ever come to; and they spoke fine English, with an accent which was to be sure not so easily understood as her own, but had an air of refinement which impressed Kirsteen much. Were they all gentlewomen, come like herself to make their fortunes? She made a timid question on this subject to Miss Jean which was answered almost indignantly, "Gentlewomen! Not one of them—havering, glaikit lasses!" was the reply.

"They speak such fine English," said Kirsteen.

Miss Jean kept her word and took her to see all the "ferlies," London Bridge, and the Exchange, and the Guildhall, with Gog and Magog guarding the liberties of the city, and to take a walk in the park which was just like the country, and where a glass of new milk warm from the cow was given her as a treat. And she was taken to see the coaches come in with the news from the Continent about Boney's escape and the progress that adventurer was making, and the orders to the troops that were to crush him. Kirsteen thanked God that neither her brother nor *him* were in the King's army, but away in India where, indeed, there was fighting going on continually though nobody knew much about it. And she likewise saw Westminster and St. Paul's, both of which overawed her but did not connect themselves with any idea of worship; her little kirk at home, and the respectable meeting-house at Glasgow to which she had gone with Anne, being all she knew of in that way. She maintained her composure wonderfully through all these sight-seeings, showing no transport either of admiration or wonder, something to the disappointment of Miss Jean. This was not owing to want of interest, however, but partly to a Scotch shyness of expressing herself, and the strong national objection to demonstration or rhapsodies of any kind—and partly to the high tension in which her mind was—a sort of exaltation which went beyond any tangible object, and even made most things a little disappointing, not so splendid as imagination had suggested. The one thing that did overcome Kirsteen's composure was the extent of the streets, tedious, insignificant, and unlovely but endless, going on and on to the end of all things, and of the crowd, which she did not admire in itself, which was often dirty, noisy, and made her shrink, but which also was endless, abounding everywhere. You left it in Fleet Street only to find it again in Piccadilly, Kirsteen thought, gaping at the coaches before the White Horse Cellar just as it had gaped at her own coach where she arrived, which was, she was told, far away in the city. Where did the people come from? Where did they disappear to? Did they live anywhere or sleep in bed, or were they always about the streets day and night? This was one of the things that made her more indifferent to the sights; for her eyes were always wandering away after the people about whom she did not like to ask questions. She saw the Prince Regent riding out accompanied by his gentlemen, "the grandest gentlemen in the land," Miss Jean explained, telling Kirsteen a name here and there which were completely unknown to the Highland girl—who did not admire her future sovereign. In this way a week passed, Kirsteen vainly attempting to be suffered to do something more than sit in the parlour and read a book (it was the *Ladies' Museum*, a magazine of the time in many volumes, and containing beautiful prints of the fashions, which was the chief literature at Miss Brown's), or walk out whenever business permitted Miss Jean an hour of freedom—which was generally in the morning—to see the sights. One day her patience could bear it no longer: she burst forth—

"Miss Jean, Miss Jean! I would rather see no more ferlies. I take you out and spend your time and give a great deal of trouble when all I want is to learn my work, and put to my hand."

"To make your fortune?" said Miss Jean.

"Perhaps at the end—but to learn first," said Kirsteen pausing with a deep passing colour, the colour of pride—"my trade."

"Your trade! What would your father say, good gentleman, if he heard you say such words?—Or your mother, poor lady, that has so little health?"

"I've left both father and mother," cried Kirsteen, "but not to come upon

others—and ye cannot tear me from my purpose whatever may be said. There's reasons why I will never go back to Drumcarro, till—I will tell you some day, I cannot now. But I'm here to work and not to be a cumberer of the ground. I want to learn to be a mantua-maker to support myself and help—other folk. Miss Jean, if you will not have me I'll have to ask some other person. I cannot be idle any more."

"Miss Kirsteen, there will be grand connections seeking you out and angry at me that let you have your will—and I will lose customers and make unfriends."

"I have no grand connections," said Kirsteen. "You see for yourself nobody has troubled their heads about me. I'm just as lone as the sparrow on the housetop. I've left my own folk and Marg'ret, and I have nobody but you in the world. Why should ye stop me? When my heart's set upon it nobody can stop me," Kirsteen cried, with a flash of her eyes like the flash in her father's when his blood was up.

"Lord keep us! I can weel believe that to look at you," said Miss Jean.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It followed as a matter of course that Kirsteen very soon accomplished her purpose. She took her place in the workroom to the great surprise and partial confusion of the workwomen who did not at first know how to teach the lady who had come among them, her qualities and position much magnified by Miss Jean. Some of them were disposed to be impertinent, some scornful, some to toady the young new comer, who, whatever she might be in herself, was undoubtedly Miss Brown's favourite, and able to procure favours and exemptions for those who were her friends. The standing feud between Scotch and English, and the anger and jealousy with which the richer nation regarded the invasions of the poorer, had not yet fallen into the mild dislike which is all that can be said to subsist nowadays in the way of hostile feeling between the two countries. Fierce jests about the Scotch who came to make their fortune off their richer neighbours, about their clannishness and their canniness, and their poverty and their pride, and still lower and coarser jibes about other supposed peculiarities were then still as current as the popular crows of triumph over the French and other similar antipathies; and Kirsteen's advent was attended by many comments of the kind from the sharp young Londoners to whom her accent and her slower speech, and her red hair and her ladyhood were all objects of derision.

But it was soon found that it was not easy to overcome Miss Kirsteen, which was the name she chose to be called by. "I think no shame of my work, but I will not put my father's name in it, for he is old-fashioned and he would think shame," Kirsteen had said—and Miss Jean approved greatly. "It would never do to let these lasses say that there was a Miss Douglas in the workroom with them." Kirsteen had a shrewd suspicion that the Miss Robinsons and Miss Smiths of the workroom would derive little idea of dignity or superiority from the name of Douglas; but even she was not quite so emancipated as to believe them quite ignorant of its importance. When she discovered from the revelations of a toady that they called her Miss Carrots, or Miss Scotchy behind her back, Kirsteen was angry, but dignified, and took no notice, to the great disappointment of her informant. "I did not choose the colour of my hair," she said with much stateliness, little foreseeing a time to come when red hair should be the admiration of the world. But the young women soon heard that their shafts passed over Kirsteen's head and fell innocuous, which is the most safe and speedy extinguisher of malice. To make covert allusions which the object of them never finds out, and utter jibes that are not even heard by the intended butt of the company is poor sport.

Kirsteen had the safeguard of having a great many things to think of. Her thoughts strayed to her mother who would miss her, for whom perhaps she ought to have suffered everything rather than abandon. But what good would I have been to her if they had married me to Glendochart? she said to herself. And then she would ask herself what Glendochart would do, kind man whom she was wae to disappoint or harm, and how Marg'ret would meet the inquiries addressed to her, how much she would be forced to reveal, how much she could hide. And then her thoughts would fly to Anne, and the two babies on the hearthrug, and the doctor, who, no doubt, was well-looking and well-spoken and kind, and who had taken thought for Kirsteen's comfort in a way she had little title to, considering how many prejudices, not yet by any means dispersed, she entertained against him. After these subjects were exhausted, and sometimes before they were begun, her mind, or rather her heart, would fly to wild, unknown landscapes; dimly-imagined wastes of arid heat, in the midst of which a white encampment, and one there of whom she could follow only the personal image, not knowing what he might be doing nor what was the course of that far-off Indian life. He might be in the midst of a battle while Kirsteen, with her head bent over her work and her needle flying, was thinking of him; or travelling in strange ways, on camels over the desert, or mysterious big elephants. The letters of her brothers had been brief records of their own health and appointments and removals and little more. She knew no details of the life of the East. Her imagination could only trace him vaguely through sunshine and splendours unknown. But with all these varied thoughts to fill her mind it may be imagined that Kirsteen was very little affected by the references to Carrots or to the Scotchies who took the bread out of the mouths of English folks. When she did hear them she took them at first with great good humour. "There are plenty of English folk in Scotland," she said. "I've heard that the ladies'-maids and the bairns'-maids are all from here—to teach the children to knap English, which is a little different, as perhaps ye know, from the way we speak." And as for the Carrots she disposed of that very simply. "At home it is Ginger the bairns cry after me," she said. After a while, when she caught the sound of those recurring words among her many thoughts, she would raise her eyes and send a flash among them which daunted the whisperers. But generally Kirsteen neither noticed nor heard the impertinences of her fellow-workwomen, which was the most effectual check of all.

It may not be thought a very high quality in a heroine, but Kirsteen soon developed a true genius for her craft. She had never forgotten Miss Macnab's little lecture upon the accuracy of outline necessary for the proper composition of a gown—and thus had acquired the first principles almost without knowing it. She followed up this, which is the heart of the matter, by many studies and compositions in which her lively mind found a great deal of pleasure. She was not, perhaps, very intellectual, but she was independent and original, little trained in other people's ideas and full of fancies of her own, which, to my thinking, is the most delightful of characteristics. I remember that Mr. Charles Reade has endowed one of the most charming women whom he has introduced to the knowledge of the world with the same gift. Mrs. Lucy Dodd only, I think, made and invented mantles; but Kirsteen tried her active young powers upon everything, being impatient of sameness and monotony, and bent upon securing a difference, an individual touch in every different variety of costume. She was delighted with the beautiful materials, which were thrown about in the work-room, the ordinary mantua-maker having little feeling for them except in view of

their cost at so much a yard. But Kirsteen, quite unused to beautiful manufactured things, admired them all, and found a pleasure in heaping together and contrasting with each other the soft silken stuffs, many of them with a sheen of two blended colours called "shot" in those days. Manufactures had not come to such perfection then as now, but there were no adulterated silks or cheap imitations; the very muslins, sprigged and spotted with many fanciful variations, were as costly as brocade nowadays—the kind of brocade which the later nineteenth century indulges in. To be sure, on the other hand, the plain straight gown required very much less material than is necessary now.

I do not myself think that dress was pretty in those days—but every fashion is beautiful to its time. And how the ladies of the early century managed to make themselves comfortable in white muslin gowns in December, even with a cloth pelisse over them, is more than I can divine, though I find in Miss Jean Brown's copy of the *Ladies' Museum* that this was the case. However that may be—and I do not suppose that Kirsteen was before her time, or more enlightened than the rest of the world—it is certain that she applied herself to the invention of pretty confections and modifications of the fashions with much of the genuine enjoyment which attends an artist in all crafts, and liked to handle and drape the pretty materials and to adapt them to this and that pretty wearer, as a painter likes to arrange and study the more subtle harmonies of light and shade. Miss Jean, who had herself been very successful in her day, but was no longer quite so quick to catch the value of a tint, or so much disposed to stand over a subject and attain perfection in the outline of a skirt, was wise enough to perceive the gifts of her young assistant, and soon began to require her presence in the show-room, to consult with her over special toilettes and how to secure special effects. She did this at first, however, with some reluctance, always haunted by the fear that Kirsteen might thus be exposed to remark, and even that she herself might suffer for her audacity in employing a gentlewoman in so exalted a rank of life. "What if some of your grand connections or acquaintances should see ye?" she said. "I have no grand connections," said Kirsteen, vexed to have this want brought back and back upon her consciousness. "For ye see I have all the nobility coming about the place," said Miss Jean proudly; "and now that the season has begun it is different from the winter." "I know nothing about the nobility," cried Kirsteen again. She was angered at last by the assumption, all the more that her want of acquaintance with what was so clearly understood to be her own class, now became so evident to her as to be a grievance—a grievance that she had never been conscious of before.

It happened one day, however, that there came into the show-room, while Kirsteen was there, a very distinguished party indeed, which Miss Jean advanced to the door to meet curtseying to the ground, and which consisted of a large and imposing mother, a beautiful, tall girl, at sight of whom Kirsteen precipitately retired into a corner, and a young gentleman whom in her surprise she did not notice. It appeared, however, that this was not at all the case with him. He glanced round with a yawn as a young man in compulsory attendance on his mother and sister may be excused for doing, then, observing a young figure in the corner, began to take instant measures to discover whether there might not be something here to amuse himself with while the ladies were occupied with their dressmaker. Now it is not easy for a young person in a mantua-maker's showroom persistently to keep her back turned upon a party of customers, and Kirsteen, to give herself a countenance, began to arrange carefully the draping of a piece of silk over a stand, so as to appear to be very much

occupied and absorbed in her occupation. That it should really happen to her after all to find a grand acquaintance among Miss Jean's nobility! The discovery was painful yet gave her a certain gratification, for at least to be able to say to Miss Jean that she must run away when the Duchess came in was something, and vindicated her gentility. On the other hand she said to herself with a little bitterness that most likely they would look her in the face, even Lady Chatty, and never know that they had seen her before.

The young man all this time kept roaming about, looking, as it appeared, at the mantles and the bonnets, but aiming at the stand where Kirsteen, bending over her silk, was pinching and twisting it so as to show its full perfection. He said "Oh!" with a start, when he got into a position in which he could obtain a glimpse of the half-hidden face. She looked up in the surprise of the moment; and there stood the critic of the ball, the sportsman of Loch Long side, he who had been of so much service to her yet had affronted her more than the tramp, Lord John himself—with a delighted smile and mischievous air of satisfaction. "Ho, ho! my pretty maiden—so this was where you were going?" he said to her in a low tone—"I am delighted to see you again."

The colour rushed to Kirsteen's face. She looked up at him defiantly for a moment; then feeling that discretion was the better part of valour, edged away from where he was standing, bending over her draperies again and drawing the stand softly after her. But Lord John was not to be so easily daunted.

"You can't dismiss me again in that grand style," he said. "Loch Long is one thing and a milliner's in London quite another. Do you think I will believe that you have come here for nothing but to fit gowns on women not half so pretty as yourself?"

Angry words rushed to Kirsteen's lips in a flood—angry, scornful, defiant words, full of contempt and indignation. She was deeply indignant at this attempt to take advantage of what he thought her weakness; but she knew that she was not weak, which is a consciousness that gives courage. Had she been one of the other girls in the workroom to be flattered or frightened or compromised no doubt she would have done some imprudence, implored his silence, or committed herself in some other way. But Kirsteen was out of the range of such dangers. She turned from the stand she had been draping to another piece of work without any visible sign of the disturbance in her mind, and made no reply.

Lord John was not to be shaken off so easily. The time had no very high standard either of morals or manners, and to seize the opportunity of speaking to a pretty girl wherever he found her, was rather expected from, than disapproved in a young man. These were the days in which it was still a civility on the part of a gallant to kiss a pretty maid-servant as he gave her half-a-crown. And milliners were supposed very fair game. He followed her as she opened with much show of zeal a box of French flowers. "Come," he said, "I must choose some of these; I must buy something of you. You'll find me an excellent customer. Choose the prettiest for me, and I'll give you whatever you ask for them. If I had but known when we met last that you were coming here!"

"Miss Kirsteen," said Miss Jean, who had somehow an eye about her to observe what was going on behind. "Will ye please to bring me that new box of French flowers?"

It was a relief yet a new alarm. Kirsteen lifted the light box, and came slowly towards the group. Now it would be seen that they had no more recollection of her than if she had been a stock or a stone. The Duchess did not turn round, but Lady Chatty, conscious of the presence of another girl, and also perhaps vaguely aware that her brother had already found

an interest in the opposite corner, looked straight at Miss Jean's new assistant. She gave a start, and clasped her hands; then crying out, "It is Kirsteen!" darted upon her, throwing the box with all the beautiful new French flowers to the ground.

"Oh, dear me, how clumsy I am! Oh, I hope the flowers will take no harm! But it is Kirsteen. Mamma, do you see? Kirsteen Douglas from our own country. Oh, I'm so glad to see you," cried Lady Chatty, seizing her by both the hands out of which her lively onslaught had thrown the box. "You're like a breath of Highland air, you're like the heather on the hills."

And indeed it was a good metaphor as Kirsteen stood confused, with her russet locks a little ruffled as their manner was, and her hazel eyes glowing and her bright face confused between pleasure and vexation and shame.

"It is true that it is me, Lady Chatty," she said, "but you should not have made me let fall the flowers."

"I will help you to pick them up," said the young lady; and Lord John, taking a long step forward as if his attention had been suddenly roused, said, "Can I be of use? I'll help too."

Meantime her Grace, who had turned round at Lady Chatty's cry, stood for a moment surprised, regarding the group all kneeling on the floor, picking up the flowers, and then turned back to have a colloquy with Miss Jean, in which the words "Drumcarro's daughter," and "Glendochart," and "a wilful girl," and "a good marriage," and Miss Jean's deprecating explanation, "I told her so. I told her so, your Grace, but she would not listen to me," came to Kirsteen's ears in her anxiety, while she eluded the touch of Lord John's hand, and tried to respond to all Lady Chatty's eager questions. "Oh, Kirsteen, you should hear what Miss Eelen says of you," said Lady Chatty, "and poor old Glendochart, who is such a nice old man. Why were you so unkind? But I would not marry an old gentleman myself, not if he were a royal duke," cried the girl, raising her voice a little not without intention. "And how clever it was of you to think of coming here! Nobody would ever have found you here if mamma had not taken it into her head to come to Miss Jean's to-day. But oh, Kirsteen, it is a pity, for they will send you home again. I am glad to have seen you, but I am sorry, for mamma is coming to talk seriously to you. I can see it in her face. And papa will hear of it, and he will think it his duty to take an interest. And between them they will make you go home again. And when once they get you back, they will marry you to old Glendochart, whether you like or not!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

And indeed the Duchess did come forward with the gravest looks, after the flowers had all been gathered up and restored to the box and her talk was over with Miss Jean.

"Miss Douglas," she said, "I am much surprised to find you here."

"Your Grace," said Kirsteen, "I am very well here."

"That is just your silly notion. A young person of your age is not fitted to dispose of her own life. Your worthy parents had looked out a most suitable match for you, and I cannot but say it was very wrong and a shame to all belonging to you that you should run away."

"I would rather say nothing about it, madam," said Kirsteen. "Whether that was the cause or not, the heart knoweth its own bitterness; and every one of us, however small we may be, understands their own affairs best."

"No, young lady," said the Duchess, "that's not so. You are not at an age when you are fit to judge. It is just nothing but childish folly," she added, raising her voice also intentionally, and casting a glance towards

her daughter, "to object to a good man and a gentleman of a good family, and who is hale and hearty and full of sense—because he is not just as young as some long-legged fool that you may think better worth your pains."

"Like me, for instance," said Lord John in an audible aside.

Her Grace's eyes softened as her look rested for a moment upon her scapegrace. Then she turned back to Kirsteen with her severest look. "It is a very bad example to other foolish young creatures that you have set in running away. But I hope you will think better of it, and be persuaded, and go back to your family," she said.

"I do not think I can do that," said Kirsteen, "for there's nothing changed that I know, and the reason that brought me away is still there."

"Miss Douglas," said the Duchess, "his Grace himself has heard all about this from one and another, and I make little doubt that when he hears where you are and that we have seen you, and what an unsuitable place you are in for a gentleman's daughter, he will take it into his own hands, and just insist that you must go back."

Kirsteen had been standing in a respectful attitude listening to the great lady, answering for herself, it is true, with much steadiness, but also with deference and humility. She raised her head now, however, and looked the Duchess in the face. "I am meaning no disrespect," she said, "but, madam, I am not his Grace's clanswoman, that he should insist. The Douglases I have always heard tell were sovran in their own place, and gave no reverence to one of another name."

"Young lady," cried the Duchess astonished, ".you are a very bold person to speak of his Grace in that tone."

"I am meaning no disrespect," Kirsteen said. But she stood so firm, and met her Grace's eye with so little shrinking, that even the Duchess herself was embarrassed. It is unwise to profess an intention of interfering and setting everything straight before you have ascertained that your impulse will be obeyed. The great lady coloured a little and felt herself worsted. It was only natural that she should lose her temper; she turned upon Miss Jean, who stood by very tremulous, half sympathising with Kirsteen, half overawed by her visitor.

"Then, Miss Brown," she said, "it should be your duty to interfere. It ill becomes you, a person so well supported by the Scots gentry, to back up a young girl of family in rebellion against her own kith and kin."

Miss Jean was much taken by surprise, yet she was not unequal to the occasion. "I have told Miss Kirsteen," she said, "on several occasions that this was what would happen; that her grand friends would step in, and that we would all be called to account. I hope your Grace will excuse me, but I cannot say more. I have no authority. If your Grace cannot move her, how will she heed the like of me?"

"She is a very self-willed young person," said the Duchess; "but I will see that her friends are communicated with, and no doubt her father will send some one to fetch her away. We will just leave the other question till another time. Charlotte, come away."

"But I must have my gown, mamma," cried Lady Chatty; "indeed I'm not going without my gown. What should I do with all the balls coming on, and nothing to wear? You can go away if you please and send the carriage back for me, or John will take me home. But if all the world were falling to pieces, I must have my gown. You must know, Miss Jean, it is for the birthday, and I must have something of your very best. Kirsteen, what is the prettiest thing she has? for you must know. I want some of that silver gauze that is like a mist, and I have it in my head exactly how I want it made. Oh,

mamma, don't stand and look so glum, but just go away, please, and send the carriage back for me."

The Duchess hesitated for a moment, but in the end took her daughter's advice, as was her custom. "You will not forget, Miss Jean, what I have said. And as for you, young lady, I hope you will reflect upon your position and take the proper steps to put things right," she said severely. "John, you will give me your arm down stairs. And see that you are ready, Charlotte, in a quarter of an hour, when the carriage comes back."

With these words the Duchess went away. She could not stand against her beautiful daughter and the necessity of the new gown, but she would not sanction in her own person the example of rebellion and self-assertion. "You will come back for Chatty," she said to her son, relaxing a little when she got outside that home of insubordination. "She is far too free with common people; and that young woman is a very bold-looking person and not society for your sister."

"She is a very pretty person," said Lord John; "I could not think where I had seen her before."

"Pretty! with that red hair!" cried his mother, shaking her head as she got into her carriage and drove away.

"Now, Kirsteen," cried Lady Chatty, "quick, quick, now that mamma's gone—her bark is a great deal worse than her bite—tell me all about it. They wanted to make you marry old Glendochart? Oh, parents are like that everywhere—they want me, too. And couldn't you just face them and get over them as I do? Couldn't you just? -- Miss Jean, she is crying—but I meant no harm."

"Lady Chatty," said Kirsteen, "will you try and get her Grace not to write? If I were ever so willing my father would never more let me come back. Oh, if I might just be left alone!—for I cannot tell you everything. My family is not like other families. If I was dying for it they would never more take me home again. Oh, if I might just be let alone!"

"I told you, Miss Kirsteen, what would be the end of it," said Miss Jean, "and that you would bring me into trouble too."

"Oh, never mind these old people, they are all the same," cried Lady Chatty. "But," she added, "I almost wonder after all, Kirsteen, you did not marry old Glendochart; he would have freed you from all the rest, and he would have done whatever you pleased. And nobody could have put a question or said a word. So long," said this experienced young lady, looking in Kirsteen's face, "as there was not some one else. Oh, but I see!" she cried, clapping her hands, "there is some one else."

"Will your leddyship look at this?—it is the gauze ye were inquiring after," said Miss Jean. "I will just put it about you over your shoulder, and you will see the effect. And Miss Kirsteen, who has wonderful taste, will give us her advice. Look now in the cheval glass. What does your ladyship think of that?"

"It's divine," cried Lady Chatty, clapping her hands; and interesting though the other subject was, the new gown and its possibilities, and a delightful discussion as to certain novel effects, carried the day. Miss Jean threw herself ecstatically into Lady Chatty's devices by way of changing the subject, and finally in a whirlwind of questions and suggestions, petitions for Kirsteen's confidence and recommendations of silver trimmings, the visitor was got away at last. Miss Jean, when she was gone, threw the silvery stuff with some impatience upon the floor.

"I have humoured all her whims just to get you clear of her," she said. "Oh, Miss Kirsteen, did I not tell ye what would happen when you were discovered by your grand friends?"

Curiously enough, however, even to Kirsteen's own mind there was a certain solace in the thought that these very great people, who knew so little

about her, thought her of sufficient importance to interfere personally in her affairs. Her trouble and confusion before the Duchess's reproof was wonderfully modified by the soothing sense of this distinction. It had been humbling to feel that she had no grand connections, nobody that could interfere. There was consolation in the fulfilment of Miss Jean's prophecy.

And it may be imagined what excitement ran through the house from the garret to the basement some days after when the Scotch maid came into the workroom breathless, with the thrilling news that my Lord Duke was in the parlour waiting to see Miss Douglas. His Grace himself! "Lord bless us!" cried Miss Jean, "ye must go down quick, for a great person's time is precious, and I will come myself just when I think the interview's over, for no doubt he will want to give his directions to me." All the needles in the workroom stopped with the excitement of this visit, and the boldest held her breath. A Duke, no less, to see Miss Carrots, the Scotchy with the red hair! "But that's how they do, they all hangs together," was the comment afterwards, couched in less perfect language perhaps than the supposed pure English which Kirsteen admired. Kirsteen herself rose, very pale yet very determined, from her seat at the long table, and brushed from her dress the fragments of thread and scraps of silk. She said nothing, but walked away to this alarming interview with her heart thumping in her breast, though externally all seemed calm. Kirsteen had a strong inclination to run away once again and be no more seen, when she reached the parlour door; and it was chiefly pride that supported her through the ordeal. She went in with much internal trembling but a pale resolution which no duke nor other potentate could break down.

He was standing playing with his eye-glass against the window, blocking out most of the light—a large man enveloped in the huge folds of his neckcloth, and in layer upon layer of waistcoats, enormous at the shoulders but dwindling towards the legs in tight pantaloons. Truth to tell, his Grace was more nervous, so far as appearances went, than the little girl whom he had been sent to bring to a sense of her duty. He said "How d'ye do?" very ceremoniously, and offered her a chair. "You're one of our county neighbours, Miss Douglas, I hear. My land marches with Drumcarro, perhaps you will know. It is on the edge of the old Douglas country, which as luck will have it, now chiefly belongs to me, though it is no doing of mine."

"But my father represents the old Douglasses, your Grace, though we have so little of the land."

"It is a long time since," said the Duke, "but it is perhaps true; and you have a right to stand up for your own side. The more reason for the Duchess's great concern at finding you here."

"I am very well here, my lord Duke," said Kirsteen rigidly; she had to keep so much control upon herself not to tremble that she had become as stiff as a wooden image, and was well aware of the fact, which did not add to her comfort.

"You are not my clanswoman, Miss Douglas," said his Grace, using her own expression, "and you know as well as I do I have no power over you. But I think I am perhaps implicated in what has happened from the foolish mistake I made in taking you for the daughter of Glendochart on the occasion when we had the pleasure of seeing you at the Castle. You may have thought from that that he was considered an old man, but he is nothing of the sort. He is younger than I am," said the Duke, waving his hand with an air of conscious youth; "he is a man in the prime of life. As for assuming you to be his daughter, it was only a foolish jest, my dear young lady. For I knew he had no daughter nor child of any kind, being an unmarried man. I hope this explanation will smooth matters," the Duke said,

with a demonstrative wave of his hand.

"Oh, it never was that," cried Kirsteen, "it never was that! And I have never said a word about Glendochart, nor given that as my reason. I had other reasons," she said.

"My dear young lady, however you explain it, it was very foolish," said his Grace, "for all you needed to have done was to have said a word to Glendochart himself. He would never have had pressure put upon you. He is as true a gentleman as you will find between this and him. He would never have taken a bride by force. A word to him would have been enough."

"I know that well," said Kirsteen, "oh, I know that well." She added, "But if it please your Grace, I never said it was because of Glendochart. I had—other reasons."

"Oh, you had other reasons?" said the Duke, perplexed. "But I hope now that we have talked it over you will see what is suitable, and just go quietly home."

Kirsteen made no reply.

"I feel convinced," said the Duke, "that though you may be a little headstrong, you are not just a rebel, liking your freedom, as the Duchess was disposed to think; and now that I have set it all before you, you will just take your foot in hand, as we say in Scotland, and go cannily home."

"I cannot do that, your Grace," said Kirsteen.

"And why cannot you do that? You may depend upon it, it is the only right way. 'Children, obey your parents,' is the word of Scripture. You must really go home. Your forbears and mine have known each other when the Douglasses were more on a level perhaps with my family than they are now, so you see I have a certain right to speak. My dear young lady, you will just come home."

"I cannot do that, my lord Duke."

"Hush, hush, ye will allow I must know better from my position and all that. Pack up your things, and I will see that you have a postchaise ready and a servant to take care of you. You see we take a great interest in you, both the Duchess and myself."

"I am much obliged to your Grace—and to the Duchess—"

"Yes, yes; but that's nothing. I will tell somebody to order the postchaise for you, and you'll find, with a little judgment, that all will go well."

He patted her arm softly, stroking her down as if she had been a cat or a child. "Just go cannily home," he said, "that's always the best place for a girl—just go cannily home."

At this moment Miss Jean, unable to contain herself longer, tapped at the door, and Kirsteen made her escape, leaving these high powers to concert the method of her going—a futile proceeding so long as the will of the proposed traveller remained unchanged.

(*To be continued.*)

ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

Gone from us! that strong singer of late days—
Sweet singer should be strong—who, tarrying here,
Chose still rough music for his themes austere,
Hard-headed, aye but tender-hearted lays,
Carefully careless, garden half, half maze.
His thoughts he sang, deep thoughts to thinkers dear,
Now flashing under gleam of smile or tear,
Now veiled in language like a breezy haze
Chance-pierced by sunbeams from the lake it covers.
He sang man's ways—not heights of sage or saint,
Not highways broad, not haunts endeared to lovers;
He sang life's byways, sang its angles quaint,
Its Runic lore inscribed on stave or stone;
Song's short-hand strain,—its key oft his alone.

II.

Shakespeare's old oak "gnarled and unwedgeable"
Yields not so sweet a wood to harp or lyre
As tree of smoother grain; and chorded shell
Is spanned by strings tenderer than iron wire.
What then? Stern tasks iron and oak require!
Iron deep-mined, hard oak from stormy fell:
Steel-armed the black ship breasts the ocean's swell,
Oak-ribbed laughs back the raging tempest's ire.
Old friend, thy song I deem a ship whose hold
Is stored with mental spoils of ampler price
Than Spain's huge galleons in her age of gold,
Or Indian carracks from the isles of spice.
Brave Argosy! cleave long the waves as now;
And all the sea-gods sing around thy prow!

Aubrey de Vere.

THE AMERICAN BORDERERS.[1]

It is easy for Englishmen to underestimate the importance of the American colonies at the opening of the revolution, and to think of them as struggling communities of pioneers, hunters, and small traders, with a population insignificant compared to that of the mother country. As a matter of fact, however, the thirteen colonies who declared for independence had not much less than a third of the population of Great Britain. Many of them were quite old communities, whose people for generations had been accustomed to all the surroundings of a reasonable civilization. Each had its own history and traditions, and boasted an existence quite long enough to give a permanency, in that conservative age, to the institutions of social and civil life. The landowner on the York River in Virginia prided himself not merely on his possessions, but on the gentlemen with flowing curls and pointed beards, in slashed doublets or steel cuirasses, whose portraits hung upon his walls, and whose bones lay under the tapering cypress-trees and mossy headstones of the parish churchyard. The Boston merchant, after much the same fashion though under different conditions, had struck deep root into the soil. A century and a half had mellowed the Pilgrim Father into a person by no means indifferent to the advantages of social position, of commodious mansions and the solid comforts of life.

If one is apt to underrate the numerical importance of the people, it is at the same time equally easy to forget over how small an area, speaking relatively, the British colonies then extended. The stupendous social and political transformation of America during the present century has not, however, removed one foot from the rugged heights of the Alleghanies. The frowning barrier of mountains that for so long barred our progress still trails its conspicuous length along the map of North America, and enables us at a glance to realize what a mere fringe, after nearly two centuries of occupation, was the Anglo-Saxon settlement.

Behind New England and New York lay the great lakes and the Canadian boundary. A considerable back country, unsettled but not unknown, lay, it is true, within these limits. But a large extent of it was broken and rugged; it was full of the most warlike of the Indian tribes. In short, there was nothing special in the northern wilderness, where the fierce Iroquois held sway, to awaken the greed of the pioneer and the hunter, or to fire the ambition of the adventurer. No people have done more for Western development, as it is now understood, than the New Englanders; but the old West, that is to say the fertile and now populous states of Kentucky, Ohio, and Tenessee, was wrung from the Indians by the people in whose path it lay. These people were nominally Virginians, Marylanders, Carolinians, Pennsylvanians; practically they were Ulster Irishmen, whose fathers, or sometimes grandfathers, had settled within the confines, but beyond the civilization of these various governments. The fight they fought was the longest and the most terrible by far in all the annals of savage warfare in America either before or since, for the red man, for the first time in the history of the country, seriously and desperately stood at bay. He had murdered and ravaged at times, and fought fiercely all along

[1] *The Winning of the West;* by Theodore Roosevelt. New York, 1889.

the advancing line of civilization, for a hundred years. His outbreaks, however, had been spasmodic; he had never been seriously threatened on his best hunting-grounds or his most fertile corn-lands; and for long he had been at a great disadvantage in the matter of arms. By the time, however, the Scotch-Irish frontiermen were ready to cross the Alleghanies, the Indian had added skill with the rifle to all those diabolic attributes that made him as a woodland warrior well-nigh invincible.

Turning again to the map of America, it will be seen how the Alleghany mountains, shaking themselves free of the great north-eastern uplands where they rise, and following the trend of the Atlantic shore, run southwards like a spinal column for hundreds of miles, till they finally subside among the cotton-fields of northern Georgia. Here, in this narrow belt, between the mountains and the sea—a belt with an average width of scarcely two hundred miles—lay the whole of Colonial America south of the Hudson.

Of the colonies who were concerned more or less in the conquest and settlement of the Ohio valley and the opening of the West, Pennsylvania, the most northern, was also in this particular the least active. She was full too of Quakerish notions which her southern neighbours abhorred, and was credited with being fonder of trade than war.

Below Pennsylvania came little Maryland, that lay so long under the mild feudal sway of successive Lords Baltimore, Catholic in origin, but liberal always in such matters to a degree that must have been appreciated in those days. A pleasant, undulating land, with a large stock of well-established country gentry and yeomanry, thoroughly British in type, and living comfortably on moderate estates with sufficient negroes to be a blessing and not enough to be a curse.

Reserving the great colony of Virginia for future comment, and crossing her southern boundary where the tobacco plantations had even then made wide openings in the pine-clad hills that look down upon the fertile corn-lands and the sluggish, turgid currents of the Dan, we find the old colony of North Carolina cultivated by a mixed and motley race. German Lutherans, French Huguenots, Swedes, and Scottish Highlanders far outnumbered the original English stock. The latter, however, have leavened the heterogeneous mass so far as laws, and nomenclature, and general tone go. From fifty to a hundred thousand negro slaves were already working on the plantations. The materials for a substantial and educated landed gentry, as seen in the other southern colonies, have existed in North Carolina to at least an equal extent, but her soil seems never to have been really congenial to such a growth. With the tremendous pressure of negro slavery in that direction, of course something of the kind was forced into existence in the present century, and flickered feebly no doubt at the time of the revolution. But North Carolina has from the earliest days of her settlement been a somewhat rough and turbulent state, and has never succeeded in impressing her neighbours with any very active respect, or stamping herself, as they have done, with any particular individuality. Till the recent destruction of rural society in the South, North Carolina was somewhat of an anomaly among the states in whose midst she lay. Though large and populous, and with immense physical advantages, she had been singularly infertile as a producer of distinguished men of any kind, or of an educated and refined class in proportion to her population, or worthy of her opportunities for that special kind of manufacture. It is a favourite, if somewhat ill-natured, gibe against the North Carolinian to this day that, when upon his travel he is declaring himself, with proper patriotic pride, to hail from the "Old North State," he takes particular care to add, if he can

do so with any semblance of accuracy, that his home is "right close on the Virginia line." The same want of cohesion and individuality seems to have marked the colony of North Carolina in the old days.

South Carolina, however, then as now was very different, though the contrast was not so great as it had grown to be when in 1861 her hot-headed arrogance precipitated the most fearful and protracted of modern wars. She differed but slightly from her northern neighbour in origin, but developed a landed aristocracy which was smaller in proportion to the mass of the people and at the same time grew in later years both wealthier and more exclusive than that of Virginia and Maryland. They were luxurious planters rather than homely country squires as the class further north, whose equivalent in other respects they were. Another great difference has always distinguished the governing class of South Carolina. Country life was not to them all in all as it was to the Virginians, who may be said to have cherished a positive hatred of towns. The flourishing city of Charleston was to the gentry of South Carolina not merely a port for the shipping of cotton and rice; it was a social centre where many resided for a considerable part of the year, some planters indeed making it their home and going backwards and forwards to their properties. This concentration of a small wealthy class within narrow limits created an oligarchy that became more formidable for good or evil than anything of the kind probably that has ever flourished on North American soil. In spite of the large admixture of Huguenot blood the type was as purely English as the life and latitude would allow; Charleston was regarded at one time as the most polished and cultured of all the American capitals.

But of all the colonies, south at any rate of New England, Virginia was by far the most important; not merely because she was the oldest, the largest, and the wealthiest, but because from her sturdy British stock sprang much of what was best in the lusty commonwealths that have arisen beyond her borders. As she was the most central and most accessible point for the early English adventurers to make their lodgment on, so she became the nucleus of civilization round which later communities clustered. From her example and progress they gathered confidence; by her experiences they profited; on her government they more or less modelled themselves. If the long fight of the English race for North America may be admitted to be history, the story of the Old Dominion is the most interesting and picturesque portion of it. It began on Christmas Day, 1606, when prayers were offered in the London churches for the welfare of one hundred colonists, then drifting down the Thames in three small ships. It ended for Englishmen on October 19th, 1781, when General O'Hara handed the sword of Cornwallis to Washington before the redoubts of Yorktown. It is astonishing, after the many futile attempts that had been made to settle on the Atlantic coast, how rapidly, when a footing was once gained, the English poured over the rolling, well-wooded plains of East Virginia. The early struggles against famine and the Indians; the doughty deeds of Captain Smith; the old Powatar seated on his rustic throne, and the fair Pocahontas pass away as a dream, and by 1619 twenty-two burgesses, representing parishes and hundreds, are meeting the governor and council in assembly, in as deliberate, matter-of-fact, prosaic a fashion as if they were in Middlesex. They sit in the old church at Jamestown, these worthy colonial legislators—the members in the choir, the governor and council in the front seats—and make laws dealing with every department of civil life. The session is opened with prayer, nor do the lawmakers, by the way, forget to vote themselves salaries which are paid in

tobacco. On Sundays the governor, a British peer, marches in state to church attended by his lieutenant-general, his admiral, vice-admiral, and master of the horse, with the rest of the council and fifty halberd-bearers in red cloaks. Ninety virtuous maids are imported from England and allotted to the planters as wives, each happy swain defraying in tobacco the cost of his bride's importation. Already, too, a shipload of African slaves has been landed on the banks of the James River, and the traffic in indented servants from England has commenced. The Indians are not sufficiently troublesome to seriously impede the English advance. Tidal rivers reach far inland in every direction, as if inviting men to stray hither and thither in small groups or alone, and surround themselves with large tracts of the fertile lands upon their banks. By the time of the civil war in England, Virginia has become a well established province, with a population of about thirty thousand.

The minute fidelity with which the mother country has been reproduced upon this far distant soil by these loyal and patriotic Englishmen of long ago is almost pathetic. The old counties of Northumberland and Lancaster, of Middlesex and Gloucester, of York and Warwick, start life afresh upon the shore of the Chesapeake. Scores of rude manor-houses surrounded already by peach orchards and tobacco fields stand far apart upon the shores of the estuaries where oyster beds lie thick, and ducks by millions, flying inland through the dusk of the autumn nights, make the "whole air," according to the old chroniclers of that time, "vibrate with their wings." The social republicanism that must distinguish a colony struggling in its infancy for existence soon faded away in Virginia, and a class distinction based on acres gradually developed. Unlike the New Englanders, and even the Marylanders, and in later years the Pennsylvanians, Great Britain was to the Virginian no tyrant mother from whom they had fled and now looked back upon with feelings in which reproach was so mingled with regret that the latter sentiment might in a single generation be extinct. The Virginians had come there to produce another England down to the smallest details which circumstances would permit. The man who had anything to say against Church and King had better steer his bark to other shores; if he wished to live not merely at peace but to exist at all, he would have to support both with sword and purse and tongue. The Quaker who ventured into the old Dominion did so at the risk of his ears. The Puritan was reminded that the soil was uncongenial to his creed, and if the hint was not acted on with due speed he was forcibly ejected, while for the lukewarm the pillory, the ducking-stool, and the stocks were in full swing. Manhood suffrage, strange to say in such a society, is the law, though a hundred and fifty years later, under the republican constitution whose starting-point is the hypothesis that all men are equal, none but freeholders had any political existence.

With the fall of the king's cause, and the ground already as it were prepared for the Virginia of later years, twenty thousand cavaliers, as fast as ships could be found to convey them, poured into the colony, and gave a tremendous impetus to the loyal, Anglican, and aristocratic tendencies already existing. There is no trace of any individual politically or socially distinguished sailing at that time for America, but of hundreds of men of good birth, younger sons of landed families, and gentlemen of smaller estate who have lost their all, or most of it, with a still larger following of yeomen, farmers, serving-men, and various grades of people whose livelihood depended on the patronage of a ruined party. They are one and all received with the keenest sympathy and the warmest hospitality. The loyal colony has been horror-

struck at the execution of Charles. The House of Burgesses passes an act denouncing it, threatening with death any one who shall speak in favour of the enemies of his sainted Majesty, and the wandering prince is proclaimed king. It is nearly three years before Cromwell's long and busy arm can reach them. When his fleet arrives in the Chesapeake, the banks of the James bristle with cannon, and the colonial militia, headed by old soldiers who have fought through the civil war, are fully bent on defiance. The terms offered, however, are easy. Prudent councils, influenced possibly by rumours of Drogheda and Wexford, prevail, and the country is formally surrendered. It is notable that in the articles of surrender the Virginians were allowed the use of the prayer-book for one year, a singular and liberal concession. Cromwell understood colonial government better than the flighty monarchs who preceded and followed him, and whom the Virginians were never tired of toasting. As he had treated Ireland after the fearful chastisement she courted, so he treated submissive Virginia — with wisdom and magnanimity. He abolished the restrictions on her trade, gave her citizens absolute equality with those of Great Britain, and left her alone. At the restoration there was immense rejoicing in Virginia. The ecstasy must have been displayed purely on sentimental grounds except among the few officials who returned to power, for Cromwell had been a benefactor, not a tyrant. The illusion was soon dispelled, for the merry monarch, who was supposed to have worn a coat of Virginian silk at his coronation, showed his traditional gratitude by riveting the hated navigation laws once more on his faithful subjects. Shortly afterwards he surpassed himself by coolly granting, as if it were a Mexican desert, to two of his court favourites "the whole of that territory, &c., commonly known as Virginia."

The latter outrage is withdrawn, but on the strength of the trade-laws a rebellion breaks out, which is not only picturesque and interesting in its details but instructive to students of the greater one a century later. The leader is a young man of family named Bacon owning property on the James. The colony is in arms from where Richmond now stands to the ocean. The royal governor with a loyal minority defends the capital, Williamsburg. Bacon, with the rebel "gentry, housekeepers, and servants" marches through the land. As Virginia can by now put eight thousand horse into the field on an emergency, the war is not after all such a puny one, but the rebellion is crushed, and after some hanging and quartering is in time forgotten. For a hundred years, till the war of independence, Virginia grew and throve. By the beginning of the eighteenth century her people, though maintaining English customs, had ceased to be merely Englishmen resident in America, and had developed an individuality of their own and that intense love of the country that for several generations had been their home, which distinguishes them to this day. Connection with England was not very intimate, for emigration from the mother country, though never ceasing, was very inconsiderable. Sons of the wealthiest planters went over to be educated, and the clergy, of whom it was quaintly said, "They had better have prayed more and preached less," came from England.

The colony now reached nearly to the mountains. There had been Indian troubles and massacres at stated times, but there had never been as yet a fighting frontier as there shortly would be, for the Indians had not so far been really pressed. The Virginian colonists, as we see them now during Marlborough's wars, were a peaceful people, almost wholly of English blood, living comfortably in a country singularly well adapted to a wholesome rural life. The negro it is true was an exotic, but was

not as yet such a factor as he afterwards became. We have in the many contemporary pictures of those times the squire and the parson, the justices, the vestrymen, the burgesses, and the royal governors (poor creatures most of them) holding mimic court at Williamsburg. Thither the planters repair during the session, in ponderous coaches, from the brick mansions surrounded by broad pastures and fat corn-fields that have now for many years taken the place of the wooden homesteads on the banks of the James and York. The laws of primogeniture and entail flourish; education is only for the rich; horse-racing, fox-hunting, and cock-fighting are the chief amusements, for the bear, the deer, and the wolf of former days have been driven to the mountains or to distant fastnesses. Intolerance of dissent has greatly weakened. Numbers of British colonists both from across the water and New England, as well as Dutch, Germans, and French Huguenots find a refuge in the back counties towards the Blue Ridge, which is the first outwork of the Alleghanies. To the English colonists the land beyond is an unknown and fearful wilderness sleeping under an unbroken canopy of leaves, vaguely claimed by France and Spain but occupied by Indians. Dreams of western conquests have little place in the thoughts of the easy-going planter of the eastern shore, but by 1720 the vanguard of a widely different community has landed.

In 1719 a final attempt to obtain common justice for the Presbyterian and dissenting colonists of Ulster and elsewhere was ruthlessly strangled by a handful of Irish bishops and absentee peers. Few debates at Westminster have been more momentous in their results than this brief unnoticed struggle in the Dublin Parliament. The men to whom England had committed the laborious and hazardous task of civilizing Ireland, and with whose devoted valour the whole world thirty years before had rung, found their reward in the treatment of outlaws and rebels. Their loyalty was undisputed, their industry was the one bright spot on the face of the country, their fighting qualities notorious. Neither their loyalty, nor their industry, nor their swords, however, were acceptable to the half-score of bishops for whose benefit the Anglican church in Ireland at that time mainly existed. In sullen despair the flower of the Irish population cast their eyes across the Atlantic. They had conquered one country from savages and reclaimed one wilderness; they would conquer and reclaim yet another where the fruits of victory should at any rate be theirs. The loss to Ireland was irreparable, but the gain to America was so admirably great that to be of Scotch-Irish stock is to-day the boast of thousands of hardy farmers beyond the seas who hardly know the reason for their pride, and are sometimes vague about the very meaning of the term.

The exodus began in 1720. Shipload upon shipload sailed from Belfast and from Derry. Thousands upon thousands of the men who had created and held Ulster against England's enemies, shook her dust off their feet and carried a legacy of hatred with them that was to bear bitter fruit in the years to come. These were not Catholic Celts leaving the congested moorlands of Connaught or the half-tilled farms of Munster. Of all the races already present on the mainland of America the Catholic Irish were, strange as it now seems, scarcely yet an item. The injustice that drove the Scotch-Irish from Ulster was no worse perhaps in the abstract than the treatment of the Celt. The latter was simply the old question of the conquest of one nation by another, the subjection of a weak race by a strong one. Political economy and the interests of the conquerors might, in the usages of those days, have excused a far more thorough exercise of a conqueror's powers. The Ulster matter was entirely another affair, for the tyranny was exercised

towards friends and allies; treachery, ingratitude, and, worse than all, political insanity were thrown in besides.

Such at any rate were the feelings which the Scotch-Irish carried to America. Thirty thousand leave Ireland in the first two years, and for a quarter of a century the drain goes steadily on. It is notable how the distrust of all governments follows the Ulsterman across the Atlantic and shapes his course. The exodus flows in two distinct streams, the larger one to Philadelphia at the north, the smaller to Charlestown at the south. The Catholic Irish emigration of modern times has been distinguished above all others by its dislike to a pioneer life and its tendency to choke the sea-port towns. That earth-hunger which is supposed to be at once the birthright and the special virtue of the Irish Catholic peasant, seems to evaporate entirely upon contact with the lighter air of the American republic. For of all the races that now pour into that country the Catholic Irish, unfortunately for everybody concerned and particularly for America, are the most reluctant to face the prairie and the forest. The Scotch-Irish of old days, however, went direct to the wilderness. The Quaker towns and Quaker government of Pennsylvania had no more charms for the northern stream than the more Anglican settlements of the Carolinas for the southern. The Alleghanies formed the western frontier of the former, as they did of the latter and of the intervening colonies of Maryland and Virginia. And the Scotch-Irish made straight for the Alleghanies. Here for a few years they paused. Some apprenticeship was needed and some breathing-time before they faced a forest country that was harder to tame than even the wet uplands of Down and Antrim, and an enemy infinitely more formidable than the native Irish who had harassed them in Ulster. The mountain footholds of western Pennsylvania became one great distributing centre upon the north; the uplands between North and South Carolina on the south. Five hundred miles separated the two. The latter drifted northwards along the base of the mountains; the former drifted southwards till in twenty years the two streams once more mingled and formed an iron band of settlement interposing between the old colonies and the Indians—from the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania to the fountains of the Tugaloo.

Hitherto the lines of cleavage have run westward. The seaboard colonies have not only little intercourse and no particular sympathy with one another, but have occasionally even indulged in something like intercolonial wars. The Scotch-Irish care for none of these things, but crowd along behind the parallels in absolute indifference to political boundaries so long as they are far enough off to be unmolested. It is difficult now-a-days, when a few years is sufficient to convert a howling wilderness into a populous centre lit by electricity and threaded by railroads, to even imagine what pioneering meant in the eighteenth century. As one travels to-day along what was probably the most active and populous portion of the old Scotch-Irish belt, where the Shenandoah rolls northwards between the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge, one sees perhaps as perfect a picture of rural peace and mellow tranquility as the American continent can show. Big brick homesteads, gray stone barns, rustling corn-fields and broad reaches of meadow-land that might have fed and sheltered twenty generations instead of five, stretch from mountain to mountain. It requires indeed some mental effort to realize that men may have been born in this peaceful valley amid the yells of Indians and fallen by their tomahawks in the prime of life in its still uncleared forests.

By the middle of the eighteenth century a second generation of Scotch Irishmen born in the woods are firmly established on the American frontier. Fed by a continuous though fluctuating

stream of emigration from Protestant Ireland, and absorbing into its ranks numbers of the hardiest and most adventurous of the Dutch and German colonists, this rugged vanguard of civilization pushed their log cabins slowly over the eastern outworks of the Alleghanies. Their isolation from the world, and hard, dangerous lives intensified some and modified others of the traits they brought with them across the sea. Dutch Calvinists and German Lutherans assimilated themselves with ease to the Ulster majority, and caught their tone and habits. They became welded into a peculiar people, so strong in characteristics, among which thrift was conspicuous, as to have defied the almost irresistible influence of slavery and Southern civilization into which they have been completely absorbed for a hundred years. In Virginia the difference is to this day most clearly marked, though complete political and social unity has reigned among the landholders of that state. The people on either side of the Blue Ridge, which can be crossed anywhere in a morning's ride, still sometimes distinguish the "folks over the mountain" by the old sobriquets of "Cohees" and "Tuckahoes" respectively.[1] The Presbyterian ministers who went with these first Scotch-Irishmen differed little in degree from their flocks, sharing with them the labours of the field, the sports of the forest, and the dangers of the fray. Calvinistic fervour, however, no doubt succumbed a good deal in time to the license of the wilderness. The constant peril in which the lives of the backwoodsmen were passed made them fierce and reckless. The isolation of their existence in the gloom of the forest turned the few opportunities of social excitement they enjoyed into scenes of hilarity so uproarious and rough that they are a byword to this day along the Appalachian slopes. Physical prowess was the one standard of fame. Fighting was the leading item in every backwood gathering, and the gladiatorial combats of those days were of a kind to make a modern prize-fight seem playful and an Irish faction-row a joke. The prostrate adversary was not left merely to the moral bitterness of defeat, but was often kicked and gouged out of recognition by the conqueror. The deliberate killing, even in anger, of one another was, however, contrary to the backwood code, and rough law was administered in a log court-house by a justice in moccasins and hunting-shirt. To this day in the mountain counties of Virginia and the Carolinas there are plenty of men who can remember when, long after the primitive era of which we speak had passed away, every court-day in the county town was the signal for a faction-fight with sticks and fists, the use of knife and pistol being at that time almost unheard of.

We have, then, by the middle of the eighteenth century, a thin line of Scotch-Irish and their adherents reaching from the back of Pennsylvania to the north-west corner of the young colony of Georgia. This band of settlement follows the trend of the Alleghanies, being thicker on the Virginia borders than either to the north or south. With profound indifference, however, to the ethnological cleavages that have hitherto governed Anglo-Saxon America, it spans the unoccupied territory of five colonies that differ from one another only in a less degree than they each do from the grim woodsmen in their rear. From the centre of this belt was to be driven into the rich vallies of the west the wedge of Anglo-Saxon conquest, which was to spread in after years to the Pacific Ocean.

The Alleghany mountains are not—like their eastern outwork, the Blue

[1] *Cohees*, the Scotch-Irish frontiermen; supposed to be derived from their frequent use in colonial days of the expression "Quoth he," or "Quo' he." *Tuckahoes*, pronounced "Turkeyhoes," the Eastern Virginians vaguely accounted for by the existence of an insignificant and remote stream of that name. I think it quite as likely that the noble bird himself stood godfather in this case, typifying possibly the finer clothes and greater pride of the East Virginians.

Ridge—a single wall of rock and forest, but a series of parallel ranges that roll their rugged crests like the waves of a sea westward, till they sink into the fertile calm of the Ohio valley and the Great Mississippi basin. Behind them and in their troughs, at the time we speak of, a hundred thousand Indian warriors roamed through interminable forests, from the great lakes of the north to the swampy bayous that drain into the Gulf of Mexico. The only fragments of civilization that broke the vast solitude was where the French or Spanish flag floated in almost appalling isolation over small groups of Jesuit priests and traders.

With the first ring of the Ulstermen's axe on the Alleghany foot-hills, and with the first crack of their rifles in their ivy thickets and alder swamps, the Indian question assumed a new and acute phase. The red man seemed to recognize by some unerring instinct the hand of doom, and his hostility, though frequently veiled by long periods of so-called peace, became that of an inveterate and relentless foe, and not merely as hitherto of a fickle but not very aggressive neighbour. The backwoodsmen gathered for the most part in small settlements. Sometimes their cabins were placed in two rows, the doors facing inwards, and the outside gable-ends connected with a stockade, the street so formed being closed at either end with huge doors. Hundreds, however, of adventurers and fool-hardy men, attracted by some fertile river-bottom or some favourite deer-lick, risked their lives and those of their families in individual isolation.

Few battles in a military sense distinguished this half-century of war. Large bodies of men seldom came into conflict; the battle-ground was too vast, and the opposing hosts too widely scattered. For two generations it was all that several thousand of the hardiest and most resolute colonists that Great Britain had ever sent out could do to hold their own along a mere fringe of the Indian country. There were periods of proclaimed peace, and periods of open war. In the latter the whole frontier was ablaze; in the former the settler, following the plough in his small stump-strewn clearing or tracking the deer in the forest, knew that at any moment he might be called upon to fight for his life and the lives of those who were dear to him. Whatever may have been the atttitude of the first comers of these Scotch-Irish towards the natives, the diabolic nature of Indian warfare soon turned it into a savage, undying and ferocious hate. Mercy to a fallen foe became unknown. The scalp of the Indian was torn as eagerly from his head, and coveted as greedily by these sons of Antrim farmers fresh from some rousing Calvinistic sermon, as if they were Indians themselves. The French went out into their lonely exile to convert the heathen; the Scotch-Irish to extirpate them with an almost equal sense of a heaven-sent mission. What there was, however, of crusading and religious fervour soon faded into pure personal hatred, under the influence of ceaseless strife with an enemy who never failed to apply barbarous and fiendish tortures to every prisoner irrespective of age or sex. By this time, too, the Indians had become almost as good marksmen with the rifle as the backwoodsmen, and the backwoodsmen nearly as skilled in the cunning and science of forest warfare as the Indians. A battle, whether there were five hundred upon a side or fifty, was a contest of man against man, a long chain through the forest of single combatants, a series of duels between deadly marksmen who could utilize every species of shelter that a primeval forest offers after a fashion in which the American Indian, even among savages, has never had a peer. Regular troops against such a foe were almost as harmless as children, and were butchered as sheep in the shambles on each of the few occasions they were sent to meet Indians in the woods. The colonial militia, the trainbands

that mustered annually under the fox-hunting squires of Maryland and Virginia, would have been in the Alleghanies almost as helpless. When the Indians had to be fought *en masse*, as was sometimes necessary to save the frontier from being flung back on the edge of the colonies proper, the backwoodsman had to do it; and to do him justice he went at it with a good will. His dress was uniform and picturesque. A leather-fringed hunting-skirt reaching to the knee, and fastened at the waist by a belt in which hung the tomahawk and scalping knife; tight leather leggings and the Indian breech clout and moccasin encased his nether man. His chief arm of course was the old Kentucky rifle of famous note, hundreds of which may be seen to-day in the cabins and farm-houses of the southern mountains. Heavy, ill-balanced, and nearly five feet long, they would indeed move the mirth of the modern big-game hunter; but their accuracy at the short point-blank distance necessary for forest hunting or warfare is extraordinary. The standard of shooting, too, acquired by the men who bore them is probably only equalled by their descendants, who still carry the same clumsy weapon through the great tracts of forest that the old rush for Kentucky, and what was then the west, have left still untamed on the Alleghany uplands.

If the Scotch-Irish frontierman remained for long more of a warrior than a farmer, and more of a hunter than a grazier, it was because fighting was necessary to his existence, and hunting the deer, bear, and buffalo for their flesh and hides, was more profitable than grazing unmarketable stock in the midst of wolves and Indians. When peaceful pursuits again became possible and profitable, the Ulstermen soon showed that two or three generations of half savage life had not changed the breed. The tinge of Celtic blood in his veins had no doubt been quickened in its flow by the long period of romance and adventure in the wilderness, and his nomadic instincts perhaps strengthened. But the industry and the resolution were still there unimpaired, as thousands of prosperous homesteads and thousands of honoured names in half a score of teeming states bear witness to-day.

The story of the Scotch-Irish frontiermen lies thick in the various colonial histories, in the tales of contemporary chronicles and in the traditions of the mountain districts. At the period, however, when the hunters' tales of Kentucky and the Ohio valley are causing them to chafe and fret behind the Alleghanies, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt takes up their story in his recently published book *The Winning of the West*. He tells the tale in a picturesque and forcible manner and with a care that is not the distinguishing feature of the provincial historians that have in this particular field been his only predecessors. And if one happens to know that the author is not only a pleasant and attractive writer, but also a mighty hunter, one feels in safer and more congenial company as one follows him up the shady rapids of the Greenbriar river and through the buffalo-haunted tangles of the Ohio flats. The most thrilling and romantic chapter in the pioneering history of America is the gradual invasion of the remote Kentucky forests by bands of fearless men with their families and household gods. For Kentucky was the happy hunting-ground of all the Indians from the far north to the distant south. Where famous studs of blood-horses crop the blue-grass to-day around its large homesteads, the buffalo and deer sought the same sweet pastures in countless herds in the middle of the last century. Mr. Roosevelt dwells at great length on the exploits of the various backwoods chiefs whose names live to-day in the nomenclature of counties and hamlets, capitals and rivers throughout Kentucky, Ohio and Tenessee; Clark and Boone, Sevier and Robertson, Andrew Lewis, the McAfees and many others that are

household words in transatlantic history and romance. The action of the backwoodsmen in the revolutionary war forms not only an interesting chapter but is important. The first wave of permanent settlement that doomed the Alleghanies was rendered possible by the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774. This action, fought on the Ohio river then far in the wilderness, was the largest engagement of the kind on record. Over a thousand backwoodsmen, enrolled as Virginia militia, fought as royal troops, and repulsed an equal number of picked Indian warriors, a feat Mr. Roosevelt affirms as hitherto unequalled by white men in the forests. This was an imperial war, but the firm foothold it gave just in the nick of time to the colonists beyond the mountains enabled them to seize the French-garrisoned British posts in the wilderness during the revolutionary war and claim the West as American territory at the peace. Great numbers of Scotch Irish-Americans, nursing their hereditary hatred of England, no doubt joined Washington's armies from the older back settlements. Both English and American historians enlarge on this Ulster element in the war of independence, but they generally ignore, and Mr. Roosevelt among them, the second great exodus from the north of Ireland, which was of purely agrarian origin and took place in 1772. This was the clearance made by Lord Donegal when his Irish leases fell in for the sake of higher rents. Half a county was depopulated of thrifty Presbyterians, who with several thousand others fearing the same fate, left for America just in time to materially swell the always meagre ranks of the colonial armies.

A. G. Bradley.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

LORD CARNARVON'S sumptuous and costly volume[1] is much in keeping with its distinguished subject and has, we believe, had a gratifying reception from a public which declined to be interested in some equally novel letters, recently published, of Mr. David Hume. "The world is taken up by the outside of things. We must take the world as it is. You or I cannot set it right." So wrote Chesterfield, so for that matter he was always writing to his son in that wonderful series of letters which have made their writer's name famous even in sporting circles.

Lord Carnarvon's volume contains nothing of the first importance. Chesterfield was a firm believer in Pope's doctrine of the ruling passion, and his seems to have been writing letters to boys. It is touching to discover that after the death of his son the old man did his best to make his godson *Omnis Homo, Homme Universel*, writing him no less than two hundred and thirty-six letters in nine years with this object in view. But the second batch have not the *verve*, the *vis vivida* of the first. He who picks up from a stall, as he may any lawful day of the week for half-a-crown, the four volumes of Chesterfield's Letters, gets something unique after its kind and supreme in its own way.

These letters have been called dull. It is amazing what people will call dull. There is not a dull word in the four volumes, whilst their motive, their main-spring, is as interesting as that of a Greek play. Never before since the world was has parental anxiety, no mean thing so energised, become so vocal, so persistent, so persuasive. It would be necessary to borrow the language of Puritanism to describe the zeal displayed by this godless father for the salvation of his son's outward and awkward man. It never flags or fails; letter follows letter in quick succession; year after year goes by; the son is still studious but heavy; thick in speech and sluggish in demeanour; but the father is eager, is lively, brimful of promises and threats, money and advice. There he is in every page explaining, enforcing, illustrating the necessity, the sacred, the terrible necessity, of possessing engaging, insinuating, shining manners. To accomplish this end, the salvation of a clumsy boy, Lord Chesterfield gave up his mind. From 1739 to 1768 with but one short break, the letters poured forth until they number three hundred and eighty-five—and in almost every one of them his lordship wrestles for *les manières nobles et aisées, la tournure d'un homme de condition, le ton de la bonne compagnie, les Graces, le je ne sçais quoi qui plait.* It is impossible such letters should be dull, nor has the world found them so. They were once immensely popular and they are still widely read. No books find an easier sale at a low figure in the true marts of literature, the shop or stall of the second-hand bookseller, than Chesterfield's letters. Everybody has heard of them. They have however always lived in the dark shadow cast by that tremendous judgment of Johnson's, which Lord Carnarvon is too polite to quote. There is no need to quote it; it is known. Hastily uttered in the course of ordinary talk, it has come reverberating down the century, and when-

[1] *Letters of Lord Chesterfield to his Godson Successor.* Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1890.

ever the letters are mentioned, there is this thing said or remembered of them. Ridicule sticks, wrote Lord Chesterfield to his poor little mite of a godson aged six, after threatening to call him John Trott, and to leave off loving him if he did not learn to look his godfather full in his forbidding face. Moral scorn has the same trick. The injustice of the judgment need surprise no one. The Doctor was always above the affectation of impartiality. He had an old quarrel with Chesterfield. In addition to this, in these very letters somebody was called a Hottentot. Johnson never fitted on the cap, and indeed proved pretty conclusively that it was not made for him—but the public insisted and have gone on insisting that Chesterfield meant the Doctor. Lord Carnarvon is sure of it. So was Sir John Hawkins. If so, there is no need to be surprised at the judgment. People do not like being called Hottentots by peers. But of the gross unfairness of the criticism, there can be no question; the letters do not teach the manners of a dancing-master or morals of the nature indicated by Johnson.

The manners which Chesterfield preached with all the fervour of Whitefield and the penetrating sincerity of A'Kempis were founded on ease and an apparent naturalness, on what he calls "an air of sensible good humour." Fussiness, trifling, forwardness, the tricks of the *petit maître*, the affectations of the *dilettanti*, are his pet aversions. As for dancing itself, he speaks of it with just contempt as a silly thing, but adds, "though I would not have you a dancer, yet when you do dance I would have you dance well." The few details of the toilet to which he occasionally refers are of the first importance for all time, and are spotlessly free from the faintest taint of foppery; indeed fops are abominations in the sight of his lordship. There is an extraordinary oneness in tone throughout all the letters. Lord Chesterfield's gospel needs no harmonising. His sincerity cannot be called in question; he is as much in earnest as Bishop Wilson; there is not a trace of the dancing-master about him.

As for his morals, Ste. Beuve, good, easy man, dismisses them with a smile. An Englishman will be expected to muster a sigh. After all, the great thing is to get them dismissed. It is easily done. They are bad enough—quite shocking—but free from cant and affectation and unstained by cruelty. It is all very well for Dr. Johnson to talk as he does, but, judging from observations of his own recorded in Boswell, he would seem to have been more leniently disposed towards certain vices than Chesterfield; but Johnson would never have put his lenity upon paper. Chesterfield's letters were not however meant for publication, and ought not to be judged by any higher standard than table-talk.

The oddest thing about the letters is the contrast they present between the solidity of many of the things the son is adjured to acquire and the flimsy, paltry motive put forward for acquiring them. "Dig your foundation deep," the father in effect says, "make your structure firm and lasting, in order that the weather-cock on the top may glitter in the sun." No man was ever more alive than Chesterfield to the importance of precise knowledge. "Get to the bottom of things," he is always saying; "Ask your own questions, and find out for yourself the true answers." He preaches the great doctrine of attention with apostolic fervour. He cannot away with listlessness or indifference. "There is no surer sign in the world of a little weak mind than inattention." His own eyes were always wide open, and his ears too till he became deaf. Wherever the son goes he is bidden to be wide awake and to keep his note-book in his hand. Mr. Albert Dicey could not draw up a more searching set of questions as to the peculiarities of the

Swiss Constitution than those put by Lord Chesterfield to his son. The head of the great firm of Osbaldistone and Tresham could not have been more anxious that Mr. Francis should interest himself in the trade of Bordeaux than was Lord Chesterfield that his son should know all about the trade of Marseilles, and the manufactures, government, and constitution of every place he visited. But why were all these pains to be taken? Why was poor Philip Stanhope to amass facts all day and acquire the graces at night? Simply in order to please, and so wriggle himself into high place —simply this and nothing more. For learning itself and the great masters of erudition Chesterfield never disguised his contempt. For books and literature he had no feeling; music he abhorred. He believed devoutly in knaves. The Pope is an old cheat, Martin Luther turned reformer because he was not allowed to sell indulgences, Alexander the Great was a murderer, Brutus a thief, and so on through a weary catalogue. If his son, in a fit of impatience, had asked, "Why need I read about ruffians?" Chesterfield would have replied, "Because they had the luck to get talked about, as the world will talk about you, if you will only do what I tell you for the next two years." For so much good sense to rest on so rotten a foundation is surely unusual.

That Chesterfield was a man of genius cannot be doubted. His detachment of mind, his freedom from delusion, his capacity to see things as they actually were, were alike remarkable. He understood France, —and Ireland!

And yet when he is called, as Lord Carnarvon calls him, as he is commonly called, "the great Lord Chesterfield," the epithet jars; though of course it may only be used like the expressions, the "good earl" and the "wicked earl," to distinguish the fourth Lord Chesterfield from the insipidity which preceded and came after him. If it means more than this it provokes the exclamation that there was nothing great about Chesterfield but his failure. That was apparent, real and personal. Lord Chesterfield had, one would have said, all the qualifications which might be supposed to make success certain. Eloquence, resistless energy, insight, knowledge, rank, wit, boundless ambition, and no principles. And yet he failed almost ignominiously, and his failure, though exciting our surprise, did not surprise those who knew him. He made his first speech in the House of Commons whilst an infant, so he got the start of his contemporaries—but nothing much came of it. Ambassador to the Hague, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for a single year and Secretary of State for two, that was all the outcome, and he owed the best of it to the Duke of Newcastle. In 1748 he retired worsted from the battle of life. Lord Carnarvon, no mean authority, says he resigned with dignity. He was offered a dukedom and refused it, thus showing, says Lord Carnarvon, his "usual good sense." Very likely! But where was his good luck? In his letters to his son he is for ever praising courts and the courtly life. There, he says, everything is of the best; you live in capitals and in the heart of capitals. He was prepared to pay the heavy price. Horace Walpole tells an amusing story of Chesterfield's fawning upon a page-boy at court, who turned out to be Sir William Russell, but whom Chesterfield mistook for one of the royal bastards. But notwithstanding this, it was as a courtier that his failure was most egregious. He had to go elsewhere. David Hume, writing in 1763, mentions how he dined with Chesterfield "along with" Colonel Irvine, who apologised for being a little late by saying he had been detained at court. "At court," said his lordship, "I should be glad to know what place that is." This seems to have tickled honest David, who, odd as it may appear, was

a more successful courtier than this great Lord Chesterfield.

If it be the fact that Chesterfield's failure is to be attributed to his initial error of courting a mistress and neglecting a wife, then indeed the sex he always affected to understand and never failed to insult was amply revenged.

His Majesty King George the Second was one of the shrewdest men who ever sat upon a throne. He would never have been taken in, as Lord Chesterfield was, by Bolingbroke's "amazing" erudition and delusive glitter. That the King should have called Chesterfield a scoundrel is nothing; it was his way. But that he should have called him a "tea-table scoundrel" is to my mind highly significant. Despite all Chesterfield's eloquence and wit, his extraordinary ability, and his speech introducing the New Calendar, his contemporaries found something petty and paltry in him. We can find nothing in his writings to prove them wrong. But his letters to his son will always be read with pleasure and with profit.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

THE DIARY OF A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

October 1*st*, 188–. *Hôtel du Lys, Bruges.*—After all, few places appeal to my imagination more strongly than this autumnal old city—the most medieval town in Europe. I am glad that I have come back here at last. It is melancholy indeed, but then, at my age one's pleasures are chiefly melancholy. One is essentially of the autumn, and it is always autumn at Bruges. I thought I had been given back my youth when I awoke this morning and heard the *carillon* chiming out as it has done, no doubt, intermittently since I heard it last twenty years ago. Yes, for a moment I thought I was young again, but only for a moment; when I went out into the streets and resumed acquaintance with all my old haunts the illusion had gone. I strolled into St. Sauveur's, wandered awhile through its dim, dusky aisles, and then sat down near the high altar, where the air was heaviest with stale incense, and indulged in retrospect. I was there for more than an hour, and I doubt whether this was wise. At my time of life one had best keep out of cathedrals; they are vault-like places, pregnant with rheumatism; at the best they are full of ghosts, and a good many visited me during that hour of meditation. Afterwards I paid a visit to the Memlings in the hospital. Nothing has altered very much; even the women, with their placid, ugly Flemish faces, sitting eternally in their doorways with the eternal lace-pillow, might be the same women. In the afternoon I went to the Béguinage, and sat there long in the shadow of a tree which must have grown up since my time, I think. I sat there too long, I fear, until the dusk and the chill drove me home to dinner. On the whole, perhaps, it was a mistake to come back. The sameness of this terribly constant old city seems to intensify the change that has come to oneself. Perhaps if I had come back with Lorimer I should have noticed it less. For after all the years have been kind to me, on the whole; they have given me most things which I set my heart upon, and if they had not broken a most perfect friendship, I would forgive them the rest. I sometimes fear, however, that one sacrifices too much to one's success. To slave twenty years at the Indian Bar has its drawbacks, even when it does leave one at fifty prosperous *à mourir*. Yes, I must admit that I am prosperous, disgustingly prosperous, and—my wife is dead, and Lorimer—Lorimer has altogether passed out of my life. . . . Ah, it is a mistake to keep a journal—a mistake!

October 3*rd.*—I vowed yesterday that I would pack my portmanteau and move on to Brussels, but to-day finds me still at Bruges. The charm of the old Flemish city grows on me. I have carried my peregrinations further afield, wandered about the quays, and stood on the old bridge, where one gets such a perfect glimpse, through a trellis of chestnuts, of the red roof and spires of Notre Dame. But the particular locality matters nothing; every nook and corner of Bruges teems with reminiscences. And how fresh they are! At Bombay I had not time to remember or regret; but to-day the whole dead and forgotten story rises up like a ghost to haunt me. At times moreover I have a curious, fantastic feeling that some day or other, in some mildewing church, I shall come face to face with Lorimer. He was older than I; he must be greatly altered—but I should know him. It

is strange how intensely I desire to meet him. I suppose it is chiefly curiosity; I should like to feel sure of him, to explain his silence. He cannot be dead; I am told that he had pictures in this last Academy—and yet, never to have written—never once, through all these years. I suppose there are few friendships which can stand the test of correspondence; still it is inexplicable—it is not like Lorimer. He could not have harboured a grudge against me—for what? A boyish infatuation for a woman who adored him and whom he adored. The idea is preposterous; they must have laughed over my folly often of winter evenings by their fireside. Was their marriage happy, I wonder? Was it as successful as mine, though perhaps a little less commonplace? It is strange, though, that I never heard of it, that he never wrote to me once—not through all those years.

October 4th.—Inexplicable! Inexplicable! Did they marry after all? Could there have been some gigantic misunderstanding? I paid a pilgrimage this morning which hitherto I had deferred, I know not precisely why. I went to the old house in the Rue d'Alva—where she lived, our countess. And the sight of its grim, historic frontal made twenty years seem as yesterday. I meant to content myself with a bare glimpse at the barred windows, but the impulse seized me to ring the bell which I used to ring so often,—a foolish, fantastic impulse, but I obeyed it. I found it was occupied by an Englishman, a Mr. Venables—there seem to be more English here than in my time—and I sent in my card and asked if I might see the famous dining-room. There was no objection raised, and my host was most courteous; my name, he said, was familiar to him; he is evidently proud of his dilapidated old palace and has had the grace to save it from the attentions of the upholsterer. No, twenty years has produced very little change in the room where we had so many pleasant sittings. The ancient stamped leather on the walls is perhaps a trifle raggeder, the old oak panels not blacker—that were impossible—but a trifle more worm-eaten; it is the same room. I must have seemed a sad boor to my polite *cicerone* as I stood hat in hand and silently took in all the old familiar details. The same smell of mildewed antiquity; I could almost believe the same furniture. And indeed my host tells me that he took over the house as it was, and that some of the chairs and tables are scarcely more youthful than the walls. Yes, there by the fireplace was the same quaintly carved chair where she always sat. Ah, those delicious evenings when one was five-and-twenty! For the moment I should not have been surprised if she had suddenly taken shape before my eyes—in the old seat—the slim, girlish woman, in her white dress, her hands folded in her lap, her quiet eyes gazing dreamily into the red fire—a subtle air of distinction in her whole posture. She would be old now, I suppose. Would she? Ah, no, she was not one of the women who grow old . . .

I caught up the thread of my host's discourse just as he was pointing it with a sharp rap upon one of the most time-stained panels.

"Behind there," he remarked with pardonable pride, "is the secret passage where the Duc d'Alva was assassinated."

I smiled apologetically.

"Yes," I said, "I know it. I should explain perhaps,—my excuse for troubling you was not merely historic curiosity. I have more personal associations with this room. I spent some charming hours in it a great many years ago,"—and, for the moment, I had forgotten that I was nearly fifty.

"Ah," he said with interest, "you knew the late people, the Fontaines?"

"No," I said, "I am afraid I have never heard of them. I am very ancient. In my time it belonged to the Savaresse family."

"So I have heard," he said, "but

that was long ago. I have only had it a few years. Fontaine, my landlord, bought it from them. Did you know M. le Comte?"

"No," I answered. "Madame la Comtesse. She was left a widow very shortly after her marriage. I never knew M. le Comte."

My host shrugged his shoulders.

"From all accounts," he said, "you did not lose very much."

"It was an unhappy marriage," I remarked vaguely, "most unhappy. Her second marriage promised greater felicity."

Mr. Venables looked at me curiously.

"I understood"—he began, but he broke off abruptly. "I did not know Madame de Savaresse married again!"

His tone had suddenly changed; it had grown less cordial, and we parted shortly afterwards with a certain constraint, and as I walked home pensively curious, his interrupted sentence puzzled me. Does he look upon me as an impostor, a vulgar gossipmonger? What has he heard, what does he know of her? Does he know anything? I cannot help believing so. I almost wish I had asked him definitely, but he would have misunderstood my motives. Yet, even so, I wish I had asked him.

October 6th. I am still living constantly in the past, and the fantastic feeling, whenever I enter a church or turn a corner that I shall meet Lorimer again, has grown into settled conviction. Yes, I shall meet him, and in Bruges.

It is strange how an episode which one has thrust away out of sight and forgotten for years will be started back into renewed life by the merest trifle. And for the last week it has all been as vivid as if it happened yesterday. To-night I have been putting questions to myself—so far with no very satisfactory answer. Was it a boyish infatuation after all? Has it passed away as utterly as I believed? I can see her face now as I sit by the fire with the finest precision of detail. I can hear her voice, that soft, low voice which was none the less sweet for its modulation of sadness; I think there are no women like her nowadays—none, none! Did she marry Lorimer? And if not——? It seems strange now that we should have both been so attracted—and yet not strange when one considers it. At least we were never jealous of one another. How the details rush back upon one! I think we must have fallen in love with her at the same moment—for we were together when we saw her for the first time, we were together when we went first to call on her in the Rue d'Alva—I doubt if we ever saw her except together. It was soon after we began to get intimate that she wore white again, telling us that we had given her back her youth. She joined our sketching expeditions with the most supreme contempt for *les convenances;* when she was not fluttering round, passing from Lorimer's canvas to mine with her sweetly inconsequent criticism, she sat in the long grass and read to us—André Chenier and Lamartine. In the evening we went to see her; she denied herself to the rest of the world and we sat for hours in that ancient room in the delicious twilight, while she sang to us—she sang divinely—little French *chansons*, gay and sad, and snatches of *opérette*. How we adored her! I think she knew from the first how it would be and postponed it as long as she could. But at last she saw it was inevitable. . . . I remember the last evening that we were there—remember! Shall I ever forget it? We had stayed beyond our usual hour and when we rose to go we all of us saw that those pleasant, irresponsible evenings had come to an end. And both Lorimer and I stood for a moment on the threshold before we said good-night, feeling, I suppose, that one of us was there for the last time.

And how graceful, how gracious she was as she held out one little white hand to Lorimer and one to me.

"Good-night, dear friends," she said. "I like you both so much—so much.

Believe me, I am grateful to you both —for having given me back my faith in life—in friendship—believe that, will you not, *mes amis?*"

Then for one delirious moment her eyes met mine and it seemed to me—ah, well, after all, it was Lorimer she loved.

October 7th. It seemed a Quixotic piece of folly now—our proposal. We would neither take an advantage of the other, but we both of us must speak. We wrote to her at the same time and, maybe, in the same words; we posted our letters by the same post. To-day I had the curiosity to take out her answer to me from my desk and I read it quite calmly and dispassionately—the poor yellow letter with the faded ink, which wrote *Finis* to my youth and made a man of me.

"*Pauvre cher ami,*" she wrote to me, and when I had read that, for the first time in my life, and for the only time, Lorimer's superiority was bitter to me. The rest I deciphered through scalding tears.

Pauvre cher ami, I am very sorry for you, and yet I think you should have guessed and have spared yourself this pain, and me too a little. No, my friend, that which you ask of me is impossible. You are my dear friend, but it is your brother whom I love—your brother, for are you not as brothers? and I cannot break your beautiful friendship. No, that must not be. See, I ask one favour of you—I have written also to him, only one little word, *Viens*,—but will you not go to him and tell him for me? Ah, my brother, my heart bleeds for you. I too have suffered in my time. You will go away now; yes, that is best, but you will return when this fancy of yours has passed. Ah, forgive me—that I am happy—forgive us, forgive me. Let us still be friends. *Adieu! Au revoir!*

THY SISTER, DELPHINE.

It may have been an hour later that I sought out Lorimer with my letter. I told him, as I told myself, that it was the fortune of war, that she had chosen the better man; but I could not bear to stay and see their happiness,—I was in London by the evening. I wanted work, hard, grinding work: I was tired of being a briefless barrister; and, as it happened, an opening in India offered itself at the very moment when I had decided that Europe had become impossible to me. I accepted it—and so those two happy ones passed out of my life. Twenty years ago! And in spite of his promise he has never written from that day to this,—not so much as a line to tell me of his marriage. I made a vow then that I would get over my folly, and it seemed to me that my vow was kept. And yet here to-day, in Bruges, I am asking myself whether after all it has been such a great success, whether sooner or later one doesn't have to pay for having been hard and strong, for refusing to suffer. . . . I must leave this place; it is too full of Madame de Savaresse. . . . Is it curiosity which is torturing me? I *must* find Lorimer. If he married her why has he been so persistently silent? If he did not marry her, what in Heaven's name does it mean? These are vexing questions.

October 10th.—In the church of Les Dames Rouges I met my old friend Sebastian Lorimer. Strange—strange! He was greatly altered, I wondered almost that I recognized him. I had strolled into the church for Benediction for the first time since I have been back here, and when the service was over and I swung back the heavy door, with the exquisite music of the *O! Salutaris* sung by the buried women behind the screen still echoing in my ear, I paused a moment to let a man pass by me. It was Lorimer; he looked wild and worn; it was no more than the ghost of my old friend. I was shocked and startled by his manner. We shook hands quite impassively as if we had parted yesterday. He talked in a rambling way as we walked towards my hotel of the singing of the nuns, of the numerous religious processions, of the blessed doctrine of the intercession of saints. The old, melodious voice was unchanged, but it was pitched in the singularly low key which,

I have noticed, some foreign priests acquire who live much in churches. I gather that he has become a Catholic. I don't know what intangible instinct, or it may be fear, prevented me from putting to him the vital question which has so perplexed me. It is astonishing how his face was changed, what an extraordinary restlessness his speech and eye have acquired. It never was so of old. My first impression was that he was suffering from some acute form of nervous disorder, but before I left him a more unpleasant suspicion was gradually forced upon me. I cannot help thinking that there is more than a touch of insanity in my old friend. I tried from time to time to bring him down to personal topics, but he eluded them dexterously, and it was only for a moment or so that I could keep him away from the all-absorbing subject of the Catholic Church, which seems in some of its more sombre aspects to exercise an extraordinary fascination over him. I asked him if he often visited Bruges.

He looked up at me with a curious expression of surprise. "I live here," he said, "almost always. I have done so for years." Presently he added hurriedly, "You have come back—I thought you would come back—but you have been gone a long time—oh, a long time! It seems years since we met. Do you remember?"—He checked himself, then he added in a low whisper, "We all come back, we all come back." He uttered a quaint, short laugh. "One can be near, very near, even if one can never be quite close."

He tells me that he still paints, and that the Academy to which he sends a picture yearly has recently elected him an Associate. But his art does not seem to absorb him as it did of old, and he speaks of his success drily and as a matter of very secondary importance. He refused to dine with me, alleging an engagement, but that so hesitatingly and with such vagueness that I could perceive it was the merest pretext. His manner was so strange and remote that I did not venture to press him. I think he is unhappily conscious of his own frequent incoherencies, and at moments there are quite painful pauses when he is obviously struggling with dumb piteousness to be lucid, to collect himself and pick up certain lost threads in his memory. He is coming to see me this evening at his own suggestion, and I am waiting for him now with a strange terror oppressing me. I cannot help thinking that he possesses the key to all that has so puzzled me and that to-night he will endeavour to speak.

October 11*th.* Poor Lorimer! I have hardly yet got over the shock which his visit last night caused me and the amazement with which I heard and read between the lines of his strange confession. His once clear reason is, I fear, hopelessly obscured and how much of his story is hallucination, I cannot say. His notions of time and place are quite confused and out of his rambling statement I can only be sure of one fact. It seems that he has done me a great wrong, an irreparable wrong, which he has since bitterly repented.

In the light of this poor wretch's story a great misunderstanding is rolled away, and I am left with the conviction that the last twenty years have been, after all, a huge blunder, an irrevocable and miserable mistake. Through my own rash precipitancy and Lorimer's weak treachery, a trivial mischance that a single word would have rectified, has been prolonged beyond hope of redress. It seems that after all it was not Lorimer whom she chose. Madame de Savaresse writing to us both, twenty years ago, made a vital and yet not inexplicable mistake. She confused the envelopes and the letter that I received was never meant for me, although it was couched in such ambiguous terms that until to-day the possibility of the error never dawned on me. And my letter, the one little word of which she spoke, was sent to Lorimer. Poor wretch! he did me a vital injury—yes,

I can say that now—a vital injury but on the whole I pity him. To have been suddenly dashed down from the pinnacle of happiness—it must have been a cruel blow. He tells me that when he saw her that afternoon and found out his mistake, he had no thought except to recall me. He actually came to London for that purpose, having vowed to her solemnly that he would bring me back; it was only in England that, to use his own distraught phrase, the devil entered into possession of him. His half insane ramblings gave me a very vivid idea of that fortnight during which he lay hid in London, trembling like a guilty thing, fearful at every moment that he might run across me, and yet half longing for the meeting with the irresoluteness of the weak nature which can conceive and to a certain extent execute a *lâcheté*, yet which would always gladly yield to circumstances and let chance or fate decide the issue. And to the very last Lorimer was wavering; he had almost sought me out and thrown himself on my mercy, when the news came that I had sailed.

Destiny, who has no weak scruples, had stepped in and sealed Delphine's mistake for all time, after her grim fashion. When he went back to Bruges, and saw Madame de Savaresse, I think she must have partly guessed his baseness. Lorimer was not strong enough to be a successful hypocrite, and that meeting, I gather, was also their final parting. She must have said things to him in her beautiful, quiet voice which he has never forgotten. He went away and each day he was going to write to me, and each day he deferred it—and then he took up *The Times* one morning and read the announcement of my marriage. After that it seemed to him that he could only be silent. Did *she* know of it too? Did she suffer or did she understand? Poor woman! poor woman! I wonder if she consoled herself—as I did, and if so, how she looked back on her success? I wonder whether she is happy—whether she is dead? I suppose these are questions which will remain unanswered. And yet when Lorimer left me at a late hour last night, it seemed to me that the air was full of unspoken words. Does he know anything of her now? I have a right to ask him these things. And to-morrow I am to meet him—he made the request most strangely—at the same place where we fell in with each other to-day. Until to-morrow, then!

October 12th—I have just left Sebastian Lorimer at the church of the Dames Rouges. I hope I was not cruel, but there are some things which one can neither forget nor forgive, and it seemed to me that when I knew the full measure of the ruin he had wrought, my pity for him withered away. "I hope, Lorimer," I said, "that we may never meet again." And honestly I cannot forgive him. If she had been happy, if she had let time deal gently with her—ah—yes, even if she were dead—it might be easier. But that this living entombment, this hopeless death in life should befall her,—she so magnificently fitted for life's finer offices—ah, the pity of it, the pity of it! . . . But let me set down the whole sad story as it dawned upon me this afternoon in that unearthly church. I was later than the hour appointed; vespers were over, and a server, taper in hand, was gradually transforming the gloom of the high altar into a blaze of light. With a strange sense of completion I took my place next to the chair by which Lorimer with bowed head was kneeling, his eyes fixed with a strange intentness on the screen which separated the outer worshippers from the chapel or gallery which was set apart for the nuns. His lips moved from time to time spasmodically, in prayer or ejaculation; then as the jubilant organ burst out and the officiating priest in his chasuble and biretta passed from the sacristy and bowed to the altar, he seemed to be listening in a very passion of attention. But as the in-

cense began to fill the air, and the Litany of Loreto smote on my ear to some sorrowful, undulating Gregorian, I lost thought of the wretched man beside me; I forgot the miserable mistake that he had perpetuated, and I was once more back in the past—with Delphine, kneeling by her side. Strophe by strophe that perfect litany rose and was lost in a cloud of incense, in the mazy arches of the roof.

Janua Cœli,
Stella Matutina,
Salus infirmorum,
Ora pro nobis!

In strophe and antistrophe;—the melancholy, nasal, intonation of the priest died away and the exquisite women's voices in the gallery took it up with exultation, and yet with something like a sob, a sob of limitation.

Refugium peccatorum,
Consolatrix afflictorum,
Auxilium Christianorum,
Ora pro nobis!

And so on through all the exquisite changes of the hymn, until the time of the music changed, and the priest intoned the closing line: "Ora pro nobis, Sancta Dei genetrix!" and the voices in the gallery answered: "Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi!"

There was one voice which rose above all the others, a voice of marvellous sweetness and power, which from the first moment had caused me a curious thrill. And presently Lorimer bent down and whispered to me. "So near—" he murmured, "and yet so far away—so near and yet never quite close!" But before he had spoken I had read in his rigid face, in his eyes fixed with such a passion of regret on the screen, why we were there, and to whose voice we had listened!

I rose and went out of the church quietly yet hastily; I felt that to stay there one moment longer would be suffocation .... Poor woman! so his is how she sought consolation—a religion! Well, there are different ways for different persons:—and for me—what is there left for me? Oh, many things, no doubt, many things. still for once and for the last time, let me set myself down as a dreary impostor. I never forgot her—not for one hour or day, not even when it seemed to me that I had forgotten her most—not even when I married. No woman ever represented to me the same idea as Madame de Savaresse. No woman's voice was ever sweet to me after hers; the touch of no woman's hand ever made my heart beat one moment quicker for pleasure or for pain, since I pressed hers for the last time on that fateful evening twenty years ago. Even so——!

When the service was over and the people had streamed out and dispersed, I went back for the last time into the quiet church. A white-robed server was extinguishing the last candle on the altar; only the one red light that had burnt through the years, before the sanctuary, made more visible the deep shadows everywhere. Lorimer was still kneeling with bowed head in his place. Presently he rose and came towards me. "She was there—Delphine—you heard her. Ah, Dion, she loves you. She always loves you—you are avenged."

I gather that for years he has spent hours daily in this church, to be near her and hear her voice—the magnificent voice rising above all the other voices in the chants of her religion. But he will never see her, for is she not of the Dames Rouges? And I remember now all the stories of her Order, of its strictness, its austerity, its perfect isolation. And chiefly I remember how they say that only twice after one of these nuns has taken her vows is she seen of anyone except those of her community: once, when she enters the Order the door of the convent is thrown back, and she is seen for a single moment in the scarlet habit of the Order, by the world, by all who care to gaze; and once more, at the last, when, clad in the same coarse red garb,

they bear her out quietly, in her coffin, into the church. . . . .

And of this last meeting Lorimer, I gather, is always restlessly expectant, his whole life concentrated, as it were, in a very passion of waiting for a moment which will surely come. His theory, I confess, escapes me, nor can I guess how, for a certain feverish remorse, an expiation may be set as a guiding-spring in his unhinged mind and account at least in part for the fantastic attitude which he must have adopted for many years. If I cannot forgive him, at least I bear him no malice, and, for the rest, our paths will hardly cross again. One takes up one's life and expiates its errors, each after one's several fashion—and my way is not Lorimer's. And now that it is all so clear there is nothing to keep me here any longer, nothing to bring me back again. For it seemed to me to-day, strangely enough, as though a certain candle of hope, of promise, of pleasant possibilities, which had flickered with more or less light for so many years, had suddenly gone out and left me alone in utter darkness, as the knowledge was borne in upon me that henceforth Madame de Savaresse had passed altogether and finally out of my life.

And so to-morrow—Brussels!

N. B.

OXFORD, DEMOCRATIC AND POPULAR.

New, new, new, new! Is it then *so* new,
That you should carol so madly?

THE highest praise which Pericles could ascribe to woman was "to be least in men's mouths, whether for praise or blame." It is clear that no one thinks of applying a standard like this to a university. There has, for example, been of late much literature—of the blatant and declamatory order—about the venerable university of Oxford; but no one apparently thinks in such a case that of all cities that is happiest which has fewest records and the most self-centred history. No doubt the reason is that, as woman has ceased to regard her felicity as best secured by respectful silence, so also our modern liberators rejoice that Oxford should be so often mentioned in magazines and newspapers. It is, we are assured, an age of self-advertisement, and the man is lost whose name is not, for good or for evil, constantly tossed about in the forum of journalistic comment. From such a standpoint nothing but enthusiastic congratulation can be offered to a place of education and learning, whose demerits are so often canvassed alike by the learned, and by those who have received what is euphemistically termed a "modern" education. There is first an Edinburgh Reviewer who describes with some remarkable inaccuracies the failings of her professoriate; and there is next Professor Thorold Rogers, who with equally remarkable inaccuracies dilates on the corruption of her tutors and examiners. Meanwhile the ancient city is no less eager to prove that she is in reality modern and fashionable. She vaunts the establishment of her "extension" teaching in the summer vacation, while in the winter term the penny press swells with graceful pæans in honour of the foundation of a Nonconformist college. Do her critics urge that she is medieval? She will point to her museums of science. Is her teaching described as classical? She repudiates the compliment, and points out that the modern equipment of her scholars rivals the reputed education of Shakespeare—little Latin and less Greek. Is it urged that in her self-isolation she fails in being national? She will parade before the unfriendly gaze of her northern sisters her readiness to send out lecturers on any conceivable subject to all the ends of the earth. Indeed some earnest advocate of her extension-system has recently pointed out that the future of the Oxford extension-lecturer is in America. And lastly, if any one suggests that she is the appanage of the Established Church, the answer is now easy. Will not Oxford boast that she has taken to her breast Mansfield College—nay, that she has even extended arms of welcome to Manchester New College, with its "piety free"?

Let us not speak lightly of all these movements. To some they may seem the abomination of desolation standing where it should not; to others, the embodiment of the modern spirit, its very form and pressure. Yet, at any rate, they are facts which must be reckoned with. We can imagine some thinkers or dreamers regarding such phenomena with mingled astonishment and scorn, when they compare them with that ideal of a university traced once for all by Cardinal Newman's magic pen. What is confessedly an ideal, however, carries with it an inevitable disparagement in relation to practice, and we can imagine the equal scorn which would rise on the

face of realists when they are face to face with a practical problem. There is all the difference, they would say, between the ideal and the real, just as there is between the first law of motion as defined by Newton and the practical problems of mechanics. And the use to be made of a university is a practical and social problem which can only be solved in relation to the rules of practice and the necessities of a given society. By all means keep your ideal, but do not imitate that spirit of the East described in Matthew Arnold's poem which, when the Roman legions had thundered past, returned again to her dreams. There is thundering past the old cloistered life of the academy a new and ardent spirit of science and reform, with thousands who are the foremost champions in the warfare, and thousands more behind who look to be instructed in the modern culture. Will you, when the chance is offered, be with them or against them? For assuredly the chance will not return again, and it is not the modern army of scientific reformers who will be worsted. Besides, let us look at the matter from the historic side and invoke the usual watchword of evolution. Whither is it that modern societies are tending? Clearly in the direction of democracy, the government of all by all and in the interests of all. Must not Oxford also evolve with a similar tendency, or else perish? She, too, must sit at the feet of the modern Gamaliels and learn that privilege and rank, be it intellectual or social, sacerdotalism, and a state-aided religion, leisured refinement, and an ascetic self-culture belong to the period of the past; while the future is bright with the equal diffusion of knowledge on strictly economical principles, and the universal attainment of a working minimum of learning, where every one is to count for one, and no one for more than one. It is in answer to demands such as these that Oxford provides its extension system of teaching in the provinces, and its colleges for Nonconformists and Unitarians. The cry is two-fold. Popularise your university, and lo, the extension-lecturer leaps upon the field. Democratise your university, and little Bethels spring like mushrooms on the land.

It is clear then, however difficult it may be to avoid a note of bitterness in the avowal, that we have to deal with these newer academic movements as real and important, because they have so much behind them; they are based on the inevitable processes of evolution, and are inspired by the modern spirit. But even here the haunting ideal will not be exorcised. If Oxford must acknowledge the necessity of popularising herself, she ought at any rate to direct the movement, and attempt to breathe into it some of her old temper and genius. If she is to lend herself and her agencies to the imparting of knowledge on reasonable terms, at least let her remain mistress of the situation. But if we look at the kind of work which her extension-lecturers are performing, we are not quite sure whether, when she spreads the sail to catch the breeze, she is still retaining her hold of the helm. It is one thing to say, "I will educate you and I will prescribe what you shall work at," and quite another to say, "Please tell me what you would like to be lectured about, and I daresay I shall find something to say." The first is the attitude of the real teacher; the second is not teaching at all, but sycophancy.

Let us imagine Alma Mater gathering her children round her, and instructing them on the nature and scope of the mission for which she had trained them. Might not her parable run somewhat as follows? "I send you, my sons, to those who have not had the same advantages as you have, and who have not the dimmest idea what true culture means. They think that education can be bought at so much a head; attempt to instil into their minds with all gentleness by your own example and attitude

that education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life. Make them see that knowledge is a process, not a tabular statement,—the implanting of principles, not a short summary of points to be learned by heart. When they speak of literature, try to make them understand that literature has had a long history, and that the models of the best writers of our own country are to be found in the imperishable writings of the Greeks. Let them not think that they have done with the past, as with a thing that concerns them not. Teach them that the cultures of Greece and Rome are a living thing which is the mainspring of all that makes the higher life livable and lovable. Do not talk to them about labour-laws and trades' unions, and the balance of supply and demand. They know much more about these things than you do, and if they did not, they would get very easily taught at home. But put before them the best thoughts of meditative minds, the harvest of a quiet eye. Leaving their materialism and industrialism, and the greatest good of the greatest number, to take care of themselves, transport them even for a short hour into an upper air where mental refinement and humane culture become, not marketable commodities, but the graces of the spirit." It is clear, however, that the energetic delegates of local lectures have never addressed their missionaries in this fashion. In the first place, it is surprising to find that classical subjects are conspicuous by their absence, and that though there is much talk about "new" subjects—"industrial revolulutions" and "founders of social economy," and "the making of wealth" and the like—there is little or none about Rome and Athens. In the next place, it is clear from the list of lectures published by the Delegacy that literary subjects are very popular, and that "Shakspere" (mark the spelling, it is redolent of the "New Shakspere Society") is much in demand. It is obvious that we are in a very new and modern world.

But what kind of literature and how is it taught? Let us take a characteristic syllabus on "Shakspere," "Shakspere in the Workshop," "Shakspere in the World," "Shakspere out of the Depths," "Shakspere on the Heights." It may be confessed that there would be some interest in listening to a proof of how Shakespeare got out of his depth, as glibly expounded by a bright young extensionist. But this would be but an idle curiosity. For the titles come substantially from Professor Dowden, and when the professor fails, then of course we have the usual excursion into the Germans. We expect to find, and we find the exasperatingly neat classifications of Richard the Third the strong criminal, and John the weak criminal, Richard the Second the weak sentimentalist, and Hamlet, the reflective and paralysed idiot. What kind of Shakespeare is this! Did Shakespeare draw men, or only types? If commentators he must have, are not our own Coleridge and Lamb likely to bring us nearer to the truth than all the science of Göttingen? Let us in abiding thankfulness remember but one sentence of German wisdom which is quite enough to stifle all further curiosity. "The verses of Marlowe," says von Schlegel, "are flowing, but without energy." This perspicuous verdict might fitly serve as the epitaph on the grave of Teutonic commentaries. Or take up the syllabus on English novelists, and open it at Charles Dickens; it merely contains all the headings in Forster's book. Or stop for a moment at Thackeray. The scheme is modelled on M. Taine's exquisite remark that in Thackeray "the regular presence of a moral intention spoils the novel as well as the novelist." What sort of teaching to Englishmen is this, taken down from the lips of a Frenchman, to whom, as to all Frenchmen, Thackeray is as a book sealed! "*O fortunati nimium sua*

si bona norint, agricolæ! O happy provincials, petted and cajoled and flattered by the extension lecturer into a still more complacent provincialism!"

Many acute observers have drawn attention to the opening of Mansfield College at Oxford as the beginning of a new era. Perhaps it should rather be regarded as the culmination of a natural and possibly inevitable tendency. It was all very well for the fluent orators at the opening banquet to claim that the Nonconformists were entering upon the heritage of the banished Puritans — that they were but recovering their own rights, of which their so-called forefathers had been wrongfully defrauded a century or two ago. Nobody was deceived by this language, except possibly the Liberal Heads of Houses in their anxiety to find some excuse for being present at so strange a scene. In reality, of course, Mansfield College represents the triumph of the democratic idea. Granted that every one should count for one, and no one for more than one, then, too, must the Dissenter claim his rights in an Oxford wrongfully given over to the Anglican; the spoilt child of the cloister must cede his place to the denizen of the conventicle. Moreover it is an incident of the democratic revolution that the Radical should march shoulder to shoulder with the Dissenter, until, indeed, the time comes when he should seek less obtrusively religious allies. Nor does it appear likely that that time will take long in coming. Already Mansfield College represents not the latest, but the penultimate phase of the development. As Amurath to Amurath succeeds, so college succeeds to college; and no sooner have we sated our gaze on Presbyterianism than we are bidden to look at Manchester New College with its Unitarianism and its "piety free."

Here, once again, it is not difficult to imagine an attitude in which Oxford might receive the new immigrants. She might say to herself that she is after all the intellectual mother of all her children; such, at least, is the only parentage which the course of events seems likely to leave her, if only she will accept it. She might tell her new colonists that they are welcome to till her fields, to get the richest harvest they can from the wealth of her soil and the clemency of her skies. But it would not be unreasonable to claim one condition for this universal patronage, this career opened to all the talents. "Come if you like," she might say, "but leave your narrowness and your idiosyncrasies behind you. We are all workers, all seekers after truth, bound only by the common brotherhood of studentship. The only thing I ask is, that you shall not come with a fore-determined resolution, with your thoughts set in a narrow mould. Do not come with a particular brand set upon you as though you were a flock of sheep belonging to a special fold. Learn, if you can, to be reverent to antiquity, and yet eager to get the newest lights; dispense with self-conceit and pedantry and obstinacy, and cultivate the charm of an open mind. We are not called here, some of Paul and some of Apollos and some of Cephas. Do not repeat the error of Keble College and the Pusey House, and because they have called themselves after some belligerent name, confront them with self-comparisons. Two blacks do not make a white; nor yet do a Puseyite and a Dissenter rolled into one together make up the perfect academician. I will have nothing to do with party names; be simply Oxford men." So might we imagine Alma Mater to have spoken. Is it, however, on such terms that the new institutions have arisen?

Let us first take the reasons which induced the Nonconformists to establish a college in Oxford. The reason was quite openly avowed by those who were concerned in the foundation. It was discovered that young men who came from nonconforming homes became so far merged in the general body of undergraduates as to lose the

distinctive characters of their creed. They gradually lost that attitude of uncompromising hostility towards the Established Church in which they had been trained in their earlier years. They either learnt step by step to conform, or else wore their rue with so slight a difference that the interval which divided them from their brethren became unnoticed and unnoticeable. There are, for instance, in the governing bodies of colleges several fellows who are Dissenters, but the exact nature of their doctrinal creed is the last thing which is observable either in their profession or their practice. And naturally so; for where several young men or middle-aged men are collected together for a common educational purpose, their common mode of life and common interests tend to obliterate their differences and accentuate their similarities. It was just this sinking of party names in the common names of "don" or "undergraduate" which the foundation of Mansfield College was intended to prevent. It is too great a temptation to our flock, the party leaders of dissent (not inside, but outside Oxford) seem to have cried; we will not have them thus lose their individuality. They entered Oxford as Dissenters: as Dissenters they shall take their degree. Besides, have we not the right, equally with the High Churchman, to see to the spiritual edification of our youths? There is the extremely strong organisation of priests, who shield themselves under the names of Keble and Pusey. Ought we, too, not to have an institution of our own with our own hierarchy of spiritual forefathers? Thus Mansfield College came into existence, intended, as is only too obvious, to perpetuate division and enshrine schism in a lofty pleasure-house of its own.

Meanwhile, what is the attitude of the Anglicans towards the stranger? The right of the Dissenter to his dissent is fully avowed. *The Guardian* published an article on Mansfield College, which was apparently intended to be a kind of Eirenicon. "Something of the same kind of feeling," said *The Guardian* "has led to the creation of Mansfield College, which brought about the foundation of the Pusey House as a memorial to Dr. Pusey." "One object its founders had was that it should serve as a sort of rallying point and centre to all Nonconformists in Oxford. And indeed the presence in Oxford of Dr. Fairbairn and his colleagues has already had this effect. It costs now more of an effort to cease to be a Nonconformist than it used to cost, and the secessions among the young men are consequently fewer and more noticeable. In this way the stringency, if one may use the expression, of Nonconformist discipline has been increased, and the body rendered on this side more compact and more coherent." Exactly so; denominationalism breeds denominationalism, and the message which Mansfield brings is not one of peace, but of war. No doubt the hope is piously expressed that the college will not be as successful in this direction as its founders expect. "How far intellectually Nonconformity will be able to stand its ground and vindicate its fundamental positions, that is a more doubtful question." But the more tolerant of the Anglican party, as shown in the conciliatory article from *The Guardian*, from which we have been quoting, see quite clearly that the new college is intended to give effect to the dissidence of dissent. The more actively zealous High Churchmen stand aloof in gloomy silence, watching Mansfield College with undisguised aversion. They leave to their broader-minded brethren whatever consolation they may be able to derive from the curious reflection that possibly the alumni of Mansfield College may improve the exegesis of Old Testament doctrine. Nor is it necessary to consider Manchester New College from any different point of view from that in which Mansfield College has been regarded. The reasons in the mind

of the founders, and the supposed effects of the two foundations are similar. It is not, however, suggested that Manchester New College will improve any kind of Biblical exegesis. That would be a hypothesis beyond the range even of the most complacent and tolerant Anglican.

Oxford democratic and Oxford popular—this is the beatific vision of the advanced academic school, which some of Oxford's truest sons regard, if not with regret, at least with an anxious wonder. For it is not easy for an old academic city, weather-beaten and hoary, to deck itself with the gewgaws of Birmingham, or move easily with the spruce and jaunty airs of modern radicalism. If it is ridiculous to see a scholar and a student imitate the tricks of a man of the world, the aspect of Oxford competing, let us say, with Liverpool or Nottingham, would be equally ridiculous if it did not also move to tears. "Home of lost causes, and impossible loyalties,"—with what a mournful irony do these words sound in modern ears! "Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic, who hast given thyself so prodigally, only never to the Philistines,"—how strange an encomium is this on contemporary Oxford! Dreamer! Yes, dreaming that new wine can be poured into old bottles. Romantic! Yes, with something of the romance of *The Sheffield Independent*, or Mangnall's *Historical Questions*. Never to the Philistines! What, with extension students coming up to gain all knowledge for ten shillings a-head, marching to the examination school with appropriate mottoes on their banners, "Moab is my washpot," "Over Edom have I cast out my shoe," "Philistia, be thou glad of me"!

It is not, however, the object of the present article to utter vain jeremiads. Many of the incidents of the modern movement, however unlovely in their aspect, have passed into the stage of the inevitable and the accomplished, over which it would be a useless task to shed tears. Some of them are real advances which have their hopeful and even valuable characteristics. It is no doubt right for Oxford to extend her borders—especially with the knife at her throat, and the insistent threat to extend or be extinct. But the whole value of the movement lies in the manner in which the extension is carried out. So also it is equally inevitable that Oxford should become the home of the Elamites and the Parthians, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, the Puseyite, and the Nonconformist, the Unitarian and the Agnostic. But she must be their mother, and not make them her confessors and her spiritual teachers. Here, however, there is a real hope for Oxford. For it cannot be the true end of democratic evolution to preserve the individual in his repellent, antagonistic, and insistent individuality. In political economy, in history, in philosophy, the reign of individualism seems over. We hear no more of the rights of man as man, of the personal greed for gain as sole motive for industry, of the individual desire for happiness. The watchwords of the evolution-school seem different; the cry is now for the welfare of the whole, for industrial co-operation, for the social organism, for the reign of the universal. It cannot be otherwise even in the academic organism. We must not say with Bentham that every one must count for one and no one for more than one, so that the Dissenter must have his chapel and the High-Churchman his oratory. But the true Oxford motto must be after the fashion of Goethe, *Im Ganzen, Guten, Schönen Resolut zu leben.* The rule of existence must be to live in the atmosphere of humane and universal culture.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST.

WHEN springtime flushes the desert grass,
Our kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snowbound trade of the North comes down
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose;
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.
The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,
The knives were whetted and—then came I
To Mahbub Ali, the muleteer,
Patching his bridles and counting his gear,
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.
But Mahbub Ali, the kindly, said,
"Better is speech when the belly is fed."
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,
And he who never hath tasted the food,
By Allah! he knoweth not bad from good.

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
With the sliding puffs from the hookah mouth.
Four things greater than all things are,—
Women and horses and power and war.
We spake of them all, but the last the most,
For I sought a word of a Russian post,
Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword,
And a grey-coat guard on the Helmund ford.

Then Mahbub Ali lowered his eyes
In the fashion of one who is weaving lies.
Quoth he: "Of the Russians who can say?
When the night is gathering all is grey.
But we look that the gloom of the night shall die
In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.
Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a king of his enemies?
We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
But no man knoweth the mind of the king.
That unsought counsel is cursed of God
Attesteth the story of Wali Dad.

"His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,
His dam was a clucking Khuttuck hen;
And the colt bred close to the vice of each,
For he carried the curse of an unstaunched speech.
Therewith madness—so that he sought
The favour of kings at the Cabul court;
And travelled, in hope of honour, far
To the line where the grey-coat squadrons are.
There have I journeyed too—but I
Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die!
He hearked to a rumour, and snatched at a breath
Of 'this one knoweth' and 'that one saith'—
Legends that ran from mouth to mouth
Of a grey-coat coming, and sack of the South.
These have I also heard—they pass
With each new spring and the winter grass.

"Hot-foot southward, forgotten of God,
Back to the city ran Wali Dad,
Even to Cabul—in full durbar
The King held talk with his Chief in War.
Into the press of the crowd he broke,
And what he had heard of the coming spoke.

"Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled,
As a mother might on a babbling child;
But those who would laugh restrained their breath,
When the face of the King showed dark as death.
Evil it is in full durbar
To cry to a ruler of gathering war!
Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,
That grew by a cleft of the city-wall.
And he said to the boy: 'They shall praise thy zeal
So long as the red spurt follows the steel.
And the Russ is upon us even now?
Great is thy prudence—wait them, thou.
Watch from the tree. Thou art young and strong,
Surely thy vigil is not for long.
The Russ is upon us, thy clamour ran?
Surely an hour shall bring their van.
Wait and watch. When the host is near,
Shout aloud that my men may hear.'

"Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a king of his enemies?

"A guard was set that he might not flee—
A score of bayonets ringed the tree.
The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,
When he shook at his death as he looked below.
By the power of God, who alone is great,
Till the twentieth day he fought with his fate.
Then madness took him, and men declare
He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,
And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,
And he hung like a bat in the forks, and wailed,
And sleep the cord of his hands untied,
And he fell, and was caught on the points, and died.

"Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a king of his enemies?
We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
But no man knoweth the mind of the king.
Of the grey-coat coming who can say?
When the night is gathering all is grey.
Two things greater than all things are,
The first is love, and the second war.
And since we know not how war may prove,
Heart of my heart, let us talk of love!"

YUSSUF.

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

FRANCES BURNEY, afterwards Madame D'Arblay, was born in June, 1752, and died in January, 1840. Many of us have known people who have conversed with her. The generation of those who were her son's contemporaries at Cambridge is not yet quite extinct; yet she was an intimate friend of men whose names belong to an age which has long been the domain of history. In Macaulay's vivid words, "Burke had sat up all night to read her writings, and Johnson had pronounced her superior to Fielding, when Rogers was still a schoolboy, and Southey still in petticoats". Between the appearance of her first work, and her death, "sixty-two years had passed; and this interval had been crowded not only with political, but also with intellectual revolutions. Thousands of reputations had, during that period, sprung up, bloomed and withered and disappeared. New kinds of composition had come into fashion, had gone out of fashion, had been derided, had been forgotten. Yet the early works of Madame D'Arblay, in spite of lapse of years, in spite of changed manners, in spite of the popularity deservedly obtained by some of her rivals, continued to hold a high place in the public esteem. She lived to be a classic. Time set on her fame, before she went hence, that seal which is seldom set except on the fame of the departed."

Thus Macaulay was able to write in 1842, two years after her death. He very properly goes on to show that this fame rested almost entirely on her first two books, *Evelina* and *Cecilia*. All that she wrote afterwards served rather to diminish her reputation. *Camilla* (1796) brought her money, but no credit; and *The Wanderer*, published in 1814, though nearly four thousand copies at two guineas each were sold in the first six months, was fiercely attacked by the critics and is now utterly forgotten. In 1795, too, her tragedy of *Edwy and Elgiva* was damned at Drury Lane. And lastly in 1832, she produced the memoirs of her father, written in language so absurdly inflated and bombastic, containing so much about herself and so little about her father, that in spite of Southey saying "no book carries us into such society", it was received with a scream of derision, and is now as dead as Dr. Burney himself; though if one can once learn to smile complacently at the style, there is much amusement and pleasure to be got out of the book. The loss of credit brought by these subsequent works would possibly have prevented the survival even of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, had not the publication of her delightful *Diary and Letters* shortly after her death revived the interest of readers in their author. The greater part of this latter work has the charm of contemporary narrative written without the primary intention of publication, and inspired by affection and the certainty of meeting with sympathy and interest in the intended recipient of their confidences. Such writings may be full of egotism and trivial detail; but they do not deceive and they do not weary. We come to know thoroughly, to like or dislike naturally, the persons described. We find, as we read, that we are getting new insight into the characters of men and women famous in other ways; and that we are learning something new from the sayings and doings of men and women who have never been famous at all. We have heard a good

deal lately of the wrong done to men of genius by giving their unpremeditated words and writings to the public. It may, however, be questioned whether the frankest biographer does not consult best for the ultimate fame of his hero. At any rate, of all tiresome and worthless books a biography with all foibles and frailties concealed, and all successes and virtues blazoned, is at once the most tiresome and the most worthless. The many-headed beast perhaps ought not to expect to be admitted to the real facts of the lives of men of genius; but a partial narrative is worse than none, and though it may be discreet, it will certainly be dull. Madame D'Arblay's letters and journals for the most part have this charm, that they are outspoken and natural, and represent what she thought and felt at the moment. It is a pity that this is not the case with them all. Madame D'Arblay's fortune led her among stirring scenes; and a diary, instead of a memoir (as at this point it is), of her adventures during the Hundred Days would have been infinitely more satisfactory. The greater part of the book however has the higher merit of contemporary composition; and it is this that puts it side by side with Pepys, Evelyn, and Boswell's biography of Johnson, as an inexhaustible storehouse of amusement and information as to the manners and customs of the second half of the eighteenth century. It has kept Madame D'Arblay's memory green even more than her novels.

The taste for novels of the last century has, however, revived during the last few years; and new editions of *Evelina* and *Cecilia* have been found to command a market. They have indeed a double charm to real readers. The machinery of them, to begin with, gives constant pleasure. The antiquated modes of thought and expression bring to our minds a picture as of another world, and the characters move before our eyes in the costume of another age. The view of life is so different in so many ways. Take for instance the relationship of parent and child, master and servant, host and guest, the citizen and man of rank. Notice the change in the formalities of speech, in the preparations for travel, in the amusements of town, the dances, card-parties, visits to Ranelagh, the masks and dominoes, the chairmen and link-boys. All these things, the natural incidents in a book written between 1770–1780, rouse the imagination to grasp the idea of a society almost as strange to us as that of Athens or Rome. Even the old edition of these two books, the little volumes in red and buff, with their yellow edges, thin paper and antiquated type, are a pleasant variety among the more uniform, if more elaborate productions of the modern press. But though our curiosity is thus tickled, our feelings are also touched by a drama which is acting eternally. The lovers may make love in stilted language, but still they make love as we do. Affectation and vulgarity, honesty and refinement, truth and honour, fickleness and hypocrisy are of no date. The artist of every age fills up his canvas with these, and his success is independent of time, language, or costume.

Macaulay's criticism of Madame D'Arblay's books leaves little for any one else to say. But the readers of his delightful essay will be prepared to be interested in anything that affects her reputation or marks her genius; and one event in her literary life has been passed over by Macaulay, and two others in her personal career have given rise to some animated, not to say acrimonious controversy, and may perhaps bear another review.

The first of these is the production and failure of her tragedy. It has more than once proved fatal to the reputation of an author who has been successful in one style, to attempt another. Fanny Burney ought perhaps to have learnt from the success of *Evelina* that her calling was that of a novel-writer. But to write a play was a strong temptation to a successful

novelist. The profit was large and immediate: the fatigue of production was infinitely less; and the fashion was all in favour of it. This was especially the case with a comedy; and the parts of *Evelina* which had been most admired were just those which seemed to point to a power of producing comedy,—lively and witty dialogue, ingenious situations, broad strokes of character. No sooner therefore was she installed in the circle at Streatham than she easily yielded to reiterated advice, and set to work on a comedy. It was ready in the early summer of 1779, was warmly approved by Mrs. Thrale and Murphy, and Sheridan expressed himself as ready and anxious to receive it at Drury Lane. But her father and "Daddy" Crisp resolutely disapproved, and advised against its production. With great good temper, though not without keen disappointment, she submitted. Some further negotiations with Sheridan followed, and she went so far as to re-write the fourth act, but eventually suppressed it entirely. The name of the comedy was *The Witlings*, and in a letter to Crisp she mentions some of the characters,—Lady Smatter, Mrs. Sapient, Mrs. Voluble, Mrs. Wheedle, Censor, Cecilia, Beaufort, Bobby, "a great oaf". It seems likely that Miss Burney, then in the height of her spirits and powers, must have produced a fairly amusing play. So certainly thought competent judges; and the taste of Dr. Burney, who afterwards approved her unlucky tragedy, is open to doubt.

Though she thus yielded a ready and good-humoured, obedience to her father's judgment, her hankering after dramatic fame was not extinguished; and there are many indications in subsequent pages of her diary that she meditated another attempt. The idea, however, if it existed, was presently laid aside when she became absorbed in the production of her second novel, *Cecilia*, which appeared in 1782, and not resumed until after her marriage, when a second comedy, *Love and Fashion*, was put into rehearsal at Covent Garden, but was again withdrawn at her father's urgent advice. The four years following the publication of *Cecilia* were passed in constant intercourse with all that was best and most intellectual in London society, but they were barren of literary product. In fact Miss Burney's best work was done; and nothing that she afterwards produced was worthy of her reputation. In 1786 she took the miserable step of accepting a subordinate post in Queen Charlotte's household. Her duties were absurd, and her health was broken by the exposure and fatigue involved by her foolish occupation. Her duties, too, were such that all idea of continuous or serious literary exertion had to be abandoned. She had neither the stimulus of intellectual society, nor the sympathy of admiring friends; but on the contrary a constant round of petty and menial duties, as deadening to intellectual energy as they were harassing to the body. In these circumstances, however, she did make an effort at odd times to preserve her powers from rust and decay. But her position, galling to her pride in many respects, yet produced in her an inflated idea of the gravity and grandeur of style to be expected from a member of a royal household. A novel or a comedy had been heretofore the natural offspring of her genius; she must now of course descend to nothing below tragedy, and bring kings and bishops on her stage. If there was one thing more evident than another it was that Fanny Burney could not write a line of poetry. She had tried it in the dedication to *Evelina*, and twice again to please Queen Charlotte; and the result was such as to make all true friends pray that she might never pen a verse again. But every one who can count on his or her fingers thinks blank verse a possibility. Accordingly Miss Burney wrote her five acts in due form, and in what she imagined to be blank verse. It was begun, she says, at Kew, and finished at odd times at Windsor. But

to produce even a tragedy on the stage would have been a strange indiscretion for a Queen's dresser. It was accordingly laid aside for nearly the nine years of Horace. In this interval took place Miss Burney's resignation of her place at Court (1791), and her marriage (1793) with General D'Arblay, a French *emigré*. They married on an income not exceeding £125 a year, of which £100 consisted of a pension to Miss Burney depending on the Queen's pleasure. In 1794 Madame D'Arblay was expecting her confinement, and naturally became anxious in some way to increase her income. She had her third novel, *Camilla*, nearly ready, and meanwhile she thought of her tragedy so long hidden in her desk. She showed it to her father, to the Locks, and to her husband. Her father, who had pronounced so positively against her comedy, appears to have thought that the tragedy might prove successful. That her husband should have thought so may cause less surprise, for although a man of some cultivation, he was still imperfectly acquainted with English. But Dr. Burney was a man of letters of long and wide experience, and should have known better. Her brother, Dr. Charles Burney, took the play to Sheridan at Drury Lane. Strange to say, it was at once accepted and put into rehearsal. Just at this time Madame D'Arblay's son was born, and his birth was followed by the dangerous illness of the mother. The play had not, therefore, even the advantage of a revisal by the author. The result was disastrous. Though the chief parts were played by Mrs. Siddons, Kemble and Bensley, the audience unmistakably damned it, and it was "withdrawn for alterations" on March 21st, 1795. Dr. Burney, on whose ill-judged advice she had acted, betrays some uneasiness in writing on the subject, but timidly attempts some consolation by reporting a conversation with Cumberland: "After dinner Cumberland came in . . . . he expressed his sorrow at what had happened at Drury Lane, and said that, if he had had the honour of knowing you sufficiently, he would have told you *d'avance* what would happen by what he heard behind the scenes. The players seem to have given the play a bad name. But he says if you would go to work again by reforming this, or work with your best powers at a new plan, and would submit it to his inspection, from the experience he has, he would risk his life on its success".

Happily, though much cheered by this report, Madame D'Arblay never did try tragedy again. Cumberland, who had the reputation of being the original of Sir Fretful Plagiary, was probably not very sincere in his speech to Dr. Burney; and any one who reads the play can be at no loss to account for the hostility of the players. But Madame D'Arblay herself, who appears to have witnessed the performance of the first night, asserts that they did not give it a chance: "The performers were cruelly imperfect, and made blunders which I blush to have pass for mine,—added to what belonged to me. The most important character after the hero and heroine had but two lines of his part by heart! He made all the rest at random, and such nonsense as put all the actors out as much as himself; so that a more wretched performance, except Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Kemble and Mr. Bensley, could not be exhibited in a barn!" She also asserts that the announcement of its "withdrawal for alterations" was received with applause, and that she therefore held herself free to produce it again. But indeed no alterations could have made the play other than ludicrously bad. It is not so much the defect in plot and the absence of movement and action, as the incurable poverty of its stilted language, its commonplace sentiments, and its incorrect and inharmonious versification. Indeed the manuscript now lying before me as I write is a painful proof of what a woman of Madame D'Arblay's genius is capable, when she leaves her proper

business of novel-writing, and aspires to Shakespeare's art. The first two acts of *Edwy and Elgiva* have considerable stir and action in them. The king's marriage is betrayed by Leofric before the council is summoned to decide his coronation; and when the council is held, and Elgiva's name is proposed as a possible queen, Dunstan's horrified remonstrances cause the assembly to break up in confusion. In the second act occurs the well-known incident of Edwy's leaving the coronation banquet to visit Elgiva. Dunstan declares the marriage invalid, and by the aid of "two ruffians" forcibly abducts the queen. If it had not been for the inherent defects of the language these acts might perhaps have passed muster on the merits of their situations. But what could carry off such lines as these?

The similar texture of the inward fabric
In softest harmony with this fair promise!

How beautiful is trusting inexperience,
How innocent, how lovely is credulity!

Nourished my fervent fondness with approvance.

Since man was leagued to man in social compact.

The "social compact" in the mouth of a Saxon prince of the tenth century is about as happy as the Gothic chamber in which the council is held, and is a fair specimen of the anachronism in thought and spirit throughout the play. For instance the king is made to speak of himself by a title which George the Third loved to assume: "From your first magistrate's insulted dignity",—a verse, the rhythm of which is again and again repeated. In fact the author seems to make her line indifferently of ten or twelve syllables, and not to have perceived the difference. What ear must hers have been to write "That dimmed the radiance of his mind's transparency", or, "Unwillingly I point out the alternative"? But if the first and second acts were saved by the briskness of their action, there was nothing to relieve the heaviness of the third and fourth. The third consists of scenes in the council between Dunstan and the lords, a long wordy debate, in which Dunstan is made to display as many cruel and despicable qualities as possible, and is finally banished by the king. The only incident is the return of Elgiva, who has escaped from the ruffians, by the help of a soldier, who turns out to be her attendant Eltruda's foster-brother. The fourth act is again almost without incident. Edwy has summoned a synod which has pronounced a divorce, and while he is busied in summoning another, Elgiva is again carried off, and a popular revolt is announced for the restoration of Dunstan. The scene of the fifth act is in a forest, where Elgiva is murdered, and the armies of the king and Dunstan are supposed to meet. Elgiva lives just long enough to be found by Edwy, and bid him farewell. The king then hurries off to meet the rebels, is wounded, and brought back to die by the side of Elgiva, who must have been lying dead a long time on the stage—as trying for Mrs. Siddons as for the lady in *The Critic*.

But lost or found, alive or dying, all the characters talk big. Money is "circulating wealth"; blackberries are "the jetty food of the birds' black hedge". By way of alliteration we have, "could she so calmly speak so dire a doom?" And what lover could be imagined as addressing his dead mistress thus?

O Elgiv, thou art gone!
Blest be thy spirit! sacred be thy manes!

Nor could anything be more commonplace than the moralising of Aldhelm which concludes the play:

Lives there the infidel can view the scene
Of slaughtered innocence,—these mangled bodies:
See youth untimely fell'd, virtue oppress'd
And guilt victorious, yet retain a doubt
That retribution waits for all above?
There shall we see virtue transparent shine
All right refulgent, and all wrong inverted

All purity upheld, all crimes remov'd
Ev'n from the power to give the pain of pity :—
Edwy and Elgiva shall there arise
To thrones of permanence and crowns immortal !

The motive of the play—the assertion of the king's prerogative against ecclesiastical encroachment,—is explained in a prologue tamer and duller, if possible, than anything in the play itself, ending thus :

Teach us to love our country and our laws,
To glow united in her sacred cause,
And boast with swelling and loud acclaim
Our Faith's defender and our King the same.

Wherever Madame D'Arblay becomes courtly she passes beyond the patience of gods, men, and columns. It was indeed the unnatural position which she occupied at court that appears to me to have done more than anything else to vitiate a style which at its best was not distinguished for simplicity : much more than her intimacy with, and admiration for, Johnson, to which Macaulay appears to attribute the change. And it is in connexion with this position at court that the second point arises in which her conduct has been the theme of a small but somewhat venomous controversy.

The readers of Macaulay's essay will remember the vehement words in which Miss Burney's position is described.

What was demanded of her was that she should consent to be almost as completely separated from her family and friends as if she had gone to Calcutta, and almost as close a prisoner as if she had been sent to gaol for a libel ; that with talents which had instructed and delighted the highest living minds, she should now be employed only in mixing snuff and sticking pins ; that she should be summoned by a waiting-woman's bell to a waiting-woman's duties ; that she should pass her whole life under the restraints of a paltry etiquette, should sometimes fast till she was ready to swoon with hunger, should sometimes stand till her knees gave way with fatigue ; that she should not dare to speak or move without considering how her mistress might like her words and gestures. Instead of those distinguished men and women, the flower of all political parties, with whom she has been in the habit of mixing on terms of equal friendship, she was to have for her perpetual companion the chief keeper of the robes, an old hag from Germany, of mean understanding, of insolent manners, and of temper which, naturally savage, had now been exasperated by disease. Now and then, indeed, poor Frances might console herself for the loss of Burke's and Windham's society, by joining in the "celestial colloquy sublime" of his Majesty's equerries.

Again of the business aspect of the engagement Macaulay says with contemptuous bitterness : "The principle of the arrangement was in short simply this, that Frances Burney should become a slave and should be rewarded by being made a beggar". In another paragraph he alludes to the fact of the one consolation which Miss Burney found in these circumstances. A certain Colonel Digby, one of the equerries, was a man of refinement and intelligence ; and between him and Miss Burney a friendship was formed which seemed likely to lead to a closer relationship. He appears in the Diary under the name of Mr. Fairly ; and it is abundantly plain that Miss Burney entertained very warm feelings towards him, and that after his marriage, her life at court became rapidly intolerable to her. Her health broke down ; she had found that the idea of being able from her position at court to help her father or brother in their professions was entirely chimerical ; she did not do her duties well ; and at last she persuaded her father to allow her to resign. The view of other members of the court, as appears from a recent memoir, was that she was dismissed with a pension. But that is not the version of the transaction which appears in the Diary ; and Macaulay's indignant statement of the case was long accepted as the true one. But another version also has been put forward with some heat, and with not the best taste, by Lady Llanover in the last volume of the Delany Correspondence. Her ladyship seems to have

been highly incensed with Madame D'Arblay for having claimed too close an intimacy with Mrs. Delany; and also for having hinted that the venerable lady was materially assisted by the Duchess of Portland. If this was an offensive suggestion, though it is hard to see why it should be, Lady Llanover has paid Madame D'Arblay back by presenting a picture of her at court in striking contrast to that of Macaulay:

> The Queen was persuaded to appoint Miss Burney,—Mrs. Delany and Mr. Swelt having deceived themselves into believing her capable of adapting herself to her place, and performing her new duties satisfactorily; their earnest desire to ensure Miss Burney a certain salary instead of the precarious income arising from her works having blinded their better judgment. Miss Burney was elated to such a degree by the appointment that she gradually lost all consciousness of her actual or relative position. She lived in an ideal world of which she was, in her own imagination, the centre. She believed herself possessed of a spell which fascinated all those she approached. She became convinced that all the equerries were in love with her, although she was continually the object of their ridicule, as they discovered her weaknesses and played upon her credulity for their own amusement. Many entertaining anecdotes might be collected of the ludicrous effect produced by Miss Burney's far-fetched expressions when she desired to be especially eloquent, and particularly courtly. On one occasion when she had been laid up by a violent headache, to which she was often subject, one of the attendants told her that His Majesty had asked if she was better, or how she was. "Give my duty to His Majesty," said Miss Burney, "and *tell him the little machine has not yet quite ceased to vibrate.*" Miss Burney's situation certainly was anomalous, for though as a dresser she *had a fixed* (though subordinate) position; as a successful novel-writer she had an undefined sort of celebrity won by her talents; and though as the daughter of a music-master she had previously *no individual* position whatever, there was in her case more personal interest manifested on account of her being the daughter of so excellent a man as Dr. Burney, who was much respected, and it required a much better understanding than she ever possessed to discriminate between all these various bearings. She had a *particularly* large share of *vanity*, a *particularly* lively *imagination*, and between both, she made numerous mistakes in the course of her various representations of her *four characters*—of the *timid* nobody; the wonderful *girl* who had written *Evelina*; the Queen's dresser; and the *amiable* and *devoted* daughter, "Fanny Burney".

This view of Miss Burney we venture to call the lady-in-waiting's lady's-maid's view. The "certain salary" is delightful, when it is quite certain that Lord Macaulay was right in estimating that her dress must have cost all or nearly all her £200 a year. Miss Burney's "elation" at the appointment we know to have been from the very first wonderfully qualified by dislike of the duties it involved and sorrow at the separation from her friends. And if her head was somewhat turned by contact with royal personages, she is not the first or the last to have so suffered. Her imagining the equerries to be in love with her is reduced in fact to her having entertained a warm feeling towards one equerry, in which she seems to have been fully justified by his conduct. The "little machine has not quite ceased to vibrate" must be confessed to have a somewhat more genuine air. In her tragedy "vibrate" seems a particularly favourite word of hers in connexion with physical feeling. The casting up of Miss Burney's exact social rank and precedence is in the true lady's-maid's vein; and the last sneer at the "wonderful *girl*" who had written *Evelina* is founded on a malicious article of Croker's in the *Quarterly Review* which is the last point in the story of Madame D'Arblay to be here noticed. In 1832 she published the Memoir of her father. Among other defects it dealt rather loosely with dates, as was not wonderful in the composition of a lady of eighty, writing much from memory, but we may feel satisfied that no deliberate misstatement was attempted. Under the year 1778 she gives an account of the composition and publ

cation of *Evelina*. She does not pretend that it was composed much before that time; though a sort of preliminary novel containing the adventures of Evelina's mother was composed very early in her girlhood and destroyed. But Croker in reviewing the Memoir chose to assume that from literary vanity she had suppressed dates, in order to favour the notion of the composition of *Evelina* being that of a wonderful girl. He accordingly took the trouble to search the registers at Lynn, and made the notable discovery that Madame D'Arblay was born in 1752, and was therefore twenty-five when the novel was published. Even thus this book, which took so many famous men and women by storm, which has delighted thousands of readers for a hundred years, is allowed to be the work of a young lady between twenty-three and twenty-four, who had seen little of the world, and enjoyed very small advantages of education. Croker's discovery then detracts little from the credit of the book; and can be considered to have brought him but small advantage, unless his object was to cause pain to the venerable writer. In this at least he succeeded; the attack on her truthfulness being especially distressing to her. However, if Madame D'Arblay was not a hard hitter herself, she was the cause of hard hitting in others; and we may feel a malicious pleasure in remembering that this brought upon Croker one of Macaulay's most savage blows: "It did not occur to them [Kenrick, &c.] to search the parish register, in order that they might be able to twit a lady with having concealed her age. That truly chivalrous exploit was reserved for a bad writer of our own time, whose spite she had provoked by not furnishing him with materials for a worthless edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, some sheets of which our readers may have doubtless seen round parcels of better books". Croker we know did not produce a wholly worthless edition of Boswell's book, nor is he sufficiently described by the expression "a bad writer of our time"; still for once we feel inclined to applaud a blow which, if somewhat harder than the case deserved, fell on the head of a bully. Now that the dust of these controversies has been long laid, how small they seem compared with the abiding pleasure which the object of them has bequeathed to us! It is perhaps a questionable act to drag them into light again, or to speak of a work like *Edwy and Elgiva* which the world has been content to let lie buried. But its author long retained a belief in its worth, and the manuscript, carefully bound, is pencilled with alterations and improvements in English and French, showing a parent's partiality and a fond belief in its possible revival. Madame D'Arblay's fame happily rests on better grounds; but even the failures of the author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia* may have some interest to a generous reader.

E. S. Shuckburgh.

LOCHGOIN.

With the exception of the Bible there is no more popular book in the rural districts of the south and south-west of Scotland than the *Scots Worthies* of John Howie. On the cottage-shelf of the Ayrshire peasant and of the Border shepherd alike a copy of it is almost invariably to be found bound in substantial boards of calf, and rivalling in size the family's holy volume itself. Within these districts it fills the place occupied in England by the *Pilgrim's Progress*. With solemn satisfaction not a few owners of the book, quiet farmers and cottagers among the hills, can point out in its pages the recorded sufferings of some Covenanting ancestor of their own; and in thousands of simple, God-fearing homes John Howie's work has come to be looked upon with something of the awe and reverence belonging to the Sacred Scriptures.

Notwithstanding the popularity of the *Scots Worthies* however comparatively few of its readers are personally acquainted with the abode of its author, or with the scenes among which it was written. People may be familiar with the circumstances of John Howie's life from the introduction to his book; but few indeed have found their way to the place itself where the good man's years were spent and where his work was done. Only of late some increased attention has been attracted to the spot by the display, among the antiquities of the International Exhibition at Glasgow, of some of the relics of Covenanting times cherished at Lochgoin by the Howie family.

There are difficulties, it is true, in the way of reaching the home of the Howies; but a visit to the lonely moorland farm helps to a proper understanding of the work which had its birth there, and affords, besides, a clue now all but unique to many characteristics of the general Covenanting spirit. John Howie's writings indeed possess nothing of the classic polish and the impartial analysis of character conspicuous in the work of so illustrious a biographer as Plutarch, to whom Howie has been likened; but the reader learns to account for the difference when he beholds the upland solitudes amid which the Scottish writer passed his life. The friend of Trajan had all the culture of Greece as well as a cosmopolitan experience of life to aid him in his work. The Scottish farmer on the other hand, inheriting all the bitter traditions of an oppressed sect, and with none of that wider commerce with men so necessary to a just appreciation of the actions of others, had his early instincts narrowed and intensified by the unbroken monotony of his surroundings. The somewhat similar circumstances of a life upon the Yorkshire wolds, acting upon a more romantic type of character, produced the sombre, half-morbid work of the Brontë family. The reader of John Howie's book therefore ceases to blame the hard view of life, the strong partiality, and the too frequent bitterness of the writer, when he has become familiar with the lonely wastes which isolate Lochgoin.

Even at the present day the spot is by no means easy of access. Until a year or two ago, indeed, it was only to be reached by a long and doubtful cart-track across the moors. No railway invades that desolate upland, and for this reason probably, though it is no more than fifteen miles from the great hive of commerce in the West of

Scotland, the place remains primitive and remote as in the days of John Howie himself. The situation can perhaps best be appreciated by the traveller who makes his way thither on foot from Glasgow or from the little outlying village of Clarkston. The details of the road prepare him for the primitive remoteness of his destination.

On a morning in late autumn there may be mist filling the lower parts of the Clyde valley and hiding the city with its suburbs; but as the road rises among the softly swelling pasture lands, the sun breaks warmly through to dry the dews of night from the wayside grasses, and to make the diamond drops in the hedges glitter and disappear. Trees that a little earlier appeared ghostly on far-off misty hills, resolve themselves into pines on the higher edges of the rising country, spreading their branches in black flakes against the deepening blue of the sky. And presently even the stray wreaths of vapour which had entangled themselves among the scattered copses, are melted and disappear. The sun glints on the backs of the rooks in the park beside the road busily digging up worms in the old green sward; while noisy starlings, the jackals of the larger bird, disturbed by the approaching footstep, fly up with sudden whirr into the trees; and once and again a blackbird, with its soft low note, drifts across from hedge to hedge. There is the sweet smell of the high-piled hay-carts passing on their way to town, to be enjoyed—a fragrance full of many pleasant memories and suggestions; and from the group of young cattle resting on the sunny side of a knoll close by comes a breath reminiscent of comfortable homesteads and country life. Milk-carts, too, are overtaken returning lightened of their load. Long before sunrise the ruddy drivers left their far-off farms to carry the warm wealth of their dairies to the town; their day's work is over before the rest of the world is astir, and they will be in bed again before twilight has deepened into night.

After ascending the long street of Eaglesham village, with its wide green, the wind may be felt coming fresh off the open moor. Far below and behind, the pall of brown fog can be seen still lying over the city; but on the upland the sunshine falls clear and warm, and the dry unfrequented road can be seen far in front running unfenced through yellow hills of bent. Grouse rise in twos and threes to whirr off across these hills; nothing breaks the stillness of the waste but the lonely bleat of sheep; and for miles not even a solitary farm is passed.

Some three miles beyond Ballegeich, that is, just so far beyond the ridge of the watershed, lies Lochgoin. The long, low dwelling of a single story rests in a hollow, and as it is of the same sombre colour as the surrounding moor it might easily be passed unnoticed. Indeed it is not until one is close upon it that the place can be seen at all, with the few wind-blown trees about it, and its one or two hayricks. Looking on it one ceases to marvel that the same family has managed to retain the holding for so many hundreds of years. No one, probably, ever found it worth while to deprive them of it. In the perilous times, indeed, its bleak surroundings and its loneliness were the security of its occupants. A wild place it must be in winter when the tempests are holding their revels on the moor, and the snowdrifts are gathering deep around. Not another dwelling is in sight,—nothing but a waste of heath and scaur; and even on an autumn day no sound is to be heard but the far faint bleat of sheep, the curlew's call, and the wild cry of the peesweep.

Once inside however it becomes easy to understand something of the home feeling which has rooted the owners of Lochgoin for so many generations to the spot. Hospitable people they have always been, even when they suffered for it; and they make a kindly welcome for the pilgrim. And a seat

by the ingle in the clean, low-raftered, stone-floored kitchen, with a great peat fire glowing and flaming up the wide chimney, is worth coming far to enjoy. However lonely life may be in such a spot, it has substantial comforts; and, just for the reason that the rest of the world is shut out, a man in these circumstances must come to have the stronger love for his home.

Here the Howies have lived for more than seven hundred years. The tradition of the family says they emigrated from the French Waldenses in the year 1178 on account of religious persecution. Firmness, therefore, in the matter of religious tenets would appear to be a hereditary trait of their character. For sheltering refugees in Covenanting times their property was twelve times confiscated: there is a record of their cattle having been exposed at the cross of Kilmarnock for sale; and more than once they themselves, far as their remoteness might seem to have removed them from political importance, were compelled to take to the mountains and moors for safety. Here John Howie, the author of the *Scots Worthies*, was born, November 14th, 1735, and though he was not bred on the spot—his father dying when he was but a year old, he was brought up by his maternal grandparents at Blackhill farm—it is easy to perceive how the surroundings of his home must have wrought upon his imagination. Only five miles distant to the south lay the battlefield of Drumclog, with, close by on Loudon Hill, the cairn of stones at which the Covenanters worshipped on the day of the conflict; while a few miles further off lay Airdsmoss, the scene of another Covenanting struggle, with Cameron's monumental stone rising on its dark waste; and no more than a mile away was Priesthill, where Brown the carrier had been shot by the orders of Claverhouse. Add to this the fact that Howie was himself a descendant of the persecuted people and an inheritor of their spirit, and it becomes easy to trace the influence which induced him to write his Lives, as well as to account for the uncompromising tone in which they and his later works are written.

Upon his entry to Lochgoin in 1763 his natural bent towards books had liberty to declare itself. He had never been robust, and was at best, it seems, no great farmer; besides which the particular kind of produce for which his holding was adapted—stock and sheep-raising—allowed him an ample leisure which soon found a natural employment at his desk. As with many of his character however his piety did not prevent his making a good bargain at fair or market; rather the reverse, as his customers were made aware that they had to do with a man of sterling if somewhat assertive integrity. It is reported that the erect, neatly-dressed little man, though humility was ever on his lip, appeared upon these occasions to have a mental consciousness of superiority over less literary acquaintances. Men like him, no doubt, have their foibles, some of them innocent enough, others entailing sometimes serious faults of character. John Howie was apt to be morbidly introspective, as the strict religious disciplinarians of his day frequently were. In his diary, for instance, he accuses himself of carrying parental anxiety to the length of criminality, when his state of feeling was evidently no more than mere natural solicitude after the welfare of his family. And in the last scene of his life it is hardly possible to avoid the impression that the good man had a self-conscious eye to effect. Summoned from his own death-bed to the death-bed of his son, when he had prayed and questioned the lad of his soul's state, he turned to a by-stander to remark that it was an event of rare occurrence, "a dying father addressing the language of consolation to an expiring son". About such a remark there appears an absence of the self-forgetfulness characteristic of strong and absorbing grief.

A man however may do useful work

despite such failings; and John Howie has left a portrait, crisp and accurate, if not of the Covenanting times, at least of the spirit of the Covenanters —a more useful contribution to history, perhaps, than a less biassed narrative might have been. The shortcomings of Howie's book are to a great extent the shortcomings of the Covenanters themselves, and between the lines of the *Scots Worthies* one can read the natural character of the persecuted people. The thorough understanding of both, however, is greatly helped by a knowledge of their environment, circumstances and antecedents; and this is supplied at the fountain-head by a visit to Lochgoin.

The family there are still pleased to show visitors a drum and flag, the Fenwick banner, which were used at Drumclog; the sword of Captain Paton, and the Bible he handed from the scaffold to his wife; John Howie's stick and Bible—a "Breeches Bible", by the way; a box of old silver coins hidden in troublous times, and several other relics; and these, together with the associations, literary and historical, of the spot, well repay the trouble of a walk across the breezy uplands of the Ayrshire moors.

NIÑO DIABLO.

THE wide pampa rough with long grass; a vast level disc now growing dark, the horizon encircling it with a ring as faultless as that made by a pebble dropped into smooth water; above it the clear sky of June wintry and pale, still showing in the west the saffron hues of the afterglow tinged with vapoury violet and grey. In the centre of the disc a large low rancho thatched with yellow rushes, a few stunted trees and cattle enclosures grouped about it; and, dimly seen in the shadows, cattle and sheep reposing. At the gate stands Gregory Gorostiaga, lord of house, lands and ruminating herds, leisurely unsaddling his horse; for whatsoever Gregory does is done leisurely. Although no person is within earshot he talks much over his task, now rebuking his restive animal, and now cursing his benumbed fingers and the hard knots in his gear. A curse falls readily and not without a certain natural grace from Gregory's lips; it is the oiled feather with which he touches every difficult knot encountered in life. From time to time he glances towards the open kitchen door, from which issue the far-flaring light of the fire and familiar voices, with savoury smells of cookery that come to his nostrils like pleasant messengers.

The unsaddling over at last the freed horse gallops away, neighing joyfully, to seek his fellows; but Gregory is not a four-footed thing to hurry himself; and so, stepping slowly and pausing frequently to look about him as if reluctant to quit the cold night air, he turns towards the house.

The spacious kitchen was lighted by two or three wicks in cups of melted fat, and by a great fire in the middle of the clay floor that cast crowds of dancing shadows on the walls and filled the whole room with grateful warmth. On the walls were fastened many deers' heads, and on their convenient prongs were hung bridles and lassos, ropes of onions and garlics, bunches of dried herbs, and various other objects. At the fire a piece of beef was roasting on a spit; and in a large pot suspended by hook and chain from the smoke-blackened central beam, boiled and bubbled an ocean of mutton broth, puffing out white clouds of steam redolent of herbs and cumminseed. Close to the fire, skimmer in hand, sat Magdalen, Gregory's fat and florid wife, engaged in frying pies in a second smaller pot. There also, on a high, straight-backed chair, sat Ascension, her sister-in-law, a wrinkled spinster; also, in a low rush-bottomed seat, her mother-in-law, an ancient white-headed dame, staring vacantly into the flames. On the other side of the fire were Gregory's two eldest daughters, occupied just now in serving *maté* to their elders—that harmless bitter decoction the sipping of which fills up all vacant moments from dawn to bed-time—pretty dove-eyed girls of sixteen, both also named Magdalen, but not after their mother nor because confusion was loved by the family for its own sake; they were twins, and born on the day sacred to Santa Magdalena. Slumbering dogs and cats were disposed about the floor, also four children. The eldest, a boy, sitting with legs outstretched before him, was cutting threads from a slip of colt's hide looped over his great toe. The two next, boy and girl, were playing a simple game called nines, once known to English children as nine men's morrice; the lines were rudely scratched on the clay floor, and the men they played with were bits of hardened clay, nine red and as many white. The youngest, a girl of five, sat on the floor

nursing a kitten that purred contentedly on her lap and drowsily winked its blue eyes at the fire; and as she swayed herself from side to side she lisped out an old lullaby in her baby voice.

Gregory stood on the threshold surveying this domestic scene with manifest pleasure.

"Papa mine, what have you brought me?" cried the child with the kitten.

"Brought you, interested? Stiff whiskers and cold hands to pinch your dirty little cheeks. How is your cold to-night, mother?"

"Yes, son, it is very cold to-night; we knew that before you came in," replied the old dame testily as she drew her chair a little closer to the fire.

"It is useless speaking to her," remarked Ascension. "With her to be put out of temper is to be deaf."

"What has happened to put her out?" he asked.

"I can tell you, papa," cried one of the twins. "She wouldn't let me make your cigars to-day, and sat down out of doors to make them herself. It was after breakfast when the sun was warm."

"And of course she fell asleep," chimed in Ascension.

"Let me tell it, auntie!" exclaimed the other. "And she fell asleep, and in a moment Rosita's lamb came and ate up the whole of the tobacco-leaf in her lap."

"It didn't!" cried Rosita, looking up from her game. "I opened its mouth and looked with all my eyes, and there was no tobacco-leaf in it."

"That lamb! that lamb!" said Gregory slily. "Is it to be wondered at that we are turning grey before our time—all except Rosita! Remind me to-morrow, wife, to take it to the flock; or if it has grown fat on all the tobacco-leaf, aprons and old shoes it has eaten—"

"Oh no, no, no!" screamed Rosita, starting up and throwing the game into confusion, just when her little brother had made a row and was in the act of seizing on one of her pieces in triumph.

"Hush, silly child, he will not harm your lamb," said the mother, pausing from her task and raising eyes that were tearful with the smoke of the fire and of the cigarette she held between her good-humoured lips. "And now, if these children have finished speaking of their important affairs, tell me, Gregory, what news do you bring?"

"They say," he returned, sitting down and taking the *maté*-cup from his daughter's hand, "that the invading Indians bring seven hundred lances, and that those that first opposed them were all slain. Some say they are now retreating with the cattle they have taken; while others maintain that they are waiting to fight our men."

"Oh, my sons, my sons, what will happen to them!" cried Magdalen, bursting into tears.

"Why do you cry, wife, before God gives you cause?" returned her husband. "Are not all men born to fight the infidel? Our boys are not alone—all their friends and neighbours are with them."

"Say not this to me, Gregory, for I am not a fool nor blind. All their friends indeed! And this very day I have seen the Niño Diablo; he galloped past the house, whistling like a partridge that knows no care. Why must my two sons be called away, while he, a youth without occupation and with no mother to cry for him, remains behind?"

"You talk folly, Magdalen," replied her lord. "Complain that the ostrich and puma are more favoured than your sons, since no man calls on them to serve the state; but mention not the Niño, for he is freer than the wild things which Heaven has made, and fights not on this side nor on that."

"Coward! Miserable!" murmured the incensed mother.

Whereupon one of the twins flushed scarlet, and retorted, "He is not a coward, mother!"

"And if not a coward why does he sit on the hearth among women and old men in times like these? Grieved am I to hear a daughter of mine speak in defence of one who is a vagabond and a stealer of other men's horses!"

The girl's eyes flashed angrily, but she answered not a word.

"Hold your tongue, woman, and accuse no man of crimes," spoke Gregory. "Let every Christian take proper care of his animals; and as for the infidel's horses, he is a virtuous man that steals them. The girl speaks truth; the Niño is no coward, but he fights not with our weapons. The web of the spider is coarse and ill-made compared with the snare he spreads to entangle his prey. Therefore be warned in season, my daughter, and fall not into the snare of the Niño Diablo."

Again the girl blushed and hung her head.

At this moment a clatter of hoofs, the jangling of a bell, and shouts of a traveller to the horses driven before him, came in at the open door. The dogs roused themselves, almost overturning the children in their hurry to rush out; and up rose Gregory to find out who was approaching with so much noise.

"I know, *papita*," cried one of the children. "It is uncle Polycarp."

"You are right, child," said her father. "Cousin Polycarp always arrives at night, shouting to his animals like a troop of Indians." And with that he went out to welcome his boisterous relative.

The traveller soon arrived, spurring his horse, scared at the light and snorting loudly, to within two yards of the door. In a few minutes the saddle was thrown off, the fore feet of the bell-mare fettered, and the horses allowed to wander away in quest of pasturage; then the two men turned into the kitchen.

A short, burly man aged about fifty, wearing a soft hat thrust far back on his head, with truculent greenish eyes beneath arched bushy eyebrows, and a thick shapeless nose surmounting a bristly moustache—such was cousin Polycarp. From neck to feet he was covered with a blue cloth *poncho*, and on his heels he wore enormous silver spurs that clanked and jangled over the floor like the fetters of a convict. After greeting the women and bestowing the avuncular blessing on the children, who had clamoured for it as for some inestimable boon—he sat down, and flinging back his *poncho* displayed at his waist a huge silver-hilted knife and a heavy brass-barrelled horse-pistol.

"Heaven be praised for its goodness, cousin Magdalen," he said. "What with pies and spices your kitchen is more fragrant than a garden of flowers. That's as it should be, for nothing but rum have I tasted this bleak day. And the boys are away fighting, Gregory tells me. Good! When the eaglets have found out their wings let them try their talons. What, cousin Magdalen, crying for the boys! Would you have had them girls?"

"Yes, a thousand times," she replied, drying her wet eyes on her apron.

"Ah, Magdalen, daughters can't be always young and sweet-tempered, like your brace of pretty partridges yonder. They grow old, cousin Magdalen—old and ugly and spiteful; and are more bitter and worthless than the wild pumpkin. But I speak not of those who are present, for I would say nothing to offend my respected cousin Ascension, whom may God preserve, though she never married."

"Listen to me, cousin Polycarp," returned the insulted dame so pointedly alluded to. "Say nothing to me nor of me, and I will also hold my peace concerning you; for you know very well that if I were disposed to open my lips I could say a thousand things."

"Enough, enough, you have already said them a thousand times," he interrupted. "I know all that, cousin; let us say no more."

"That is only what I ask," she retorted, "for I have never loved to

bandy words with you; and you know already, therefore I need not recall it to your mind, that if I am single it is not because some men whose names I could mention if I felt disposed—and they are the names not of dead but of living men—would not have been glad to marry me; but because I preferred my liberty and the goods I inherited from my father; and I see not what advantage there is in being the wife of one who is a brawler and drunkard and spender of other people's money, and I know not what besides."

"There it is!" said Polycarp, appealing to the fire. "I knew that I had thrust my foot into a red ant's nest—careless that I am! But in truth, Ascension, it was fortunate for you in those distant days you mention that you hardened your heart against all lovers. For wives, like cattle that must be branded with their owner's mark, are first of all taught submission to their husbands; and consider, cousin, what tears! what sufferings!" And having ended thus abruptly, he planted his elbows on his knees and busied himself with the cigarette he had been trying to roll up with his cold drunken fingers for the last five minutes.

Ascension gave a nervous twitch at the red cotton kerchief on her head, and cleared her throat with a sound "sharp and short like the shrill swallow's cry", when——

"*Madre del Cielo*, how you frightened me!" screamed one of the twins, giving a great start.

The cause of this sudden outcry was discovered in the presence of a young man quietly seated on the bench at the girl's side. He had not been there a minute before, and no person had seen him enter the room—what wonder that the girl was startled! He was slender in form, and had small hands and feet, an oval olive face, smooth as a girl's except for the incipient moustache on his lip. In place of a hat he wore only a scarlet ribbon bound about his head, to keep back the glossy black hair that fell to his shoulders; and he was wrapped in a white woollen Indian *poncho*, while his lower limbs were cased in white colt-skin coverings, shaped like stockings to his feet, with the red tassels of his embroidered garters falling to the ankles.

"The Niño Diablo!" all cried in a breath, the children manifesting the greatest joy at his appearance. But old Gregory spoke with affected anger. "Why do you always drop on us in this treacherous way, like rain through a leaky thatch?" he exclaimed. "Keep these strange arts for your visits in the infidel country; here we are all Christians, and praise God on the threshold when we visit a neighbour's house. And now, Niño Diablo, what news of the Indians?"

"Nothing do I know and little do I concern myself about specks on the horizon," returned the visitor with a light laugh. And at once all the children gathered round him, for the Niño they considered to belong to them when he came, and not to their elders with their solemn talk about Indian warfare and lost horses. And now, now he would finish that wonderful story, long in the telling, of the little girl alone and lost in the great desert, and surrounded by all the wild animals met to discuss what they should do with her. It was a grand story, even mother Magdalen listened, though she pretended all the time to be thinking only of her pies—and the teller, like the grand old historians of other days, put most eloquent speeches, all made out of his own head, into the lips (and beaks) of the various actors—puma, ostrich, deer, cavy, and the rest.

In the midst of this performance supper was announced, and all gathered willingly round a dish of Magdalen's pies, filled with minced meat, hard-boiled eggs chopped small, raisins, and plenty of spice. After the pies came roast beef; and, finally, great basins of mutton broth fragrant with herbs and cummin-seed. The rage of hunger satisfied, each one said a prayer, the elders murmuring with bowed heads,

the children on their knees uplifting shrill voices. Then followed the concluding semi-religious ceremony of the day, when each child in its turn asked a blessing of father, mother, grandmother, uncle, aunt, and not omitting the stranger within the gates, even the Niño Diablo of evil-sounding name.

The men drew forth their pouches, and began making their cigarettes, when once more the children gathered round the story-teller, their faces glowing with expectation.

"No, no," cried their mother. "No more stories to-night — to bed, to bed!"

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried Rosita pleadingly, and struggling to free herself; for the good woman had dashed in among them to enforce obedience. "Oh, let me stay till the story ends! The reed-cat has said such things! Oh, what will they do with the little girl?"

"And oh, mother mine!" drowsily sobbed her little sister; "the armadillo that said—that said nothing because it had nothing to say, and the partridge that whistled and said,—" and here she broke into a prolonged wail. The boys also added their voices until the hubbub was no longer to be borne, and Gregory rose up in his wrath and called on some one to lend him a big whip; only then they yielded, and still sobbing and casting many a lingering look behind, were led from the kitchen.

During this scene the Niño had been carrying on a whispered conversation with the pretty Magdalen of his choice, heedless of the uproar of which he had been the indirect cause; deaf also to the bitter remarks of Ascension concerning some people who, having no homes of their own, were fond of coming uninvited into other people's houses, only to repay the hospitality extended to them by stealing their silly daughter's affections, and teaching their children to rebel against their authority.

But the noise and confusion had served to arouse Polycarp from a drowsy fit; for, like a boa constrictor, he had dined largely after his long fast, and dinner had made him dull; bending towards his cousin he whispered earnestly, "Who is this young stranger, Gregory?"

"In what corner of the earth have you been hiding to ask who the Niño Diablo is?" returned the other.

"Must I know the history of every cat and dog?"

"The Niño is not cat nor dog, cousin, but a man among men, like a falcon among birds. When a child of six the Indians killed all his relations and carried him into captivity. After five years he escaped out of their hands, and, guided by sun and stars and signs on the earth, he found his way back to the Christian's country, bringing many beautiful horses stolen from his captors; also the name of Niño Diablo first given to him by the infidel. We know him by no other."

"This is a good story; in truth I like it well—it pleases me mightily," said Polycarp. "And what more, cousin Gregory?"

"More than I can tell, cousin. Where he comes the dogs bark not—who knows why? His tread is softer than the cat's; the untamed horse is tame for him. Always in the midst of dangers, yet no harm, no scratch. Why? Because he stoops like the falcon, makes his stroke and is gone—Heaven knows where!"

"What strange things are you telling me? Wonderful! And what more, cousin Gregory?"

"He often goes into the Indian country, and lives freely with the infidel, disguised, for they do not know him who was once their captive. They speak of the Niño Diablo to him, saying that when they catch that thief they will flay him alive. He listens to their strange stories, then leaves them, taking their finest *ponchos* and silver ornaments, and the flower of their horses."

"A brave youth, one after my own heart, cousin Gregory. Heaven defend and prosper him in all his journeys

into the Indian territory! Before we part I shall embrace him and offer him my friendship, which is worth something. More, tell me more, cousin Gregory?"

"These things I tell you to put you on your guard; look well to your horses, cousin."

"What!" shouted the other, lifting himself up from his stooping posture, and staring at his relation with astonishment and kindling anger in his countenance.

The conversation had been carried on in a low tone, and the sudden loud exclamation startled them all—all except the Niño, who continued smoking and chatting pleasantly to the twins.

"Lightning and pestilence, what is this you say to me, Gregory Gorostiaga!" continued Polycarp, violently slapping his thigh and thrusting his hat farther back on his head.

"Prudence!" whispered Gregory. "Say nothing to offend the Niño; he never forgives an enemy—with horses."

"Talk not to me of prudence!" bawled the other. "You hit me on the apple of the eye and counsel me not to cry out. What! have not I, whom men call Polycarp of the South, wrestled with tigers in the desert, and must I hold my peace because of a boy—even a boy devil? Talk of what you like, cousin, and I am a meek man—meek as a sucking babe; but touch not on my horses, for then I am a whirlwind, a conflagration, a river flooded in winter, and all wrath and destruction like an invasion of Indians! Who can stand before me? Ribs of steel are no protection! Look at my knife; do you ask why there are stains on the blade? Listen; because it has gone straight to the robber's heart!" And with that he drew out his great knife and flourished it wildly, and made stabs and slashes at an imaginary foe suspended above the fire.

The pretty girls grew silent and pale and trembled like poplar leaves; the old grandmother rose up, and clutching t her shawl toddled hurriedly away, while Ascension uttered a snort of disdain. But the Niño still talked and smiled, blowing thin smoke-clouds from his lips, careless of that tempest of wrath gathering before him; till, seeing the other so calm, the man of war returned his weapon to its sheath, and glancing round and lowering his voice to a conversational tone, informed his hearers that his name was Polycarp, one known and feared by all men,—especially in the south; that he was disposed to live in peace and amity with the entire human race, and he therefore considered it unreasonable of some men to follow him about the world asking him to kill them. "Perhaps," he concluded, with a touch of irony, "they think I gain something by putting them to death. A mistake, good friends; I gain nothing by it! I am not a vulture, and their dead bodies can be of no use to me."

Just after this sanguinary protest and disclaimer the Niño all at once made a gesture as if to impose silence, and turned his face towards the door, his nostrils dilating, and his eyes appearing to grow large and luminous like those of a cat.

"What do you hear, Niño?" asked Gregory.

"I hear lapwings screaming," he replied.

"Only at a fox perhaps," said the other. "But go to the door, Niño, and listen."

"No need," he returned, dropping his hand, the light of a sudden excitement passing from his face. "'Tis only a single horseman riding this way at a fast gallop."

Polycarp got up and went to the door, saying that when a man was among robbers it behoved him to look well after his cattle. Then he came back and sat down again. "Perhaps," he remarked, with a side glance at the Niño, "a better plan would be to watch the thief. A lie, cousin Gregory; no lapwings are screaming; no single horseman approaching at a fast gallop! The night is serene, and earth as silent as the sepulchre."

"Prudence!" whispered Gregory again. "Ah, cousin, always playful like a kitten; when will you grow old and wise? Can you not see a sleeping snake without turning aside to stir it up with your naked foot?"

Strange to say, Polycarp made no reply. A long experience in getting up quarrels had taught him that these impassive men were, in truth, often enough like venomous snakes, quick and deadly when roused. He became secret and watchful in his manner.

All now were intently listening. Then said Gregory, "Tell us, Niño, what voices, fine as the trumpet of the smallest fly, do you hear coming from that great silence? Has the mother skunk put her little ones to sleep in their kennel and gone out to seek for the pipit's nest? Have fox and armadillo met to challenge each other to fresh trials of strength and cunning? What is the owl saying this moment to his mistress in praise of her big green eyes?"

The young man smiled slightly but answered not; and for full five minutes more all listened, then sounds of approaching hoofs became audible. Dogs began to bark, horses to snort in alarm, and Gregory rose and went forth to receive the late night-wanderer. Soon he appeared, beating the angry barking dogs off with his whip, a white-faced, wild-haired man, furiously spurring his horse like a person demented or flying from robbers.

"*Ave Maria!*" he shouted aloud; and when the answer was given in suitable pious words, the scared-looking stranger drew near, and bending down said, "Tell me, good friend, is one whom men call Niño Diablo with you; for to this house I have been directed in my search for him?"

"He is within, friend," answered Gregory. "Follow me and you shall see him with your own eyes. Only first unsaddle, so that your horse may roll before the sweat dries on him."

"How many horses have I ridden their last journey on this quest!" said the stranger, hurriedly pulling off the saddle and rugs. "But tell me one thing more; is he well—no indisposition? Has he met with no accident—a broken bone, a sprained ankle?"

"Friend," said Gregory, "I have heard that once in past times the moon met with an accident, but of the Niño no such thing has been reported to me."

With this assurance the stranger followed his host into the kitchen, made his salutation, and sat down by the fire. He was about thirty years old, a good-looking man, but his face was haggard, his eyes bloodshot, his manner restless, and he appeared like one half-crazed by some great calamity. The hospitable Magdalen placed food before him and pressed him to eat. He complied, although reluctantly, despatched his supper in a few moments, and murmured a prayer; then, glancing curiously at the two men seated near him, he addressed himself to the burly, well armed, and dangerous-looking Polycarp. "Friend," he said, his agitation increasing as he spoke, "four days have I been seeking you, taking neither food nor rest, so great was my need of your assistance. You alone, after God, can help me. Help me in this strait, and half of all I possess in land and cattle and gold shall be freely given to you, and the angels above will applaud your deed!"

"Drunk or mad?" was the only reply vouchsafed to this appeal.

"Sir," said the stranger with dignity, "I have not tasted wine these many days, nor has my great grief crazed me."

"Then what ails the man?" said Polycarp. "Fear perhaps, for he is white in the face like one who has seen the Indians."

"In truth I have seen them. I was one of those unfortunates who first opposed them, and most of the friends who were with me are now food for wild dogs. Where our houses stood there are only ashes and a stain of blood on the ground. Oh, friend, can you no

guess why you alone were in my thoughts when this trouble came to me—why I have ridden day and night to find you?"

"Demons!" exclaimed Polycarp, "into what quagmires would this man lead me? Once for all I understand you not! Leave me in peace, strange man, or we shall quarrel." And here he tapped his weapon significantly.

At this juncture, Gregory, who took his time about everything, thought proper to interpose. "You are mistaken, friend," said he. "The young man sitting on your right is the Niño Diablo, for whom you inquired a little while ago."

A look of astonishment, followed by one of intense relief, came over the stranger's face. Turning to the young man he said, "My friend, forgive me this mistake. Grief has perhaps dimmed my sight; but sometimes the iron blade and the blade of finest temper are not easily distinguished by the eye. When we try them we know which is the brute metal, and cast it aside to take up the other, and trust our life to it. The words I have spoken were meant for you, and you have heard them."

"What can I do for you, friend?" said the Niño.

"Oh, sir, the greatest service! You can restore my lost wife to me. The savages have taken her away into captivity. What can I do to save her—I who cannot make myself invisible, and fly like the wind, and compass all things!" And here he bowed his head, and covering his face gave way to over-mastering grief.

"Be comforted, friend," said the other, touching him lightly on the arm. "I will restore her to you."

"Oh, friend, how shall I thank you for these words!" cried the unhappy man, seizing and pressing the Niño's hand.

"Tell me her name—describe her to me."

"Torcuata is her name—Torcuata de la Rosa. She is one finger's width taller than this young woman," indicating one of the twins who was standing. "But not dark; her cheeks are rosy—no, no, I forget, they will be pale now, whiter than the grass-plumes, with stains of dark colour under the eyes. Brown hair and blue eyes, but very deep blue. Look well, friend, lest you think them black and leave her to perish."

"Never!" remarked Gregory, shaking his head.

"Enough—you have told me enough, friend," said the Niño, rolling up a cigarette.

"Enough!" repeated the other, surprised. "But you do not know; she is my life; my life is in your hands. How can I persuade you to be with me? Cattle I have. I had gone to pay the herdsmen their wages when the Indians came unexpectedly; and my house at La Chilca, on the banks of the Langueyú, was burnt, and my wife taken away during my absence. Eight hundred head of cattle have escaped the savages, and half of them shall be yours; and half of all I possess in money and land."

"Cattle!" returned the Niño smiling, and holding a lighted stick to his cigarette. "I have enough to eat without molesting myself with the care of cattle."

"But I told you that I had other things," said the stranger full of distress.

The young man laughed, and rose from his seat.

"Listen to me," he said. "I go now to follow the Indians—to mix with them, perhaps. They are retreating slowly, burdened with much spoil. In fifteen days go to the little town of Tandil, and wait for me there. As for land, if God has given so much of it to the ostrich it is not a thing for a man to set a great value on." Then he bent down to whisper a few words in the ear of the girl at his side; and immediately afterwards, with a simple "good-night" to the others, stepped lightly from the kitchen. By another door the girl also hurriedly left the room, to hide her tears from the

watchful censuring eyes of mother and aunt.

Then the stranger, recovering from his astonishment at the abrupt ending of the conversation, started up, and crying aloud, "Stay! stay one moment—one word more!" rushed out after the young man. At some distance from the house he caught sight of the Niño, sitting motionless on his horse, as if waiting to speak to him.

"This is what I have to say to you," spoke the Niño, bending down to the other. "Go back to Langueyú, and rebuild your house, and expect me there with your wife in about thirty days. When I bade you go to the Tandil in fifteen days, I spoke only to mislead that man Polycarp, who has an evil mind. Can I ride a hundred leagues and back in fifteen days? Say no word of this to any man. And fear not. If I fail to return with your wife at the appointed time take some of that money you have offered me, and bid a priest say a mass for my soul's repose; for eye of man shall never see me again, and the brown hawks will be complaining that there is no more flesh to be picked from my bones."

During this brief colloquy, and afterwards, when Gregory and his women-folk went off to bed, leaving the stranger to sleep in his rugs beside the kitchen fire, Polycarp, who had sworn a mighty oath not to close his eyes that night, busied himself making his horses secure. Driving them home, he tied them to the posts of the gate within twenty-five yards of the kitchen door. Then he sat down by the fire and smoked and dozed, and cursed his dry mouth and drowsy eyes that were so hard to keep open. At intervals of about fifteen minutes he would get up and go out to satisfy himself that his precious horses were still safe. At length in rising, some time after midnight, his foot kicked against some loud-sounding metal object lying beside him on the floor, which, on examination, proved to be a copper bell of a peculiar shape, and curiously like the one fastened to the neck of his bell-mare. Bell in hand, he stepped to the door and put out his head, and lo! his horses were no longer at the gate! Eight horses: seven iron-grey geldings, every one of them swift and sure-footed, sound as the bell in his hand, and as like each other as seven claret-coloured eggs in the tinamou's nest; and the eighth the gentle piebald mare—the *madrina* his horses loved and would follow to the world's end, now, alas! with a thief on her back! Gone—gone!

He rushed out, uttering a succession of frantic howls and imprecations; and finally, to wind up the performance, dashed the now useless bell with all his energy against the gate, shattering it into a hundred pieces. Oh, that bell, how often and how often in how many a wayside public-house had he boasted, in his cups and when sober, of its mellow, far-reaching tone,—the sweet sound that assured him in the silent watches of the night that his beloved steeds were safe! Now he danced on the broken fragments, digging them into the earth with his heel; now in his frenzy, he could have dug them up again to grind them to powder with his teeth!

The children turned restlessly in bed, dreaming of the lost little girl in the desert; and the stranger half awoke, muttering, "Courage, O Torcuata—let not your heart break. . . . Soul of my life, he gives you back to me—on my bosom, *rosa fresca, rosa fresca!*" Then the hands unclenched themselves again, and the muttering died away. But Gregory woke fully, and instantly divined the cause of the clamour. "Magdalen! Wife!" he said. "Listen to Polycarp; the Niño has paid him out for his insolence! Oh, fool, I warned him, and he would not listen!" But Magdalen refused to wake; and so, hiding his head under the coverlet, he made the bed shake with suppressed laughter, so pleased was he at the clever trick played on his blustering cousin. All

at once his laughter ceased, and out popped his head again, showing in the dim light a somewhat long and solemn face. For he had suddenly thought of his pretty daughter asleep in the adjoining room. Asleep! Wide awake, more likely, thinking of her sweet lover, brushing the dews from the hoary pampas grass in his southward flight, speeding away into the heart of the vast mysterious wilderness. Listening also to her uncle, the desperado, apostrophizing the midnight stars; while with his knife he excavates two deep trenches, three yards long and intersecting each other at right angles —a sacred symbol on which he intends, when finished, to swear a most horrible vengeance. "Perhaps," muttered Gregory, "the Niño has still other pranks to play in this house."

When the stranger heard next morning what had happened, he was better able to understand the Niño's motive in giving him that caution overnight; nor was he greatly put out, but thought it better that an evil-minded man should lose his horses than that the Niño should set out badly mounted on such an adventure.

"Let me not forget," said the robbed man, as he rode away on a horse borrowed from his cousin, "to be at the Tandil this day fortnight, with a sharp knife and a blunderbuss charged with a handful of powder and not fewer than twenty-three slugs."

Terribly in earnest was Polycarp of the South! He was there at the appointed time, slugs and all; but the smooth-cheeked, mysterious child-devil came not; nor, stranger still, did the scared-looking de la Rosa come clattering in to look for his lost Torcuata. At the end of that fifteenth day de la Rosa was at Langueyú, seventy-five miles from the Tandil, alone in his new rancho, which had just been rebuilt with the aid of a few neighbours. Through all that night he sat alone by the fire, pondering many things. If he could only recover his lost wife, then he would bid a long farewell to that wild frontier and take her across the great sea, and to that old tree-shaded stone farm-house in Andalusia, which he had left a boy, and where his aged parents still lived, thinking no more to see their wandering son. His resolution was taken; he would sell all he possessed, all except a portion of his land in the Langueyú with the house he had just rebuilt; and to the Niño Diablo, the deliverer, he would say, "Friend, though you despise the things that others value, take this land and poor house for the sake of the girl Magdalen you love; for then perhaps her parents will no longer deny her to you."

He was still thinking of these things, when a dozen or twenty military starlings—that cheerful scarlet-breasted songster of the lonely pampas—alighted on the thatch outside, and warbling their gay, careless winter-music told him that it was day. And all day long, on foot and on horseback, his thoughts were of his lost Torcuata; and when evening once more drew near his heart was sick with suspense and longing; and climbing the ladder placed against the gable of his rancho he stood on the roof gazing westwards into the blue distance. The sun, crimson and large, sunk into the great green sea of grass; and from all the plain rose the tender fluting notes of the tinamou-partridges, bird answering bird. "Oh, that I could pierce the haze with my vision," he murmured, "that I could see across a hundred leagues of level plain, and look this moment on your sweet face, Torcuata!"

And Torcuata was in truth a hundred leagues distant from him at that moment; and if the miraculous sight he wished for had been given, this was what he would have seen. A wide barren plain scantily clothed with yellow tufts of grass and thorny shrubs, and at its southern extremity, shutting out the view on that side, a low range of dune-like hills. Over this level ground, towards the range, moves a vast herd of cattle and horses—fifteen or twenty thousand head—followed

by a scattered horde of savages armed with their long lances. In a small compact body in the centre ride the captives, women and children. Just as the red orb touches the horizon the hills are passed, and lo! a wide grassy valley beyond, with flocks and herds pasturing, and scattered trees, and the blue gleam of water from a chain of small lakes! There, full in sight, is the Indian settlement, the smoke rising peacefully up from the clustered huts. At the sight of home the savages burst into loud cries of joy and triumph, answered, as they drew near, with piercing screams of welcome from the village population, chiefly composed of women, children and old men.

It is past midnight; the young moon has set; the last fires are dying down; the shouts and loud noise of excited talk and laughter have ceased, and the weary warriors, after feasting on sweet mare's flesh to repletion, have fallen asleep in their huts, or lying out of doors on the ground. Only the dogs are excited still and keep up an incessant barking. Even the captive women, huddled together in one hut in the middle of the settlement, fatigued with their long rough journey, have cried themselves to sleep at last.

At length one of the sad sleepers wakes, or half wakes, dreaming that some one has called her name. How could such a thing be? Yet her own name still seems ringing in her brain, and at length, fully awake, she find herself intently listening. Again it sounded—"Torcuata"—a voice fine as the pipe of a mosquito, yet so sharp and distinct that it tingled in her ear. She sat up and listened again, and once more it sounded "Torcuata!" "Who speaks?" she returned in a fearful whisper. The voice, still fine and small, replied, "Come out from among the others until you touch the wall." Trembling she obeyed, creeping out from among the sleepers until she came into contact with the side of the hut. Then the voice sounded again, "Creep round the wall until you come to a small crack of light on the other side." Again she obeyed, and when she reached the line of faint light it widened quickly to an aperture, through which a shadowy arm was passed round her waist; and in a moment she was lifted up, and saw the stars above her, and at her feet dark forms of men wrapped in their *ponchos* lying asleep. But no one woke, no alarm was given; and in a very few minutes she was mounted, man-fashion, on a bare-backed horse, speeding swiftly over the dim plains, with the shadowy form of her mysterious deliverer some yards in advance, driving before him a score or so of horses. He had only spoken half-a-dozen words to her since their escape from the hut, but she knew by those words that he was taking her to Langueyú.

W. H. Hudson.

CANDOUR IN ENGLISH FICTION.

BY AN EDITOR.

THAT unfortunate daughter of our rainy isles known as the Young Person has been on her trial again. Mr. Hardy and Mrs. Lynn Linton have been prosecuting her in *The New Review* while Mr. Besant has appeared for the defence. This of course is not the first by many times that she has been arraigned for the mischief she is accused of working in English fiction. In one way or another the discussion has been dragging its length along for many more years than our oldest novel-reader can recall. And in one sense it is doubtless true, as a writer in *The Spectator* has said, that nothing will ever come of it. The thing that some people apparently wish to see will never come of it in this country. But so long as every fresh attempt continues to establish the weakness of the attack, the iteration, if slightly damnable, serves no bad purpose. True, the challenge has been sometimes given by insufficiently accredited agents; the tabard, as Rouge Sanglier found to his cost, does not always make the herald. But in this case, the most punctilious can take no objection. Everyone will recognize the claims of these three writers to be heard on behalf of English fiction, both in respect of their experience in making it and of their ability in expressing the faiths that are severally in them. Mrs. Linton and Mr. Hardy have indeed made no very fresh addition to the arguments for the prosecution, and a plain man might find it difficult to be always quite sure what they would be at; but this is in the circumstances not surprising nor inexcusable. Mr. Besant on the other hand seems to us to have hit the right nail full on the head, and indeed to have performed that difficult feat, so much talked about but rarely, if ever, so absolutely accomplished before—to have said the last word. A merry fellow has declared that this will really be accomplished only by the last man; but so far as it can be uttered on any subject by a single voice among some few hundred millions of human beings, we are inclined to think that it has been uttered by Mr. Besant's.

The subject is doubtless one rather professionally than generally interesting. All matters lying within the great domain of ethics should of course interest all men. But they do not. *Homo sum*, &c.; it sounds well on the stage, but man, the modern average man at any rate, cares for few things which do not directly touch himself—his comforts, his amusements, his inclinations, his appetites, his pockets. When any one of these units which make up the sum of our average lives is meddled with, we become Jeremiahs, Jack Cades, Savonarolas, Mrs. Prodgerses, according to our temperaments; at other times we are all Gallios. In matters of literature we read the books we like best to read, and with most of us that ends it. No doubt an immense quantity of very poor stuff is accepted too graciously, but on the whole what Mr. Besant has called Average Opinion (though probably, as he says it is, generally a Philistine) does not go very far wrong, and is in the long run pretty well justified of its choice. But with the weightier matters of literature, as its makers naturally consider them—its interior economy, its spiritual condition, its relation to the time, its tendency, limitations, and so forth—Average Opinion does not much busy itself. When a man has become famous it sometimes condescends

to be affably curious about his domestic concerns,—what wine he drinks, whether he uses tobacco, what are his opinions on natural and revealed religion, and especially on his contemporaries. Nor is it often balked by any unseasonable modesty on the part of fame's victim. But in such matters as have been discussed by the three writers aforesaid it mostly declines to be interested; particularly in that great question raised by Mr. Hardy—the future of English fiction—is it altogether careless. Probably it has a shrewd suspicion that so long as men and women exist so long will there be novels written—a very tolerable number are already in existence—and then there will always be the newspapers. Practically, therefore, these questions must be considered as only affecting those professionally concerned with literature; its makers first, of course and most closely, and then publishers, booksellers, the proprietors of circulating libraries, and so on, till we touch the lowest depths and come to reviewers and editors of magazines.

Still almost everybody has heard in a vague sort of way of the Young Person, just as we have heard of the Akond of Swat and the Public Prosecutor. She is the daughter of the British Matron, but of course not yet so aggressive as her mother; for that she must wait to become herself a matron. At present her offence seems to lie mainly in her existence. Even her prosecutors appear to doubt whether she be not more sinned against than sinning. If we may believe Mrs. Linton her case is much that of Georgiana Podsnap; her little heart is growing conscious of a vacancy, and when the chance offers she is glad enough to fill it with some very queer company indeed. Let us hope Mrs. Linton is mistaken, or perhaps the mistake is our own; the lady indulges at moments in allegory, imposed possibly by the nature of her subject, and we may have misinterpreted her. However, it is no doubt generally known that this poor Young Person is held responsible for the present unsatisfactory state of English fiction. And how unsatisfactory it is Mrs. Linton and Mr. Hardy declare with a frankness that only a novelist would dare to use. It is insincere, feeble, futile, full of humbug—with exceptions of course. Our fictitious literature, says Mrs. Linton, "is, with a few notable exceptions, the weakest of all at the present time, the most insincere, the most jejune, the least impressive, and the least tragic. It is wholly wanting in dignity, in grandeur, in the essential spirit of immortality." And Mr. Hardy says much the same thing, though in less cruel terms; he reserves his cruelty for another class of offenders, of whom more anon.

Hints of a suspicion that fiction was tending this way have been in the air for some time past, and such is the inherent self-satisfaction of the human race—and especially, as our American friends would remind us, of the British human race — that many may be secretly pleased to find their suspicions so authoritatively confirmed. But the cause may surprise more than it pleases them. They have noticed, or thought that they noticed, that novels are not so good as they used to be, and with the carelessness common to them have been content to attribute it to the simple fact that for the present there was no one capable of writing better ones. This is not so. They themselves are the cause,—they, or the people they allow to prescribe their tastes for them. Mr. Hardy will not allow it to be true, or only very partially true, that the qualities which go to make a good novelist are less rare or weaker now than they have been in the past. The aims of fiction are indeed in his eyes on a grander scale than they have ever been before. He sees, or thinks he sees, that the national taste and the national genius, moving as such things do in cycles, have returned to the great tragic motives so greatly handled by the dramatists of the Periclean and

Elizabethan ages. But the national genius perceives also that these tragic motives "demand enrichment by further truths—in other words original treatment; treatment which seeks to show Nature's unconsciousness not of essential laws, but those laws framed merely as social expedients by humanity, without a basis in the heart of things." No one, it may be observed in passing, will deny that to handle in these days themes that have been the common property of the world for several centuries will need very original treatment indeed; it is not so easy to agree with him that the laws which mankind has slowly built up through the ages for his own preservation can have no basis in the heart of things. But to proceed. This necessary treatment is unfortunately impossible because—"The crash of broken commandments is as necessary an accompaniment to the catastrophe of a tragedy as the noise of drum and cymbals to a triumphal march. But the crash of broken commandments shall not be heard; or if at all, but gently like the roaring of Bottom", &c., &c. And he then proceeds explicitly to define the commandments that may not be broken at all, and those that may be broken "gingerly" or "genteely." Only three appear to be actually tabooed, so the novelist has after all seven out of ten to play with! Surely this is no unfair proportion, even though he be required to play genteely.

Mrs. Linton does not go quite so far back as to Shakespeare and Sophocles; she is content with calling Balzac into the box. "An English Balzac," she says, "would be hunted out of social life as well as out of literary existence. . . . The thousand-and-one life-like touches which make Balzac's portraits real would be impossible in an English novel. Mrs. Grundy would be up in arms; and all the heads of houses would be incensed, because their young people might be initiated before their time into certain mysteries of life which should be kept hidden from them." It is not easy to traverse a downright statement like this, except in a fashion which custom permits to be used to a woman only by her own sex. But we may perhaps without offence be allowed to remind Mrs. Linton that there has been in her own time a writer of English novels who is held, and not only within his own country, to have been tolerably successful in making his portraits real. The author of *Vanity Fair*, we believe, suffered neither literary nor social ostracism. But we must not interfere with Mr. Besant's province. He is counsel for the defence, and it may be safely left in his hands.

Meanwhile, let us hear what remedies are suggested for this unsatisfactory state of things. Mrs. Linton prescribes a locked bookcase; Mr. Hardy the suppression of the magazines, or at least of their editors—a consummation likely soon to be realized if *The Review of Reviews* has its will, for which, by the way, may we take the liberty of offering its editor a new title? Why should he not call it *Instead?* This is much shorter, quite as explicit, and its personality could hardly be an objection to him. But to return to our Young Person. In the good old days she (then of course represented by her mamma) was always warned off certain shelves in the family bookcase, where papa's favourite authors were stored; if neither her discretion nor her word could be trusted, a locked door made all safe. And she was really not much to be pitied. She could range at her virgin will among the volumes of Jane Austen and Sir Walter Scott, Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Mitford, Cooper, Marryat, James, and, as Mrs. Linton adds with a fine comprehensiveness, "many others in the immediate past, with the largest proportion of the writers of the present day." Probably most people will be inclined to think that these writers were not such a very poor substitute for the translations of certain classical authors, the surgical and anatomical works, and

the speculative philosophies—for the virile literature in short, as it appears then to have been called, at which the Young Person was only allowed to gaze through a glass darkly. This, it is suggested, is the proper course for us to follow: not to cut down all fiction to the bread-and-butter level, but to let the Young Person read what is good for her, and keep out of her way what is not good for her. Assuredly it is an excellent course; but may we venture in all respect to suggest to Mrs. Linton that it is precisely the course that those who have the misfortune to differ from her on some points are doing their best to follow and that the members of the Candid Club—unconsciously, no doubt—are doing their best to prevent?

As for Mr. Hardy, he is a terrible man. "All contributors are in a manner fierce," said the Shepherd, but there never was one so fierce as Mr. Hardy. He seems to regard his old friends as Bertram regarded Philip of Mortham, and for much the same reason.

> The wily priests their victims sought,
> And damned each free-born deed and thought.
> Then must I seek another home,
> My license shook his sober dome.
> . . . . . .
> The women feared my hardy look,
> At my approach the peaceful shook
> . . . . . .
> Each child of coward peace kept far
> From the neglected son of war.

Everything is laid on the back of the unhappy editor, who alone is responsible for the feeble condition of English fiction. He will allow no commandments to be broken in his pages—that is to say, as we have seen, he will only allow seven out of ten to be broken, and even their breakage must be genteel. He will not allow life to be reflected, revealed, criticised as it was by Shakespeare and his great Athenian forerunners. He will not allow the relations between the sexes to be handled save in an indescribably false and meretricious fashion (is there not here some slight confusion of epithets?) which must make every true artist weep. He dooms high expression to dumbness and encourages only the lower forms. He is, in a word, the Bond Street tradesman of literature, so fearful are the prices he charges the artist for the privilege of writing in the English language. Then we are given some particular, though imaginative, illustrations of his misconduct. Certain masterpieces of the older literature are quoted as creations which the editor of no English magazine would now think of admitting into his pages if offered to him in narrative form—Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* and his *Othello*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, the *King Œdipus* of Sophocles, the *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister* of Goethe, and others. Surely in some of these illustrations Mr. Hardy has been a little unreasonable. *Antony and Cleopatra*, for example; may we venture to suggest that this subject has already been pretty considerably treated in narrative form by two celebrated writers, each after his own fashion, by Plutarch and by Mr. Rider Haggard? *Paradise Lost* again, as a novel—why, it would be duller than—well, at all events Milton tried it as a drama and found it would not do. As to *Wilhelm Meister*, we are doubtful; a great deal of it is certainly very tiresome; but if all the second part were struck out, and the first considerably shortened, we suspect it might have a chance, though it is obviously a style of fiction that would be cruelly served by being published piecemeal in monthly parts. The legend of Faust and his unholy compact is one that has been common to so many literatures for so many centuries that it is almost impossible to conceive of it as a new thing. The *Prometheus* comes under the same category as *Paradise Lost;* it would be an impossible subject for narrative fiction—as impossible as the Ethics of Aristotle, or the *Novum Organum* of Bacon. Mr. Hardy should really have remembered that a sub-

ject can be unsuitable for narrative fiction from more causes than the one those writers whose case he is pleading, perhaps with more bravery than reason, appear to regard as its primary qualification. As for *King Œdipus* — surely even Mr. Hardy will admit that its theme (if he will pause to recollect for a moment) might be considered even by people who are neither prudes nor fools as not exactly fitted for a novel, especially a novel of the candid or explicit sort that he would wish to see established. Mr. Hardy seems doubtful as to the future of our magazines. If he is really serious, and would wish to see an explicit *King Œdipus* published in an English magazine, he need be doubtful no longer. The future of that magazine would be the police-court. How Sophocles has treated this theme anybody can see for himself; how the professors of the explicit novel would be likely to treat it, —well, anybody can see that also for himself who will be at the pains to learn the method of that French school of which these professors wish to be the English exponents.

But it is time for us at any rate to be serious, and to leave these playful ebullitions of a novelist's imagination, for we all owe Mr. Hardy too great a debt of gratitude to allow us to take him quite literally. So far, then, the prosecution. The defence is shorter. It is indeed short enough and simple enough to have satisfied the Duke of Wellington himself. Mr. Besant practically denies that there is any case for the prosecution at all. He denies that English fiction is trammelled by any Puritanic or unreasonable bonds, and he brings witnesses to prove his denial—George Eliot, Charles Reade, and Nathaniel Hawthorne among them. With such examples before him, no one, he justly says, "ought to complain that he is not permitted to treat of Love free and disobedient. The author, however, must recognize in his work the fact that such love is outside the social pale, and is destructive of the very basis of society. He *must*. This is not a law laid down by that great authority, Average Opinion, but by Art herself, who will not allow the creation of impossible figures moving in an unnatural atmosphere. Those writers who yearn to treat of the adulteress and the courtesan because they love to dwell on images of lust are best kept in check by existing discouragements. The modern Elephantis may continue to write in French." And he clenches this by reminding the court of the eternal law of all art: "The only thing required of the artist is that his subject shall be adapted to artistic treatment and artistically treated." This is no more than one would have expected from Mr. Besant's sound good sense and wholesome mind. It is no more indeed than others have often said before. But it is much at this moment to find it said by a writer of Mr. Besant's reputation and authority.

"The only thing required of the artist is that his subject shall be adapted to artistic treatment and artistically treated." That is the humour of it. Mr. Besant would indeed give his words a wider interpretation than we would. All, he says, belongs to the art of fiction. Not quite all, we would suggest. It is true that some people think, or profess to think, that the future of literature—or should it be, the literature of the future?—is fiction; that in the time coming the poet, the philosopher, the historian, the theologian, the great truths of life and its most daring peradventures, every science and every art will find their mouthpiece in the novelist. This is not our view, and the great part of the present trouble comes, we believe, from an exaggerated estimate of the true province and privileges of fiction. It is indeed in some sense a teacher, but a teacher only of those broad, wholesome lessons, good for all humanity in all seasons and conditions of life, that novelists like Scott and Dickens taught. The proper purpose

of fiction is, we submit, to console, to refresh, to amuse; to lighten the heavy and the weary weight, not to add to it; to distract, not to disturb. But on this point the issue may safely be left to posterity. If Average Opinion in the years to come takes the comprehensive view of fiction now advocated by some of its professors, Average Opinion will have its way. Meanwhile we can all agree on the second half of Mr. Besant's proposition without wrangling over the first—the subject, whatever it be, must be artistically treated.

Here Average Opinion steps in—we will put the editors aside; it is a tender subject, and there are so many of them. Moreover, it is plainly idle to pretend that a novelist who has once reached the ear of the public is compelled to rely solely on the magazines for his channels of communication. If he has not yet acquired that position it is equally idle for him to assume the part of dictator to the men on whom he relies to acquire it. And indeed he must be a very remarkable novelist who does not think that form of publication good enough for him which has satisfied Thackeray, Dickens, Lytton, Lever, Whyte Melville, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Anthony Trollope, the Kingsleys, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Miss Braddon, Mr. Blackmore, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Besant and Mr. Thomas Hardy! So we will leave the editors and their magazines alone. Average Opinion, then, after having been hitherto on its trial, comes forward in its turn as prosecutor. "That," it says in effect to the professors of the explicit novel, "that is precisely our case. Every subject should be artistically treated; our complaint against you is that your treatment of certain subjects—the very subjects where it is most needed—is not artistic; that on the contrary it is clumsy, coarse, over-loaded, in a word, entirely inartistic. We give you back your own words with a difference: the high expression shall never be doomed to dumbness by us; but we will not encourage the lower forms by allowing them to be paraded as the high expression. You have not the insight, nor the imagination, nor the conceptive power of the great masters, and you would bully us into accepting in their stead what we do not want. We refuse to be bullied. We will not take your attempts to disturb our senses as adequate substitutes for your failure to satisfy our intelligence. Virile literature by all means, and as much of it as you please; but that is precisely what you do not give us. Your literature is essentially not virile; it is emasculate, unwholesome, insincere. We will not take feverish pawings for genuine passion, nor the bestialities of the ape and the tiger for the great tragic motives of Shakespeare and the Athenians. The virile man is not always declaiming on the brutish element within him; he is conscious, but not proud of it; he would get rid of it if he could, at least he would not parade it. Look at Lord Tennyson's last volume [Average Opinion, though a Philistine, sometimes reads poetry] and mark this line:

> Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule
> thy province of the brute.

Philistines we may be, but we are not fools. We will not take puddle-water for wine. We can see the difference between a painter like Veronese and a painter like Teniers. The latter is a very good man in his way, but his way is not the former's. Yet the Dutchman had the artist's sense; he could be trusted not to meddle with subjects he was not competent to treat. We do not trust you, and therefore we warn you to keep your hands off certain subjects. They need delicacy, reserve, a sense of proportion, the treatment, in a word, of the great artist. You have not those qualities, and therefore you are not competent to treat them. *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!* True; the task of the novelist is no easy one in these days: But because

he has not imagination to invent a new story or wit to trick out an old one in a new dress, is that a reason why he should be allowed to palm off a clumsy copy as a great original—to flaunt the monstrosities of the animal, as the essential truths of human life? Clear your minds of cant, my friends; borrowed dirtiness is no cloak for natural dulness. Show us that you are the equals of the great masters you claim to be by showing their qualities, and you shall have all their privileges. Meanwhile we do not trust you, and we will not take you at your own valuation."

Average Opinion does not mince its words, but the champions of the explicit style should not mind that; and if they do, they must remember that they have brought it on themselves. Average Opinion has been sorely flouted for many a long day. It has been forced to endure both malice domestic and foreign levy, and there has been none to take its part. When it can ride under Mr. Besant's banner, little blame to it for striking a blow in its own defence. But with Mr. Hardy it can surely have no quarrel. If the author of *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *The Trumpet-Major* and *The Mayor of Casterbridge* finds himself arrayed against Average Opinion, it cannot at least be in his own cause. It is generous of him to fight in another's quarrel, but such generosity sometimes brings a man into strange company. "Though I am a decent sponsible man," said Baillie Nicol, "when I am on my right end, I canna but think I made a queer figure,"—as he undoubtedly did when he was hanging by the waistband 'twixt heaven an earth while the king's soldiers and th broken Macgregors were fighting out beneath him.

A few more words and we hav done. Both the Young Person's lates prosecutors have included in thei arguments the hackneyed complain against the hypocrisy of an age which freely welcomes in its newspapers the license it refuses to its novels. That Mrs. Linton should have used this argument is not surprising. Who would grudge woman her sweet unreasonableness? It is one of the most charming qualities of her sex; one of the last too, one is tempted to say, that she seems minded to leave herself. But from Mr. Hardy we had looked for clearer vision. The complaint is partly untrue and wholly unreasonable. This license, which is indeed but too certain, is assuredly not welcomed by those who would save fiction from falling into the same disorder. Average Opinion would gladly curb it, and has made more than one attempt to do so; but it appears for the present at any rate to be powerless. The glorious Liberty of the Press must not be gainsaid. The lean calf of half a century ago has grown into the bull of Caledon. And what sort of reasoning is that which would argue for one evil from the existence of another? We do not abolish the laws which restrain the scourge of small-pox because we can find no remedy for the mortal disease of cancer. It has been often said that the newspapers are killing literature. This is certainly the strangest proposal that has yet been made for enabling literature to hold its own.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1890.

KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXV.

In view of this important reservation, the arrangements made and sanctioned by Duke and Duchess, and feebly but faithfully supported by Miss Jean—who had become fully sensible of the value to herself of Kirsteen's services, yet could not but back up the higher authorities—did not come to very much. Passive resistance is a great power, and even when a child says "I will not," it is policy on the part of his superiors to be quite sure of their power either to convince or coerce before entering upon any controversy. Kirsteen stood quite firm.

"No, my Lord Duke, I cannot go home," she said, with a curtsey so respectful that his Grace could only take refuge in the recollection that she was not his clanswoman.

"If ye had been of my name I would not have taken a denial," he said.

"And she would have been of your name if she had married Glendochart," cried the Duchess exasperated.

But Kirsteen stood firm. She would hear of no postchaise. She did not repeat what had been wrung out of her in the first assault that her father would never again receive into his house the fugitive who had escaped from it. Kirsteen had been very well aware of this fact, however, from the beginning, and in her soul it supported her, like a rock to which she had set her back. Her own heart might fail. It did fail often when she thought of her mother. Sometimes she would start up in the night with a wailing cry for Kirsteen ringing in her ears; and at these moments it would seem to her that to set out at once with no easements of a postchaise, but on foot like a pilgrim, guilty of treason to the first love of life, was the only thing for her to do. But these compunctions of affection died away before the recollection of her father's lowering face and the fire in his fierce eyes. She had known it when she stole forth in the dark that miserable morning, escaping from all the limitations of her youthful life. Had there been more time to think, had there not been the terror upon her of his summary and unhesitating tyranny, some other way might have been found. But having once taken such a step Kirsteen knew that no way remained of going back. Like Anne she would be already swept out of the record of the family. No one would be permitted to name her name. And even her mother who wanted her most would weep, and acquiesce, and find comfort in an additional plaint. Kirsteen was profoundly acquainted with that prosaic course of common life which

closes over all events in such a family as her own. It would be like a stone in the water with ever widening, ever fainter circles; and then the surface would become smooth again. It had been so in the case of Anne. She remembered well enough the awed and desolate sensation of the moment, the story about the candle dying in the socket, and the cold wind blowing through the house from the open door; and then a little blank of vacancy, and terror of the forbidden name which would come to their lips unawares; and then,—forgetfulness. Kirsteen knew that the same process would take place in her own case; the father's ban — forbidding that she should be called a child of his or her name mentioned in his house, and the mother's sob, but consent. No romantic superstitions about a father's curse were in Kirsteen's mind. It roused her only to self-assertion, to something of a kindred pride and wrath, and resistance; nor did the thought of her mother's acquiescence in the sentence wound her. Poor mother! The girl was glad to think that there would be no secret struggle in the ailing woman's soul, but only a few tears and all over. Kirsteen had the steadying force of experience to subdue all exaggerated feelings in her own bosom. She knew exactly how it would be. But she knew at the same time that the sentence she had herself called forth was fixed and would not be changed.

And to speak the truth Kirsteen felt the activity and occupations of the new life to be much more congenial to her own energetic and capable spirit than the dull quiet of the old, in which there was no outlet. That she should be seized with a yearning now and then for the sound of the linn, for the silence of the hills, for the wholesome smell of the peats in the clear blue Highland air, was as natural as that she should hear that wail for Kirsteen in the midst of her dreams. These longings gradually built up in her mind an ideal picture of the beauty and perfection of nature as embodied in her own glen, such as is a stay and refreshment to many a heart in the midst of alien life—to many a heart which perhaps in presence of that glen not idealised would be unconscious of any beauty in nature. The glen, and her mother, and little Jeanie—the time would come when she would shower secret gifts and comforts upon all—when they should find out what Kirsteen was by the good things that would come from her—the things soft, and lovely, and comforting, and sweet, which Marg'ret would convey and the father never find out. Go back! Oh, no; she would not if she could go back, and she could not if she would. So what did it matter what Duke or Duchess might say? The postchaise remained unordered: the girl curtseyed to his Grace and her Grace, and stood firm. And by and by that power came in which is of such force in all human things. Duchess and Duke, and Miss Jean, and even Kirsteen herself, carried on by the tide of daily life with its ever new occurrences—forgot; and the little world about settled down calmly as if the present state of affairs was that which had always been.

Some time, however, after these events a significant incident occurred in the history of Miss Jean Brown's mantua-making establishment. A carriage, unknown as yet with liveries and devices which never had appeared before, appeared in Chapel Street and set down a little party of ladies at Miss Jean's door. She advanced to meet them, as was her wont, to the door of the show-room, with a curtsey which would have done no discredit to a queen's drawing-room. But the ladies made a pause, and whispered together, and then the eldest said—"Oh, it is Miss Douglas we want. We wish to give our orders to Miss Douglas. We have never been here before. And it is Miss Douglas we want to see."

Miss Jean, surprised, indicated Kirsteen, who happened to be in the room, with a wave of her hand, and with-

drew a little in dignified watchfulness not without a shade of offence.

"Oh, Miss Douglas!" cried the elder lady, while the others fluttered round, enclosing Kirsteen in the circle. "We wish to have some things made, my daughters and I. And we were so anxious to see you. We know all your romantic story. And though, as the Duchess says, it may not be a very good example, yet we felt we must come at once and patronise you. It is so disinterested of you—and so romantic."

"So interesting—like a story out of a novel."

"So dramatic! It might go on the stage."

Kirsteen stood and listened with a surprised face and an angry heart while these exclamations fluttered round. Four ladies all rustling in silks and laces—no doubt likely to be excellent customers and therefore not to be too much discouraged, but each more exasperating than the other. Dramatic! On the stage! Kirsteen had been brought up to believe that the stage was a sort of vestibule of a region which the Scotch ministers of her period had no hesitation in naming. All the blood of the Douglases rushed to her cheeks.

"I think your ladyships must be deceived," she said; "we have no romantic stories nor stage plays here."

"Oh, you must not think you can escape, you interesting creature! For it was your friend Lady Charlotte, the great beauty, who told us all about it; and we all vowed that henceforward nobody should dress us but you."

"Lady Chatty is my friend indeed," said Kirsteen, "and she is a bonny creature; but what a friend may know is nothing to the world. And I am not the mistress here to undertake your work. Perhaps, Miss Jean, you will tell the ladies whether you can receive their orders or not. They are recommended, it would seem," she added addressing her somewhat mortified and indignant principal over the heads of the new-comers, "by Lady Chatty, who is just full of fancies. And the work-room is very full. But you will know best yourself what you can do."

With this Kirsteen withdrew into the further part of the room occupying herself again with the box of flowers which had already played its part in the beginning of her new life; and Miss Jean advanced into the middle of the scene. It had never before occurred to that good woman to treat a new customer arriving in a coroneted carriage with liveries which lighted up the street with indifference. But she was much mortified and affronted, and readily took up the cue.

"We are very busy, madam, as this young lady says. I cannot tell whether we can take the advantage of your ladyship's favours. We have gowns making for the Queen's Ball more than I remember for years. There is the Duchess herself, and Lady A., and Lady B., and the Marchioness, and Miss L., the Maid of Honour, and I cannot tell how many more—all old patronesses of mine," said Miss Jean with a slight curtsey that emphasised her pause.

"But oh, mamma, we can't be sent away! for I vowed to Lord John I would have a gown," cried one of the young ladies, "from" she glanced at Kirsteen with a little alarm, then added in a low voice with a little laugh, "*la belle couturière.*"

"My name is Brown, madam, and not Bell—ye have perhaps made a mistake," said Miss Jean, grimly holding her ground.

This the young ladies received with much laughter and fluttering among themselves, as an excellent joke; while their mother, half indignant, half disappointed, eyed Miss Jean as if she would have liked to annihilate with a glance the presumptuous seamstress. But the refusal itself was such a new and startling effect, and the list of fashionable names was so overwhelming that any humiliation seemed better than failure. And Miss Jean after a while allowed herself to be mollified. Kirsteen on her part left the room,

with a little offended pride mingled with some mischievous enjoyment. "They shall come to me with petitions not with orders," she said to herself, "before all's done."

Miss Jean kept a grave face for the rest of the day. She had ended by accepting with apparent reluctance and doubts as to the possibility of executing it, a large commission, and entering very readily into her new *rôle* had received the enthusiastic thanks of her new customers for her compliance with their request. Miss Jean had humour enough to be highly tickled by this turning of the tables, as well as practical good sense to see the enormous advantage to herself of assuming such a position should she be strong enough to do it. But at the same time it opened up grave questions which completely occupied her mind. Her business had grown into an important one through the best and simplest agency, by means of good work and punctuality and the other virtues that specially belong to honest trade, and rarely fail of success in the long run. She had that mingling of aristocratic predilections and democratic impulses which belongs to her race. An old family which was poor, a gentle lady of what she called real nobility, were always served with her best, and with a delicacy about payment for which nobody gave the old Scotswoman credit—but a haughty speech would fire her blood and change her aspect even from the most admired and genuine gentility—and a new peeress, much more a city lady, were subjects for lofty politeness and veiled disdain and princely bills. Kirsteen's suggestion had therefore fallen into prepared soil. The pride of Marg'ret's sister, though she had begun her life as a lady's maid, was scarcely less than that of Marg'ret's young mistress who had the blood of all the Douglases in her veins. And Miss Jean's keen practical faculty was sharpened by much experience and in her limited way by great knowledge of the world. She had now a problem before her of more importance than how best to make a skirt fall or a bodice fit, which had been till now the chief problems with which she had troubled herself.

She carried a grave countenance and many thoughts with her during the remainder of the day. Kirsteen, who noted this serious aspect with some alarm, made out to herself a little theory, to the effect that Miss Jean had taken serious offence and would not suffer the presence of an interloper who drew away the attention of her customers from herself—yet she did not fully adopt this either, in consideration of the great generosity towards her and unfailing kindness of Miss Jean. But the evening brought a certain suppressed excitement to both. It was a quiet house when all was over in the establishment,—the workrooms closed and dark, the workwomen all dispersed to their homes or asleep in their garrets,—in which the mistress of the household and her young guest were alone. They still occupied this relation to each other, Miss Jean treating Kirsteen with great ceremony as an honoured stranger, notwithstanding that her distinguished visitor was so condescending as to take part in the conduct of her work. When supper was over Miss Jean drew her chair towards the window which was open, for the spring by this time was advanced and nearly bursting into summer. The window admitted nothing more sweet than the faint and smoky lamplight of the streets into the room, to mingle with that of the candles; and though Chapel Street was always quiet, there were vague sounds from more distant streets, rolling of coaches and cries of the linkboys, which were scarcely musical. Nevertheless Miss Jean was able to say that the evening air coming in was sweet.

"And that reminds me, Miss Kirsteen," she said, "that ye have been quite a long time in London, three months and more. And how do you like what you have seen?"

"I like it very well," said Kirsteen. "It is not like the Hielands; there is no comparison to be made. But for a town it is a very good town—better than Glasgow which is the only other town I ever saw."

"Glasgow!" said Miss Jean with disdain. "Glasgow has no more right to be named with London than the big lamp at Hyde Park Corner, which burns just tons of oil, with the little cruse in my kitchen. It's one of the points on which the Scots are just very foolish. They will bring forward Edinburgh, or that drookit hole of a Glasgow, as if they were fit to be compared with the real metropolis. In some ways the Scots, our country-folks, have more sense than all the rest of the world, but in others they're just ridiculous. I hope I've sense enough to see both sides, their virtues and their faults."

Kirsteen did not see how she was involved in this tirade, and consequently made no reply.

"But that's not what I was going to say, Miss Kirsteen. You have seen all about us now, both the house and the work and the place. And ye seem to have made up your mind that whatever is said to you, whether by the Duchess or the Duke or myself, ye will not be persuaded to go home."

Kirsteen, still very dubious as to the probable issue of these remarks, looked in Miss Jean's face with a smile and shook her head.

"Well, I will not say but what I think you very well able to manage your own affairs. Miss Kirsteen, that was a very clever thing ye did to-day."

"What was the clever thing?" asked Kirsteen surprised.

"Just to turn those leddies over in that prideful way to me, as if they were not good enough to trouble our heads about. My word," cried Miss Jean with a laugh, "but ye made them dight their eyne, if ye will excuse a vulgar phrase. I'm thinking yon's the way to deal with newcomers," she said after a little pause.

"Well," said Kirsteen, "there is nobody so good as you, so far as I can hear, in all London. And it's a favour ye do them, to keep on and take all the trouble when ye have no need for it."

"I would not just say that—that I've no need—though I have put something by. And I would not say either that there was nobody so good. I've been good enough in my day, but I'm getting old—or at least older," said Miss Jean.

"We're all older to-day than we were yesterday," said Kirsteen cheerfully.

"Ay, but in my case it's more than that. I could never have struck out yon invention of yours for Lady Chatty with the silver gauze—though I saw it was just most beautiful when ye did it. And what's more, I could never have gotten the better of those leddies like you—I see it all, nobody clearer. Ye're just a gentlewoman ye see, Miss Kirsteen, and that's above a common person, whatever anybody may say."

"So far as I can see it makes very little difference," said Kirsteen, contradicting however the assurance in her own heart.

"It makes a great deal of difference; it gives a freedom in treating them that I cannot help feeling are my superiors. Well; this is just what I have to propose. Ye will not go home whatever anybody may say. And ye will not mairry, though I hear he's just a very nice gentleman. And ye will get cleverer and cleverer every day as ye get more knowledge of the world. It's just this, Miss Kirsteen; that you and me, we should enter into partnership and carry on the business together. And I think," said Miss Jean with modest confidence and a triumphant light in her eyes, "that between us we could just face the world."

"Into partnership!" cried Kirsteen in astonishment.

"Say nothing hastily, my dear—just go to your bed upon it. And we

will not compromise an honoured name. We'll say Miss Brown and Miss Kirsteen—the English, who are very slow at the uptake, will think it's your family name, and that will compromise nobody," Miss Jean said.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It is difficult to calculate the exact moment at which it shall be found out by the members of a family that one of them has disappeared and gone away. It is easy to account for temporary absence: to think that the missing one has walked out too far, has been detained by some visit, has somehow been withdrawn unexpectedly and not by any will of his, from home. Kirsteen did not appear at breakfast; there were a few questions, "Where is Kirsteen?" "She will be with my mother." Her mother on the other hand was asking Jeanie, who had taken up her breakfast, "Where is Kirsteen?" "She is gone out for a walk —or something," said Jeanie. It was not till after the second meal, at which there was no sign of her, that anything like alarm was excited. "Where is Kirsteen?" her father cried in what the children called his Bull of Bashan's voice. "I am not my sister's keeper —no doubt she's just away on one of her rovings," said Mary, whose mind however by this time was full of curiosity. She had been early struck by the complete disappearance of Kirsteen and every trace of her from about the place. Neither in the glen, nor by the linn, nor in the garden, was there any sign of her, no evidence that she had passed by either in parlour or in kitchen. She had not been in her mother's room, Mrs. Douglas had already asked for more than a dozen times where was Kirsteen?—requiring her for a hundred things. It was only, however, when she found Marg'ret anxiously attempting to do Kirsteen's special business, to pick up the lost stitches in Mrs. Douglas's knitting, to arrange her pillows and help her to move, that a real suspicion darted through Mary's mind. Could Kirsteen have gone away? And could Marg'ret know of it? On being interrogated the boys and Jeanie declared that neither on the way to school nor at the merchant's, which they had passed on their return home, had any trace of her been seen. And Mary thought that Marg'ret's eyes were heavy, that she looked like a person who had been up all night, or who had been crying a great deal, and observed, which was more extraordinary still, that she alone showed no curiosity about Kirsteen. Had all been natural it was she who would have been most easily alarmed. This acute observation helped Mary to the full truth, or at least to as much of it as it was possible to find out. "Where's Kirsteen?" she said suddenly in Marg'ret's ear, coming down upon her unawares, after she had left Mrs. Douglas's room.

Marg'ret was drying her eyes with her apron, and the sound of a sob, which she had not time to restrain, breathed into the air as Mary came upon her. "Oh, what a start ye gave me!" she answered, as soon as she could recover her voice.

"Where is Kirsteen?" said Mary again. "You cannot conceal it from me—where is she, and what have ye done with her? I will not tell upon you if you will explain it to me."

"Kirsteen—what is all this stir about Kirsteen? She will just have gane up the hill or down the linn, or maybe she'll have gone to see her old auntie at the toun." Here Marg'ret betrayed herself by a heave of her solid shoulders that showed she was weeping, though she attempted with a broken laugh to conceal the fact. "It's no so many—diversions—the poor thing has."

"You know where she is, Marg'ret —and ye've helped her to get away."

"Me!" cried Marg'ret, with convulsive indignation; then she made a great effort to recover herself. "How should I ken where she is? Yes, I do

that! she's on her way home no doubt over the hillside—or down the loch coming back."

"You'll perhaps tell me then what you're greetin' for?"

"I have plenty of things to make me greet," Marg'ret said; then after a pause—"Who said I was greetin'? I just canna be fashed with endless questions, and the haill family rantin' and ravin'. Ye can go and find your sister for yourself."

"And so I will—or at least I'll satisfy myself," said Mary with a determination which, though mild and quiet, was not less assured than the bold resolutions of Kirsteen. She went softly up stairs and proceeded to visit her sister's room, where her keen perceptions soon showed her a certain amount of disarray. "She cannot have two gowns on her back, both the blue and the brown," said Mary to herself. "She would never put on her spencer and bonnet to go out on the hillside. She would not have taken that little box with her that she keeps her treasures in and that aye stands by her bedside, had she only gone to see Auntie Eelen. She's just gone away—and there is an end of it." Mary stood reflecting for some time after she came to this decision. It did not distress her for the moment, but lit a spark of invention, a keener light than usual in her mild brown eyes that never had been full of light like Kirsteen's. After a few minutes of consideration, she went to her own room and dressed herself carefully to go out—carefully but not too well, not with the spencer, the Sunday garment, which Kirsteen had taken. Mary put on an old cloth pelisse, and a brown bonnet which was not her best. "I am not going on a journey, I will only be about the doors," she said to herself.

Marg'ret was standing outside when she came down stairs, with a look of anxiety on her face, which changed into subdued derision when Mary appeared. "Ye'll be going after her?" she said. "Well I wish ye may find her; but if she's gane, as ye think, she'll have gotten a long start."

"I'm going—to put some things right," said Mary enigmatically. The consciousness that Marg'ret stood and watched as she went along the road quickened her senses, and confirmed her in her conviction. It was afternoon, and the wintry sun was shining red through a haze of frost out of the western sky. It dazzled her with its long level lines of light as she walked down the road. There would be a moon that night, so that the visitor who was expected at Drumcarro would have light enough to ride home by, however late he might be; yet he was a little late, and Mary was anxious to meet him at some distance from the house. She walked very quickly for about half a mile towards the hamlet, in which the merchant's shop stood surrounded by three or four cottages. And then she perceived in the distance riding over the little bridge which crossed the stream, the red light catching the metal buttons of his riding-coat and the silver top of his whip, the trim figure of Glendochart coming towards her. At such a distance his grey hair and the lines of his face were of course quite invisible, and he rode like a young man, with all the advantages of good horsemanship and a fine horse to set off his well-formed figure. Mary slackened her pace at once. She looked at him with a little sigh. What a happy windfall would that be to one, which to another was a hardship and misfortune! She herself would not have objected at all to Glendochart's age. She would have liked him the better for it, as likely to make a more complaisant husband. However, it was not to her that he had come wooing, but to Kirsteen, with whom he had no chance, so troublesome and contrary were the decisions of fate.

Mary gave a sigh to this thought, and turned over in her mind rapidly the purpose with which she had come out and what she was to say. She decided that even if Kirsteen came

back, which was not probable, she could do no harm by warning Glendochart. It would save him a refusal at least, it would let him know the real state of affairs. She walked more and more slowly as the horseman advanced. There was a corner of the road where a projecting rock formed a sort of angle, shutting out a little the noise of the brawling burn and making a natural halting-place. She contrived that she should meet the wayfarer here. Glendochart perceived her as he came along before they actually met. She appeared just beyond the corner, recognised him, paused a little, and then waving her hand to him turned back. Nothing could be more evident than that she had something to say. When he had reached the corner he found her standing, modest and quiet, within the shadow of the rock.

"I hope nothing's wrong, Miss Mary, at the house?" he said hurriedly.

"Well," she said, "that is as may be. I have perhaps done a bold thing, but I was wanting a word with ye, Glendochart, before you go on."

"What is the matter?" he cried with alarm. He was evidently very unwilling to be detained. "Your father is expecting me, Miss Mary," he said, "and I hope your sister——"

"It is just about Kirsteen, Glendochart, that I wish to speak to you."

"What is it?" he said. "Is she ill—has anything happened?"

"There has just this happened," said Mary. "I would not let ye have a trouble or a shock that I could spare you—Kirsteen has left her home."

"Left her home!" His ruddy colour disappeared in a moment; he threw himself off his horse. "What do you mean? I do not understand you!" he cried.

"Glendochart," said Mary seriously, "nobody has told me; but I don't think you were meaning to make any secret of it, that it was after Kirsteen you were coming to our house."

The elderly lover coloured a little. "I would not hide it from you that that was my intention. It was her," he said with a little apologetic wave of his hand, "that I saw first of the family, and upon her I fixed my fancy; not that all the daughters of Drumcarro were not worthy of every admiration."

"Oh, Glendochart, ye need not apologise. Fancy is free, as is well known. I saw it well from the first, for a sister's eyne are quick to observe; but, if ye will believe me, the one that never noticed was just Kirsteen herself."

"Not possible!" said the wooer, with this time a little flush of offence.

"But it is just very possible—her mind was not set on anything of the kind. And it was her opinion that just friendship and kindness—for all the family——"

"Did she bid ye tell me this?"

"No, no—she said nothing, poor thing. If she had but spoken either to me, that could have explained for her, or to you that would never have forced her——"

"Forced her!" cried the old beau, who had always prided himself upon the fact that his was neither the form nor the eye

Which youthful maidens wont to fly.

"Well, I know that!" said Mary with fervour; "and there are few that would have needed any fleeching, if I may say so. But I reckon that she just heard it from my father, very suddenly. My father is a dour man, Glendochart. Whatever ye may have to say he will never hear ye speak. He will listen to the boys—whiles—but to us never. Just you must do this, or you must do that, and not a word more."

"Drumcarro," said Glendochart, now full of passion, "has done me a cruel wrong in putting my suit before any lady in such a way. Your sister was free to have taken it or left it, Miss Mary. Me press a proposition that was not acceptable!—not for all the world!"

"I am well aware of that," said Mary with feeling; "but my father is

a dour man, and he would say, 'Not a word! just take the offer and be thankful.' And indeed," said Mary diffidently, "in most cases there would be little difficulty, but Kirsteen is one that is very much set upon her own way."

"She had but to say so," cried the offended suitor; "I promise she would have had no more trouble with me!"

"Oh, Glendochart, do not be angry—I am just sure that he would not let her say a word. She has not been like herself this week past. It has just been on her mind night and day. And at last she has taken a despair, seeing no way of getting out of it—and she has gone away."

"I am not in the habit," said Glendochart, "of finding myself a bugbear. I would seem to cut a pretty figure in all this—a sort of old Robin Gray," he said with a furious laugh. "I am sure I am obliged to you all! 'With tears in his e'e, said Jenny, for their sake will ye marry me?' I beg to say, Miss Mary, that this was not my attitude at all."

"Do you need to say that to me, Glendochart?" said Mary reproachfully. "Oh, no! nor even to poor Kirsteen either, who would have been fain to hear every word ye had to say—for she was very fond of ye, Glendochart."

"It is a strange way of showing it," he said, but he was mollified in spite of himself.

"As we all were. It will be a great heartbreak and a great downfall if ye come no more to the house because of Kirsteen. But she would have been fain, fain to hear whatever ye had to say, if it had not been——"

"What hindered her, then?" he said.

"It's no for me to betray her secrets," said Mary, "and indeed she never told them to me, for she was not one that opened her heart. But there is little that can be hidden from a sister's eye. And it was just this—there was one before ye, Glendochart. If she had seen you first I am very sure she would never have thought of him—for to my mind there's no more comparison——but, poor thing, she had given her word. Take what you offered her and be mansworn to the other lad was all that was before her; and no true to you either, for she would never have dared to tell you."

Glendochart was still much offended and disturbed. He had fastened his horse to a tree, and was now pacing about the road within the corner of the rock with mingled rage and pain. But he was moved by the soft voice and pleading accents of the very mild and pleasing intercessor, whose suggestion of her own superior taste was put in with so much gentle insistence. Mary's eyes, which were cast down when he looked at her, but raised with much meaning to his face when he did not seem to be observing, softened his mood in spite of himself.

"If that was the case," he said, "there was perhaps an excuse for her, though when she knew it was so she should not have encouraged and drawn on—another man."

It was Mary's policy to give a very charitable representation of Kirsteen's action, and it was also quite congenial to her feelings, for she was not spiteful nor malicious, notwithstanding that it seemed to be a very sensible thing to turn her sister's failure to her own advantage if that could be done.

"Glendochart," she said, "there's some things in which gentlemen never can understand the heart of a girl. She had no thought of encouraging and drawing on. That never came into her head. She liked you well, and she thought no harm in showing it."

"Because," cried Glendochart, with mingled offence and emotion, "she thought I was an old man, and out of the question! That is easy to see—"

"It was not that," said Mary, softly. "She saw that you were kind to all of us—every one. Perhaps she may have thought that you had—other intentions. And, oh," said the gentle girl, raising her eyes to his, "it made such

a difference to us all! It's been so lightsome and so heartsome, Glendochart, to see ye always coming. There is little diversion at Drumcarro. My father is a very dour man, wrapped up in the boys, and my mother, she is always ailing, poor body; and we see nobody; and to have you coming just like sunshine, with a smile to one and a kind word to another, and thinking no shame to be pleasant even to me—that ye thought nothing of—or little Jeanie, that is but a bairn."

Glendochart was very much touched. He took Mary's hand in both his. "Do not say that I thought nothing of you, for that would be far from the case; and how am I to thank you now for taking so much thought for me? You have just behaved like an angel so far as I can see, both to me and to her."

"Oh, Glendochart, not that! But just what I could do in the way of kindness," she said.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The result of this interview was that Glendochart turned and rode home, very full of wrath and disappointment, yet soothed in his *amour propre* by the kind expedient of the angelic girl, who returned to Drumcarro very demurely with the consciousness that her time and exertions had not been lost. She had indeed decided perhaps too summarily that Kirsteen's disappearance was a permanent one; but as the day crept on, and there was no appearance of her return, the temporary qualm which had come over Mary's mind dispersed again. She had the satisfaction of seeing that her father was very much disturbed by the non-appearance of Glendochart. He came out of his den from time to time, and took a turn round the house and stood out at the gate straining his eyes along the road. "Is it Kirsteen ye are looking for, father?" Mary said. Drumcarro asked with a fierce exclamation what he was caring about Kirsteen. Let her go to the devil if she liked. What he was looking for was quite a different person. "But may be," said Mary, "the other person will not be coming if Kirsteen is not here." Her father asked fiercely, what she knew about it? But he was evidently impressed by the remark, for he went up and down stairs and out to the side of the linn, shouting for Kirsteen in a way that filled all the echoes. "Where is Kirsteen all this day, and why cannot she come when her father is crying on her? He will just bring down the house," Mrs. Douglas had said, putting her hands upon her ears. "She might maybe have a headache, and be lying down upon her bed," said little Jeanie, to whom a similar experience had once occurred, and who had felt the importance it gave her.

The anxieties of the family were soothed by this and other suggestions until the early wintry night fell and it was discovered that nobody had seen her, or knew anything about her. Marg'ret in her kitchen had been in an intense suppressed state of excitement all day, but it had not been discovered by any one save the astute Mary that she showed no curiosity about Kirsteen, and asked no questions. When it came to be bedtime the whole household was disturbed. The boys had gone out over the hill, and towards the merchant's along the road to see if any trace could be found of her, while Jeanie stood under the birch-trees—now denuded of all their yellow leaves—outside, looking out through the dark with all that sense of desolation and mystery which is in the idea of night to the mind of a child. Jeanie stood very quiet, crying to herself, but thinking she heard footsteps and all kinds of mysterious movements about her, and fully making up her mind to see Kirsteen carried home, murdered or dead of cold and exposure, or something else that was equally terrible and hopeless; and though she would have been overjoyed, yet she would also have been a little disappointed had she seen Kir-

steen walk in with no harm or injury, which was also more or less the frame of mind of Jock and Jamie, who fully expected to stumble over their sister among the withered bracken, or to see her lying by the side of the road.

There was, however, a moment of mute despair when they all came back and looked at each other for an explanation of the mystery. Then the children burst out crying one after the other, the boys resisting the impulse till nature was too strong for them, and producing a louder and more abrupt explosion from the fact of the attempted restraint. Their father stood looking round upon them all, his fierce eyes blazing, looking for some way of venting the rage that was in him. The lass disappeared, confound her! And Glendochart drawing back, the devil flee away with him! Drumcarro was indeed in evil case. When Jock, who was the last to give way, burst out without a moment's notice into a violent boo-hoo, his father caught him suddenly a box on the ear which sent him spinning across the room. "Haud your confounded tongue, can't ye—and no wake your mother." "Eh, my poor laddie! Ye need not punish him for me, for here I am, and what is the matter with everybody?" said the weak voice of Mrs. Douglas at the door. She had been left alone during all this excitement, and her repeated calls had brought nobody. So that querulous, displeased, and full of complaining, unable to bear the silence and the want of information, the poor soul had wrapped herself in the first garments she could find, and tottered down stairs. She appeared a curious mass of red flannel, chintz, and tartan, one wrapped over the other. "What is the matter?" she said, looking eagerly round upon the troubled family. "Oh, mother," cried little Jeanie weeping, running to her and hiding her face and her tears in one of these confused wrappings. "Kirsteen has gone away. She's *run* away," said Jeanie, afraid not to be believed —and then the commotion was increased by a wail from the mother, who sank in a state of collapse into her large chair, and by the rush of Marg'ret from the kitchen, who perceiving what had happened flew to give the necessary help. "Could you not all hold your tongues, and let her get her night's rest in peace?" Marg'ret cried. The scene was dismal enough, and yet had thus a rude comedy mingled with its real pain. Drumcarro stalked away when this climax of confusion was reached. "I was a fool ever to mind one of them," he said. "Ye little whinging deevil, get out o' my way. You're no better than a lassie yourself."

Mary had done her best to save the story from becoming public by warning the expectant suitor, who on his side had thought himself safely out of the ridicule of it by his quick withdrawal. But the voices of the servants and the children were not to be silenced. "Have ye heard the news?" said Duncan the carter at the toll-bar. "The maister up at the house is neither to haud nor to bind. Our Kirsteen has ta'en her fit in her hand and run away, the Lord kens where, for fear he would mairry her against her will to auld Glendochart." "Eh, do ye ken what's happened?" said Marg'ret's help in the kitchen as soon as she could find an excuse to run to the merchant's. "Miss Kirsteen, she's aff to the ends of the earth, and the mistress near deed with trouble, and Marg'ret raging just like a sauvage beast." The boys whispered it to their mates at school with a certain sense of distinction, as of people to whom something out of the common had happened, and Jeanie, who had no one else to communicate the wonderful fact to, told the little girl that brought the letters, by whom it was published far and near. Miss Eelen heard it the next morning by means of Jock, who rode the pony ove almost before daylight to inquire his sister had been seen there. " deed she might have been too pr

to have had the offer of Glendochart," the old lady said. "He should just take Mary instead." "He will maybe think that's not the same thing," said Mr. Pyper, the minister, who went over to the town in his gig soon after about some Presbytery business, and to hear what people were saying. "Well it will be very near the same thing," Miss Eelen said.

This was how it had come to the ears of the Duke and Duchess and all the best society in the county, who were immensely entertained, and told a hundred stories about the gallant wooer whose attempt at courtship had been so disastrous. He went away himself the next day, sending a letter to Drumcarro to say that he had heard that his suit was disagreeable to the young lady, and that nothing could induce him to press it after he knew this fact; but that he hoped on his return to pay his respects to Mrs. Douglas and the young ladies. Drumcarro was not to be spoken to by any member of his family after this happened for several days. Had he met with the gallant old gentleman who had thus, in his own opinion, retired so gracefully, it is to be feared the trim Glendochart might have found his martial science of but little avail against "the auld slavedriver's" brutal energy and strength. But after a while Mr. Douglas calmed down. He flung Kirsteen's little possessions out of doors, and swore with many oaths that whoever named that hizzy's name again should leave his house on the moment. But when Glendochart, coming back in the spring, came out formally to pay a visit at Drumcarro, bringing boxes of French chocolate and other tokens of his residence abroad, the Laird, though he gave him the briefest salutation, did not knock him down, which was what the family feared. And by dint of a diplomacy which would have done credit to any ambassador, Mary continued so to close her mother's mouth that no reference should be made to the past. Mrs. Douglas was too much afraid of her husband to introduce Kirsteen's name, but she was ready with a hundred little allusions. "Ah, Glendochart, when ye were here last! That was before our last misfortune. I will never be so well again as I was in those days, when I had one by me that never forgot her mother." She would have sympathised with him and claimed his sympathy in this furtive way from the moment of his arrival. But Mary had taken by this time very much the upper hand and brought her mother into great subjection. "Ye will just drive him away if ye say a word." "I am sure," Mrs. Douglas said weeping, "her name never crosses my lips." "But what does that matter when you are just full of allusions and talk of her that's away." "Alas! there is another that I might be meaning," said the poor mother; "two of them, bonny lasses as ever lived, and one with weans of her own that I will never see." "Oh, mother, why should ye make such a work about them that never think of you? They would have bided at home if their hearts had been here. But it's a grand thing for the boys and Jeanie," said the astute elder sister, "that Glendochart should come back. It sets us right with the world, and see the things he's always bringing them." "Mainy sweeties are not good for children, though thae chocolate ones are maybe wholesome enough," said Mrs. Douglas. "And what does he ever do for them but bring them sweeties?" "Mother, it's just education for them to hear such a man speak," cried Mary, which silenced Mrs. Douglas at the end.

Mary apparently felt the full force of what she said. She listened to him devoutly; she persuaded him to talk with little murmurs of pleasure. "Eh, it's just as good as a book to hear ye, Glendochart"—and other such ascriptions of praise. Few men are quite superior to this kind of flattery, and one who has been slighted in another quarter and has felt the absence of any just appreciation of his deserts,

is more than usually open to it. Glendochart fell into his old habit of frequent visits to Drumcarro, and he was pleased by the universal interest in him—the delight of the young ones, and the gentle devotion of Mary. A soft regret, a tender respect was in her tone. The only time in which she ever displayed a consciousness of the past was when she thanked him with almost tears in her eyes for coming; "Which we could never have expected." It was not, however, until a day in spring, in the month of April, when the beauty of the country was awakening, that the old gentleman was completely subjugated. The linn was subdued from the volume of its wintry torrent, but was roaring over the rocks still with the fulness of spring showers one bright afternoon when he met Mary on the road taking a walk, as she said. They returned, without any intention passing the house and continuing their walk unconsciously, drawn on by the tumult of the stream. Glendochart stood at the head of the little glen, and looked down the ravine with many thoughts. Mary had drawn aside from its edge. "I cannot go down that dreadful way. It makes me giddy," said Mary. "I never liked that steep bank; the others run up and down just like goats—but not me! If ye will excuse my weakness, Glendochart, and go a little round by the road, we'll come out at the foot just the same."

Now it had been with a rush of recollection that Glendochart had come to the linn side. He remembered well how Kirsteen had rushed on before him as airy as a feather, trying the stones with her light weight, to find which was most steady, like a bird alighting upon them, putting out her hand to help him—she the young lady who ought to have been indebted to him for help. And he remembered the slip he had made and his fall, and the tremble in her voice which he had feared meant laughter, and the effort he had made to look as if a tumble on the wet sod was nothing, a thing he did not mind. Mary had far more sense to go round by the road. He felt himself in so much better a position agreeing with her that it was too steep for a lady, and gallantly guiding her round the safer way. It was a soft evening with no wind, and a delightful spring sky full of brightness and hope. In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and the fancy of an old young gentleman who has been led to think of these matters and then has been cruelly disappointed, is if anything more easily awakened. Glendochart gave Mary his arm to help her along the gentler round of the road, and his mouth was opened and he spoke.

"Miss Mary," he said, "ye were very kind a few months back in a matter which we need not now enter into. I can never cease to be grateful to you for the warning ye gave me. And ye have been more than kind since I came home. It has been a great pleasure to come to Drumcarro, though I did it at first mostly out of a sense of duty. But to see you gave it a charm."

"Oh, Glendochart, you are very kind to say so," said Mary. "We just all of us have a debt to you that we can never repay."

"Not a word about debt, or I would soon be on the wrong side of the balance. It has been a great part of the pleasure of my life to come—but now I will have to be thinking whether I should come again."

"Oh, Glendochart! and wherefore so?" cried Mary with alarm in her eyes.

"My dear young lady," said the Highland gentleman, "I am getting an old man—I was mangrown (and perhaps a trifle more) before ye were born."

She had said "Oh, no!" softly while he was speaking, with a gentle pressure upon his arm—and now when he paused she lifted her dove's eyes and said, "What does that matter?" in tones as soft as the wood-pigeons coo.

"You must understand me," he sai

"which I am afraid was more than your sister, poor thing, ever did—I have been experiencing a great change of feeling. She was a bright young creature, full of pretty ways—and I was just beguiled—the like of that may blind a man for a time, but when his eyes are opened to the knowledge of a more excellent way—that he had not observed before—"

"It is true," said Mary in a faltering voice; "my poor Kirsteen had a great deal of the child in her. And it would not be my part to be affronted if ye had seen another that was maybe better adapted to make you happy. Oh, no! it would be ill my part—though I might regret."

"Ye have no guess," said Glendochart with a tender touch of the hand that clung to his arm, "who that other is, who is the only person I will ever think of?"

"No," said Mary with a sigh. "I'm not sure that I want to hear—but that's a poor sentiment and it shall not be encouraged by me. On the contrary it will not be my fault if that lady—who will have a happy lot, I am sure—does not find kind friends here."

"If she does not it will be most unnatural," said Glendochart, "for the person I am meaning is just yourself and no other. And if ye think she will have a happy lot—my dear, take it—for it will never be offered to any woman but you."

"Oh, Glendochart!" said Mary casting down her eyes.

It was very different from his wooing of Kirsteen and in many ways much more satisfactory—for far from running away in horror of his suit which is a thing to pique the pride of any man, Mary was unfeignedly proud of having won the prize which she had at once felt, failing Kirsteen, it would be a good thing to keep in the family. She saved her old lover every trouble. She would not have him go to her father, which was what he proposed with great spirit to do at once. "No," she said, "it is me that must tell him. My father is a strange man; he is little used to the like of you; but I know all his ways. And I will tell him; for ye must mind, Glendochart, if ye mairry me that I will not have ye taigled with all my family. The boys and little Jeanie now and then if ye please for a short visit, or my mother for a change of air, but just at your pleasure, and not like a thing you're obliged to do. I will take that into my own hand. Ye can leave it all to me."

Glendochart rode away that night with great satisfaction in his mind. He felt that he had wiped out his reproach; after having failed to marry Kirsteen it was a necessity to vindicate himself by marrying somebody—and he particularly felt (after the consolation that had been drawn from Mary's gentle speeches and ways) that to marry out of this very house where he had been slighted would be the most complete vindication. And he was delighted with his second choice; her good taste, her good sense, her clear perception of all that was necessary filled him with satisfaction and content. He rode away with something of the ardour of a young man joined to the more reasonable satisfaction of an old one, in the consciousness of having secured the most devoted of housekeepers, a lady who would "look well at his table-head," who would take care of his interests and would not even allow him to be taigled with her family. He kissed his hand to his bonny Mary, and his soul was filled with delightful anticipations. There was no doubt she was a bonny creature, far more correct and satisfactory than that gilpie Kirsteen with her red hair. Glendochart was thus guilty of the vulgar unfaithfulness of disparaging his own ideal—but it is a sin less heinous in an old lover than in a young one—for how many ideals must not the old gentleman have lived through?

Mary walked in straight to her father's door—who took as little notice of Glendochart as possible in these days. He was sitting with a map of

the old Douglas property before him, painfully ruminating whether he could anyhow squeeze out of the family living enough to buy a corner of land that was in the market; and wondering, with a sort of forlorn fury, whether, Sandy or even Sandy's son, might be able to gather all that land back again to the Douglas name. This was his ideal; all others, such as love, or affection, or the ties of human fellowship having died out of his mind long ago, if they had ever occupied any place there. He looked up angrily as Mary came in. What could she want, the useless woman-creature that was good for nothing, never could bring a penny into the house, but only take out of it as long as she should live?

"Well! what are you wanting now?" he said sharply.

"I am wanting to speak to you," Mary said.

"A fool would understand that, since ye've come here; which is a place where there's no room for weemen. Speak out what you've got to say, and leave me quiet, which is all I desire from ye."

"I am afraid," said Mary sweetly, "that I will have to give ye a little trouble, father; though it will save you a good deal of fash later."

"Give me trouble is what you do night and day. Save me fash is what I've never known."

"It will be so now," said Mary, "for to provide for your daughters would be a great fash to you, and one that would go sore against the grain. So you should be glad, father, however little ye think of us, when we can provide for ourselves."

"How are ye going to do that?" said Drumcarro derisively. "No man will have ye. I'm sick of the very name of ye," he said; "I wish there was not a woman in the house."

"Well," said Mary, with imperturbable good temper, "ye will soon be quit of one. For I'm going to be marriet, and I've come to tell you."

"To be marriet! I don't believe it; there's no man will look at ye," said the indignant father.

"It is true we never see any men," said Mary; "but one is enough, when ye can make up your mind to him. Father, we would like to name an early day, seeing that he has been disappointed already, and that there is no time to lose. It is Glendochart I am intending to marry," she said demurely, looking him in the face.

"Glendochart!" he got up from his chair and swore a large round oath. "That hizzy's leavings!" he said. "Have ye no pride?"

"I will have a great deal of pride when I'm settled in my own house," replied Mary. "He will be here to-morrow to settle everything; but I thought I would just tell you to-night. And I hope, father," she added with great gravity, "that seeing I'm here to protect him you will keep a civil tongue in your head."

(*To be continued.*)

TWENTY YEARS OF POLITICAL SATIRE.

THOUGH it may seem a rather cowardly thing for a critic to say, I am myself much inclined to doubt whether any very satisfactory result comes of attempts to decide why this or that literary product came at that or this time. The theory of the product of the circumstances was a very pretty and ingenious toy, which, like many toys in literature, in philosophy, and in other departments of toy-making, amused the town for a time, but has now had its day. Of course we can see in general why certain times—the time when Greece became from an insignificant collection of petty states the most formidable power in the Mediterranean, the time of the completest and most unchallenged Roman domination, the time when the Dark blossomed into the Middle Ages, the time of the Reformation and the discovery of America, the time of the French Revolution—should all have been fertile in literature. As a man is most inclined to perpetrate literature when he is excited, so is a world. But when you come down to minor matters I doubt very much whether any such explanation is possible. I could make twenty very pretty ones for the singular development of political and semi-political satire during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century in England; but I should be the first to admit that one was no better than another, and that any twenty-first was likely to be as good, or at least as sufficient, as the whole of them. The popularity and novelty of the swinging easy measures, the audacious and lively parody of Anstey's *Bath Guide*, the fact of the coincidence of the palmy days of the English public school and university system, as regards its peculiar style of scholarship, with the period when public school and university men had most direct, immediate, and easy entrance into politics, the keenness of political disputes, which till the Revolution itself broke out turned upon no vital question but were all the keener, the general curiosity and partial annoyance caused by the supremacy of Pitt at so early an age, the absence of any passionate or absorbing school of literature to divert literary talent from mere sport—these and a dozen other things may be detected by any tolerably acute observer, and justified by any tolerably diligent student. It is sufficient for me to indicate them in passing.

The fact, however, of the existence of a peculiar kind of political and semi-political verse at this time—a kind rather imitated than continued since, and quite different from the political satire of a hundred years earlier, at the head of which towers *Absalom and Achitophel*, from the still earlier form of Butler, and from the later and quite recent work of Churchill—is indisputable; and it is equally indisputable that it produced some of the most amusing stuff to be found anywhere in English literature. Its crowning achievement, the inimitable though constantly imitated *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, has just been re-edited by Mr. Henry Morley.[1] Mr. Morley's indefatigable industry in selecting and editing much of the best work of English authors in cheap, easily accessible, and sometimes by no means uncomely forms, cannot be too gratefully acknowledged by any person of taste. But the gratitude must be mixed with pain at several literary tricks of Mr. Morley's, notably that interlarding his text with

[1] *Parodies and Burlesques by Canning, Ellis, and Frere.* Edited by H. Morley. London, 1890.

portions of biographical and critical matter, instead of abiding by the only orthodox and catholic plan of preserving the integrity of the text and keeping introduction and notes to themselves. In the same volume Mr. Morley has included (chiefly it would appear for the reason that George Ellis was a contributor to both books) a very few specimens of *The Rolliad*, a production on the other side of politics much earlier and less finished, but, allowing for the absence of two such wits as Canning and Frere, not so much less amusing. As his concern was with the work of the trio exclusively, he has also given *The Microcosm* and other non-political matter. My aim being different, the subjects of this paper will be *The Rolliad*, with its dependent *Political Eclogues*, *Probationary Odes*, and *Political Miscellanies* at one end, and the *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* at the other, with, between them, the exceedingly diverting work of Peter Pindar.

The Rolliad (as its facetious authors themselves record, with greater literal accuracy than attaches to all their statements) "owed its existence to the memorable speech of the member of (*sic*) Devonshire on the first discussion of the Westminster scrutiny" which followed the famous Westminster election in 1784—the contest between Fox and Sir Cecil Wray. The *Political Eclogues*, and the *Probationary Odes for the Laureateship*, ostensibly occasioned by Whitehead's death, followed in 1785; while the *Political Miscellanies* were originally appended to *The Rolliad* itself, or rather to the criticisms of and specimens from that imaginary epic. They were all the work of a knot of literary Whigs—for Ellis, who was afterwards a staunch Tory, then had Whiggish leanings—mostly members of Brooks's, mostly personal friends of Fox, and all animated by the keenest dislike of the boy-minister, Pitt. Various "keys" have, as in other cases of the same kind, indicated, no doubt more or less correctly, their names, though not all the pieces are attributable with certainty. Dr. Laurence, the friend of Burke, seems to have been the guiding spirit, and he was assisted by Lord John Townshend; by Tickell (not unconnected with Addison's lieutenant), and by that very clever Irishman, Fitzpatrick; by a still cleverer compatriot of his, Tierney; once or twice by Sheridan, by General Burgoyne, who was more fortunate with the pen than with the sword; and, besides others known or unknown, by Ellis, then a little over thirty and known only by some contributions to the once famous Batheaston Vase, and by a few other light verses in the eighteenth century manner, but already a very wide, careful, and accomplished student of literature. It has been thought with some reason that the *rondeaux* which figure in *The Rolliad* verses, for the first and last time for many years in English literature are due to him.[1] The variety, indeed, of the form of *The Rolliad* is one of its principal charms. The subjects are tolerably numerous—the Westminster election, the wickedness of Hastings and Impey, the follies and clownishness of the titular hero Mr. Rolle (a Devonshire squire of great wealth, popularity, and power, who was obnoxious to the Whigs as a pillar of Pittism in the west), Sir Cecil Wray, Sir Joseph Mawbey, Dr. Prettyman, and "those about" Pitt generally, with, for a constant resource and change whenever other subjects grew scarce or stale, Pitt himself, his policy, his character, and above all his supposed dislike of women. On this latter theme the wits were never tired of descanting, despite the discouraging fact that the British public obstinately refused to see the joke. Nor has political satire ever gone quite so far in this direction since. The writers of *The Anti-Jacobin* gave themselves some license, but they never came anywhere near *The Rolliad*. Indeed, short as was the interval between the two

[1] A copy, however, of the edition of 1799, with apparently contemporary pencil notes, which my friend Mr. Austin Dobson has lent me, attributes them to Laurence.

books, it may be doubted whether public sentiment would have endured it if they had.

It would, however, be quite a mistake to imagine that the appeal of *The Rolliad* lies in mere scurrility. On the contrary it is uncommonly good fun, and, Tory as I am, I have not the least hesitation in admitting that now, and for some time to come, the Whig dogs, with Laurence and his pack on one side and Wolcot by himself on the other, had very much the best of it. Pitt's notorious indifference, despite his scholarship, to English letters and English men of letters may have had something to do with this, but so it was. Nothing on the other side could touch *The Rolliad* and "Peter" till the French Revolution made half these Whig songsters Tories, and considerably softened even the "savage Wolcot" himself. *The Rolliad* suffers, of course, from certain inevitable drawbacks of almost all political literature. The principal questions are not excessively interesting, the minor ones are utterly dead and forgotten, there are constant allusions which hardly anybody, and some which probably nobody understands. The work, as all work done by a great number of hands must be, is very unequal. But the sparkle of it, the restless energy, the constant change of form and front, the "certain vital marks" are very attractive; especially, no doubt, because they are at least often combined with good literary form. The thing was not absolutely original. It had more or less immediate ancestors in the miscellanies of Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, and Gay, and its lineage might easily be traced even farther back. But I think that any one who reads *The Rolliad* will perceive in it that kind of noteworthiness which consists in being much more like what came after it than like what came before it. Its epigrams are somewhat out of date—the epigram proper, more's the pity, has been very little cultivated of late. Its Virgilian parodies appeal now less than they appealed to a generation in which almost every educated man knew his Virgil by heart. Its skits of verse preserve the style of Pope in a way which reminds us that that style was still omnipotent. But yet it has those vital marks which make the better class of literary work in all ages seem modern to the tolerably well-read reader. We should, alas!—for engraving has gone out with epigrams—find a difficulty in getting anything so well engraved nowadays as its frontispiece, with a genealogical tree starting out of the bowels of Duke Rollo and bearing roundels recording how divers Rolles were unfortunately *sus. per coll.*, or the vignette neatly exhibiting the arms of the family—three French rolls *or* between two rolls of parchment proper—and a demi-Master of the Rolls (Kenyon) for crest. But the text might (let us hope it would have been written equally well) have been for most of its turns and traits written yesterday. "Mr. Rous spoke for two hours to recommend expedition. . . Sir Cecil's tastes, both for poetry and small beer, are well known; as is the present unfinished state of his newly-fronted house in Pall Mall." These little flashes show the sprightliness of the authors, but soon they rise to greater things and grapple with the "Virtuous Boy" himself.

Pert without fire, without experience sage,
Young with more art than Shelburne gleaned from age,
Too proud from pilfered greatness to descend,
Too humble not to call Dundas his friend,
In solemn dignity and sullen state,
This new Octavius rises to debate.

The parody of Pope or, at least, of Akenside is good, but the true merit of the thing is that it gives us, as all political satire should give us, the real points in the object which were unpopular with his foes. The lines on Dundas are better still, and it is amusing to remember that both pieces are thought to be by Ellis.

For true to public Virtue's patriot plan,
He loves the Minister and not the Man;

Alike the advocate of North and Wit,
The friend of Shelburne, and the guide of Pitt.
His ready tongue with sophistries at will,
Can say, unsay, and be consistent still;
This day can answer and the next retract,
In speech extol and stigmatise in act;
Turn and re-turn, whole hours at Hastings bawl,
Defend, praise, thank, affront him and recall.
By opposition he his King shall court;
And damn the People's cause by his support.

But it is not in this solemn kind of work that the book shows its charms. These lie in such things as the famous passage which, from having been frequently quoted; is probably known to many who do not know another line in the volume.

Ah! think what danger on debauch attends:
Let Pitt, once drunk, preach temperance to his friends;
How as he wandered darkling o'er the plain,
His reason drowned in Jenkinson's champagne,
A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,
Had shed a Premier's for a robber's blood.

As these lines are generally quoted, a pleasant prose postscript to them in praise of "the wonderful skill of our poet who could thus bring together an orange girl [for the illustration has crowned a passage on temperance] and the present pure and immaculate Minister, a connection which it is more than probable few of our readers would have in any way suspected," is best. Poor Pitt gets equally laughed at for his proneness to one foible and his abstention from another, a device never to be forgotten by those who lampoon statesmen. This is at once a neat and a quotable hit; of the others on the same subject most are not quotable, though there is an exception in the following very agreeable epigram (on the attempted coalition between the Duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt, which failed because the parties could not agree as to what was "fair and equal"):

On fair and equal terms to plan
A union is thy care;
But trust me, Powis, in this case
The *equal* should not please his Grace,
And Pitt dislikes the *fair*.

Nor is English the only language in which the hapless Rolle, his chief, and their friends are epigrammatized. Latin, French, Italian, even Greek (very fair Greek, though "without the accents"), figure, and in a parcel of "foreign epigrams" it is by no means uninteresting to read by chance on the same page a mention of the "University of Gottingen" and the name "Casimir." For the wits of *The Anti-Jacobin* undoubtedly knew their *Rolliad* well, and one of them, as we have said, had the best cause to know it.

The *Political Eclogues* which follow the *Rolliad* proper are amusing enough though a little obvious, the best of them being the first, where Laurence turns *Formosum pastor* into a gross but very funny assault on George Rose. But the *Probationary Odes* must rank higher, and if they were a little more compressed would rank higher still. They are but half political, and sometimes almost purely literary, till the *infandus dolor* (let me be permitted to speak in character) smarts again, and a whole sheaf of epigrams is fired at Mr. Pitt's modesty, Sir Cecil Wray's statesmanship, and Dr. Prettyman's apostolic virtues. Poor Tom Warton, a most excellent person and a very nice verse-writer in his day, is a constant butt, probably as the most likely actual candidate, and the Pittites come in for indiscriminate punishment with mere blue-stockings and busy-bodies. Here is imitated the stately style of the man who was not born to be Johnson's biographer, though he thought he was, dropping at the end into the artless verse:

Here lies Sir John Hawkins,
Without his shoes and stockings.

Here poor Hannah More, after some most improper insinuations, is made to say, "Heavens! what would this

amiable baronet [Sir Joseph Mawbey] have been with the education of a curate!" Here Mrs. George Anne Bellamy draws a delightful picture of herself "in a clean hackney coach, drawn by grey horses, with a remarkably civil coachman, fainting in my Cecil's arms." Here Warren Hastings's more laboured manner is hardly caricatured in this description of Major Scott, the advocate who did his very best to lose him his cause: "I can venture to recommend him as an impenetrable arguer; no man's propositions flowing in a more deleterious stream; no man's expressions so little hanging on the thread of opinion." And then come the odes themselves. Wray, Mulgrave, Mawbey, Macpherson, Wraxall, and a score more compete. A very bad and impossible imitation of Dundas's Scotch—the worst thing in the whole book, and showing how necessary it was that Burns and Sir Walter should show Englishmen what Scotch was really like—is redeemed a little later by a capital Hibernian pendant due to Fitzpatrick, and supposed to be by Lord Mountmorres, a name of tragic associations in our day, but then that of a favourite butt. This pindaric must have delighted Thackeray, and is very like his own Irish verse. Even better is the ode assigned to Thurlow, where the redoubtable Chancellor's favourite verb accompanies the piece all through with the most delectable crashes, the epode, if I may so call it, containing rather more d—ns than there are lines. And last of all we have the *Political Miscellanies*, which in a manner complete these odes, and in which most of the epigrams proper and minor pieces above referred to will be found. There is no doubt too much of the thing on the whole, but that is the fate of books that appear in parts and instalments.

Clever as *The Rolliad* is, interesting and stimulating as it proved to its own and the succeeding generations (it may give it an additional zest to some readers to know that in his famous essays on Hastings, Pitt, and others, Macaulay was evidently thinking of it far more often than any definite references show), the little finger of that prince of English lampooners who called himself Peter Pindar was thicker than the loins of any one of its company of wits. I have at different times of my life read Peter thrice right through (a very considerable task, for the standard edition of him, though it is said not to be complete, contains more than two thousand five hundred pages), and each time I have been more convinced that if he had only been a little more of a scholar, and a great deal more of a gentleman, he would have been a very great man indeed. As it is, his mere cleverness is something prodigious. But in the first place, he had very little, or a very intermittent, sense of style, and the ungirt flow of his Muse's gown is often far too slatternly. In the second place, he was a dirty Peter, a scurrilous Peter, a malevolent Peter, a Peter who could beslaver the Prince at the moment that he was assuming airs of republican independence towards the King, a Peter thoroughly coarse in grain and fibre, a Bœotian buzzard masquerading as a Theban eagle. To such bad language does he give irresistible temptation every now and then. And in another minute his shrewdness, his unexpected and delightful quips, the good-humour which in him was consistent with ill-nature, above all, as I have said, his prodigious cleverness, make one almost like, and very much more than almost admire him.

John Wolcot was born at Dodbrooke, a suburb of Kingsbridge in Devonshire, which is or was the head if not sole quarters of the manufacture of "white ale"—a rather terrible liquor which is supposed to represent the real Saxon brewage. Perhaps it was due to this that the future Peter was fond of ale all his life, and of cakes likewise. While he was still young he went to live at Fowey, the quaintest if not the prettiest town in

Cornwall, with an uncle who was a doctor, and was educated for his uncle's profession at Fowey itself, at Bodmin, in France, and in London. When he was nearly thirty one of his Cornish neighbours, Sir William Trelawney, was made Governor of Jamaica, took Wolcot with him, and made him Physician-General to the island. Trelawney thought he could give Wolcot better patronage in the Church, sent him to England to get ordained, and actually presented him to a living on his return. A more unclerical cleric than Wolcot perhaps never existed. His morals were not only decidedly but avowedly and ostentatiously loose; and if he had any religion at all, it would seem to have been a sort of Gallic willingness to admit the existence of an easy-going Supreme Being. He had, however, apparently no great opportunities of corrupting or scandalizing the faithful in Jamaica; for one of the few things personally recorded of him is that no congregation usually appeared at his church, whereupon, after decently waiting ten minutes, he and the clerk would adjourn to the neighbouring sea-shore and shoot ring-tailed pigeons. When he returned to England, as he soon did after Trelawney's death, he seems to have given up all views as to clerical profession or preferment, and resumed the practice of medicine in Cornwall. Here he discovered the painter Hoppy or Opie (a benefit which British art could have done without), and wrote poetical jests on his neighbours. His love of art, which was sincere and on the whole judicious, seems to have been the immediate cause of his beginning in 1782 the series of Odes to the Royal Academicians, which made a considerable stir and drew him once more to London, where he remained for some quarter of a century, writing steadily for the booksellers despite the calamity of blindness which latterly fell on him. As a very old man he returned to Cornwall, and died there in 1819.

A great deal of Wolcot's work, all of which was published under the name of "Peter Pindar, Esq.," is not political at all. His biography has been very scantily written, but I should think it at least probable that the actual determination of his lampooning powers against the King was due in great part to the King's patronage of West. With West Peter, who as has been said was really a good, though a harsh and whimsical art-critic, could not away. The King's taste in music, and his parsimony towards musicians, were fresh faults in Wolcot's eyes. He had inherited the good old British aversion to "virtuosity," not in the sense of fiddles, but of collecting and what are now called scientific pursuits. The British Museum, the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks, Count Rumford, Sir William Hamilton (as archæologist, not as husband), and other similar things and persons, were all obnoxious to Peter; and as most of them were not unwelcome at Windsor and Buckingham House, the vials of Peter's wrath were all the more freely emptied on the royal occupant of those palaces. If he wanted more stimulus, it was supplied by the fact that some well-known west-country persons, whom for this or that reason he disliked, were King's men. He too laughed at Rolle, and at Lord Mount Edgcumbe. He uses the most terrific language concerning Mr. Justice Buller. About the middle of his literary career, Gifford, a Devonshire man like himself, aroused in him the kind of frantic hatred which that strange personage seems to have had the gift of arousing, and which Wolcot vented in verse and in prose scarcely less furious than the almost Bedlamite scream of Hazlitt's much later Letter. For all these personal reasons and others, rather than, as it seems to me, from any definite political predilections or antipathies, Peter fixed on the King, occasionally distributing a share of his attentions to the King's favourite Minister, ——

Yes: I detested Pitt and all his measures,
And wrote *Willippics* on administration,

as he says somewhere—to that Minister's associates, Jenkinson, Rose, Dundas, and to certain noblemen and Court favourites. Of these were the Lord Salisbury who enriched Peter's "Margate Hoy" with the lines,

Happy, happy, happy fly!
Were I you, and were you I!
But you will always be a fly
And I remain Lord Salisbury—

and who, as another authority tells us, was wont to stuff all the carriage-pockets of the post-chaises he travelled in with original manuscript verses—Lord Cardigan, the Duke of Leeds, and others. Finally a large, if not the largest, portion was given to Queen Charlotte and the officials, especially the German officials, of the household. There is no doubt, though there are happy strokes all about his work, that posterity has been (as it generally though not always is) right in fixing on Peter's personal lampoons on the King and, in the good old sense, his family as the things to remember Wolcot by. The Odes to the Academicians are very good, "Sir Joseph Banks and the Emperor of Morocco" excellent, many other things of the same kind capital. "Bozzy and Piozzi" I am inclined to think the very best thing of its particular kind ever written. But none of these things, except the last, is quite so good as the anti-Georgian lampoons. In the serious verse of the eighteenth century of which Wolcot, strange to say, has left copious specimens, he may be a little better or a little worse than Hayley, though he could sometimes turn a very happy half-serious epigram, as here:

Ah! tell me not that I grow old,
That love but ill becomes my tongue;
Chloe, by me thou ne'er wert told,
Sweet damsel, that *thou* wert too young!

In the same way, when he gets very serious even in his satire he is not usually good, perhaps because he then imitates Churchill, without possessing Churchill's indubitable gift of Dryden's verse. His denunciation of Lord Lonsdale, for the not very terrible crime of pointing out to the inhabitants of Whitehaven that, pending a final decision as to his legal liability for the sinking of ground above his coal-mines, it would be necessary for him, at great loss to himself as well as to them, to suspend the working, is one of the funniest examples of explosion of good useful wrath through the touch-hole that I know. Wolcot's best literary mood is that of a cat—not a cat in a rage, but a cat in a state of merriment, purring and mumbling, and rolling about. In which state, as all judicious lovers of the animal know, you may look out for a shrewd scratch or bite shortly as part of the game. When he gets really "savage" (the epithet Macaulay assigns to him) he is seldom amusing. His best form is such as this, which I take almost at random from his longest and most famous poem, the piece with the ugly name:

Thus, when Burgoyne, opposing all the Fates,
Defied, at Saratoga, General Gates,
Sudden the hero dropped his threatening fist,
And wisely deemed it folly to resist.

I could write a long dissertation to show why I can never read or repeat to myself "Defied, at Saratoga, General Gates," without laughing, but it is better to laugh again and not write it. Of this mood the best known and certainly among the best examples are the visit to Whitbread's brewery-house (the somewhat delusive title of which is "Instructions to a Celebrated Laureate"), and the Royal Visit to Exeter. But it is impossible to turn over many pages of Peter (even in his late and rather chapfallen *Tristia*, where it is hard to be very certain whether his jokes about making friends with the powers that be are jokes on the right or the wrong side of the mouth) without finding instances of it. I do not know whether he has ever been

"selected." It might be impossible to perform that always dubious and dangerous process on a person who has as much of the satyr as of the satirist. But on the face of him few writers call for it more. Here, and indeed in a hundred "heres," Wolcot avenges the *carum caput* of Fanny Burney on her enemy Schwellenberg in so dreadful a manner that even the soul of Daddy Crisp, with all his affection for Fannikin and all his hatred of the rest of the human race, might beg for mercy. Elsewhere he is, though more playfully, almost equally unkind to the great Mr. Burke, for no particular reason that I can discover inasmuch as they were at the time on the same side generally, except that Wolcot, who was a John Bull to the core, hated all Scotchmen and Irishmen. But he was never quite so happy as in dealing with King George himself; and if that monarch, who really knew something about literature, was half as good-natured as tradition makes him out, he must have been as much amused by Peter as it pleased Peter's waggery sometimes to assert that he was. In such a mood Peter, offering an amnesty to King and Queen, but maintaining the feud with the detested Schwellenberg, thus addresses his book:

Sweet babe! to Weymouth shouldst thou find thy way,
The King, with curiosity so wild,
May on a sudden send for thee and say:
"See, Charly! Peter's child. Fine child, fine child!
Ring, ring, for Schwellenberg, ring, Charly, ring:
Show it to Schwellenberg, show it, show it, show it.
She'll say, 'Got dem de saucy stoopid thing;
I hate more worse as hell what come from poet!'"

Perhaps the happiest, by the way, of these curious royal repetitions which Peter was never tired of playing upon is in prose and told in a note, to the effect that when the King was visiting Mount Edgcumbe, he strayed a little from the rest of the party to see a monument which had been put up to a departed pet pig named Cupid. Her Majesty Queen Charlotte called to him to know what he was looking at, and the King with great coolness replied, "Family grave, Charly! family grave, family grave." And the two next best things attributed to the royal pair are expressions of repentance and amendment for the (on the whole purely imaginary) crimes with which Master Peter thought good to charge them. Rebuking the horrid eagerness of the monster Pitt to oppress the public, His Majesty frankly declares:

Yes! yes! I know, I know, the hounds are howling.
God, Pitt! I don't, I don't much like their growling.
Hey, hey? Growl, growl? What, what? Things don't go right?
Why, quickly, quickly, Pitt, the dogs may *bite?*
That would be bad, bad, bad, a sad mishap.
Hey, Pitt, hey, hey? I should not like a *snap.*

And his consort magnanimously chimes in:

I geef my chewells to de Peepel's sighs,
All tings from Mistress Hastings as I gote;
I geef de fine pig diamond of Arcote,
Iss, dat vich Rumbold geef, I geef again
Rader dan see de Peepels suffer pain.
De Emperor presents, Lord! I vil not tush,
Although de duty coss so *very* mush.

For as Her Majesty unanswerably asks:

Vat signifies de millions in our purses,
If moneys do profoke de Peepel's curses?

In one and not the worst of Wolcot's squibs, pretending to be silenced by the severer legislation which followed the excesses of the French, he laments sadly:

No more must we laugh at an ass,
No more run on topers a rig,
Since Pitt gets as drunk as Dundas,
And Dundas gets as drunk as a pig.

. . . . .

Now farewell to fair Buckingham House,
To Richmond and Windsor and Kew,
Farewell to the tale of the L——e,
Mother Redcap! and Monarchs, adieu!

But a worse thing came upon him and the other opposition lampooners than the checks of the law, which so far as I know, were never seriously applied to any of them. Peter remained valiantly singing, and years afterwards accomplished very respectable "Epistles to Mrs. Clarke," and jeremiads on his own exclusion from or want of notice at the Carlton House *fêtes*. But the satiric Muse was tired of her escapade for some years in Whig company, or else was frightened back by the French Revolution to the other quarters where she had laughed of old with Aristophanes and Lucian, with Butler and Swift. On November 20th, 1797, appeared the first number of *The Anti-Jacobin*, and three years later the poetry of *The Anti-Jacobin* was collected and published. So much more is generally known about this book than about my earlier subjects, neither of which has, to my knowledge, been reprinted for many years, that it is the less necessary to say much about its authorship and intention here. That its name neatly and accurately expressed its purpose, that its editor was Gifford, and its most brilliant contributors Canning, Ellis, and Frere, though one or two others did good work, are matters of universal knowledge. Frere, who was the youngest, had also the clearest political record of the three, for he was a Tory from the first, while Canning, as is well known, hovered a little before settling, and Ellis was a convert. Pitt cared nothing at all for literary praise or blame, and is said to have addressed to Ellis almost the neatest quotation of that century of classical quotations. Both were present when some person, thoughtless, ignorant, or malicious, asked Ellis about *The Rolliad*, whereupon Pitt promptly set any possible awkwardness straight by the line:

> Immo age et a prima dic, hospes, origine nobis.

But whatever the antecedents of any of the three might be, they all thoroughly meant business in these attacks on the Jacobins, English and French, and the enemies of Pitt. The great opening poem on Mrs. Brownrigg, is most probably assigned to all the three, the still greater "Knifegrinder" to Canning and Frere. In the third of these charming parodies (which, oddly enough, Southey never seems to have had magnanimity enough to forgive—the weakest thing I know about him), the delightful dactylics about the "nice clever books by Tom Paine the philanthropist," Ellis may have shared. It must have been a little awkward for him when Canning in an early number gibed at those who

> sit
> Midst Brooks's elders on the bench of wit,
> Where Hare, Chief Justice, frames the stern decree,
> While with their learned brother sages three,
> Fitzpatrick, Townshend, Sheridan, agree.

For his own name had been in the commission with these very same learned brethren a bare dozen years before, and *The Rolliad* was the result of it. But these little accidents will happen, and he had been personally and in a rather unmannerly fashion ("by Ellis' sapient prominence of nose") attacked in the piece that Canning was ridiculing. At any rate there was no mistake about him now. He seems to have written by himself the capital parody of "Acme and Septimius"—"Fox with Tooke to grace his side,"—with its refrain,

> He spoke, and to the left and right,
> Norfolk hiccupped with delight.

And he took part in nearly all the most famous things of the collection, "The Loves of the Triangles," "The Progress of Man," "The Rovers," "New Morality," and the rest.

It is important to observe that all these pieces are in a more or less direct sense political, and much more so than is sometimes thought nowadays. Mr. Morley, perhaps to soothe his own or other persons' feelings,

talks of *The Anti-Jacobin* as chiefly an attack on false sentiment generally. "The Loves of the Triangles" has often been regarded as a mere literary skit on Darwin and his likes; and "The Rovers" has a false air of being pretty free from politics. Look a little deeper, and different conclusions will, I think, be reached. It was no doubt a godsend to the Anti-Jacobins that so much external folly of various kinds happened to be associated with the maintenance of the new opinions in politics and (horrid word, then not invented!) sociology. But Canning's inexhaustible wit, Frere's audacious humour and whimsical erudition (some of his prose notes are unsurpassable), Ellis's eighteenth century polish and Voltairian elegance, always drove straight at the principles of innovation generally, of fantastic sympathies and antipathies, of topsy-turvy theories, which underlay the frippery of the outside. The great Mr. Higgins, the eidolon-author of the two didactic poems and the drama (ah, when will researches in St. Mary Axe give us the "Catastrophe of Mr. and Mrs. Gingham and the episode of Hipponia," the "Conspiracy against the Ordinate," and the scene in "The Rovers" where "several children, fathers and mothers unknown," are "produced on all sides"?), constantly enunciates in those very confidential letters which he wrote to his treacherous editors, the exact sentiments which we know so well to-day. When he talks about privilege and prejudice, about the vicious refinement of civilized society in regard to marriage, about the cumbrous establishments which the folly, pride, and self-interest of the worst part of our species have heaped up, about the certainty of man's perfectibility were he freed from kingcraft and priestcraft and other incidents of the present social system—all these things are perfectly unmistakable. We have them with us as fresh as ever. Substitute *The Doll's House* for *Stella*, read Fabian Society for poor Mr. Higgins's clubs (but the works of the Fabian Society are not so amusing as Mr. Higgins's), and 1798 becomes 1890. The very names of "Sedition's evening host" are startling; and we can fill in the blanks of that great hymn with names "after the chances and changes of the times," according to the author's direction, without the slightest difficulty. There can be no manner of reasonable doubt that if it had not been for the maudlin socialism (they did not call it socialism then, but it was the same thing) of Southey's sapphics and dactylics, and the windy republicanism of his poem on Marten, his metrical freaks would have been left alone by the mockers. Payne Knight and Darwin had follies enough; but if the one had not been avowedly, and the other in a sort of half-hearted way Jacobinical, they too might have disported themselves in safety. Even "The Rovers" is full of politics. Does the reader think that "Crown and Anchor" in that exquisite jumble of Beefington's is mere miscellaneous farce? Not in the least. It was at the authentic Crown and Anchor tavern that on Fox's birthday the Duke of Norfolk gave "Our Sovereign's health—the majesty of the people." The dignity, chivalry, and courage of the immortal waiter enforce the great doctrine that "the conscience of a poor man ought to be more valuable to him than that of a prince in proportion as it is generally more pure." The satirists may, according to the excellent advice of their own troubadour, "by a song conceal their purposes." But those purposes are constantly what they are in one place avowed to be—to ridicule and baffle the appetite for change, to enforce the old proverb that "seldom comes a better," to confound ideas of equality, and the like. *The Anti-Jacobin* is thus not only more constantly but much more thoroughly political than the gibes of Brooks's, because patronage and power were in the hands of a thin man who did not like women instead of in those of a fat man who did, or the personal lam-

poons of Wolcot on the foibles and favourites of a king.

The fact of this unity and directness of purpose must, I think, be counted in for some of the merit of the book, as well as the fact that Ellis had incomparably stronger colleagues now than before, and that the crimes of the political and the follies of the social Jacobins gave a much better subject. At any rate the merit is certainly much greater. Of "The Rovers" it is impossible to tire. I am told that it was once tried on the stage and failed. This does not surprise me, for even *The Critic* is said not to be popular now, and "The Rovers" requires much more literary, political, and miscellaneous knowledge to appreciate it than *The Critic* does. But I believe that all boys of any brains, however little they may know of its antecedents, delight in "The Rovers": and I am sure that all middle-aged and aged persons of any sense delight in it. Nobody can exceed me in respect for Southey; but if I had to choose between his whole works (except *The Doctor*) and the three parodies, I should take the parodies. The "Address to the Gunboats" (it has been attributed to Lord Morpeth; but he never could have written it, and if the translation of *pictis puppibus* is not Frere's or, less probably, Canning's, I am no two-legged creature) is not, I believe, so great a favourite with some as it is with me. But surely the last couplet—

> Beware the *Badger's* bloody pennant,
> And that d——d invalid lieutenant!—

has an extraordinary charm. All the world is agreed as to the Elegy or Dirge on Jean Bon Saint-André, and I suppose there is not much more difference on the two didactic poems. Time may make us gouty and grey-haired, may bring disappointment at things that are not and disgust at things that are, but scarcely shall it deprive us of the faculty, nay, the irresistible need of laughter as the well-known words recur:

> The feathered race with pinions skim the air,
> Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear;

or at

> Each shepherd clasped with undisguised delight
> His yielding fair one—in the captain's sight;

at that incomparable note of Frere's to "blue-eyed wanton"—"*Hyperbola*: not figuratively speaking as in rhetoric, but mathematically, and therefore blue-eyed;" or that other on "Pons Asinorum," where Mr. Higgins, with the combined fairness of a man of science and an enlightened politician, after observing that "having frequently watched companies of asses during their passage of a bridge he never discovered in them any symptoms of geometrical instinct," admits that "with Spanish asses which are much larger (*vide* Townsend's *Travels through Spain*) the case may possibly be different." And the whole is appropriately crowned with "The New Morality," wherein the whole web of connection between the different modes of thought satirized is given.

Of course, it is impossible that political sympathy should not make one's enjoyment of such things rather keener. But as I have made no secret of the amusement with which I read *The Rolliad* and Peter Pindar, having in neither case any such sympathy with the writers, I do not think the difference here is likely to carry me very far to leeward of the truth in thinking that the superior excellence of *The Anti-Jacobin* lies not more in its greater literary polish than in the superior sanity and largeness of its spirit. Though the personal satire is sometimes pretty sharp, it is never as in the other cases merely personal; and I think I can imagine (I am rather inclined to think that I know one or two) persons who, though by no means sympathizing with Toryism, appreciate to the full the unsparing and unerring fashion in which *The Anti-Jacobin*

lashes what may be called the Fool on the other side of politics;—the Fool who believes in political nostrums and political revolutions, the Fool who gushes over the inevitable and ineradicable inequalities of the world, the Fool who drops a tear over criminals, the Fool who fails to see that, though certain social rules may pinch individuals now and then, the permission of general license would simply make the world unworkable.

It is, I think, to this heightening and enlargement of the political aim that we must at any rate in part attribute the fact that the *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* remains unsurpassed as a collection of political verse-satire. We have had excellent practitioners of that art since the century began. Moore, Praed, and Mansel produced, and there is at least one living writer who produces, work which Canning himself need not have refused to sign. But all such writers have been exposed to the inconvenience that the main dependence, in the old phrase, of the political quarrel has not altered much, has altered very little, since 1800. As I have said, the inimitable prefaces of Mr. Higgins reproduce themselves every day in our midst, and Divine Nonsensia has found little or nothing new, whatever new names she may give it, to talk about since she furnished subjects to "The Rovers" and "The Knife-grinder." But as yet, whatever may be coming, neither the excitement of popular imagination, nor the liberty of popular follies, nor the exaggeration of popular crimes, has risen to the level of 1793–1800. There has been no such death-grapple as there was then, no such storm for the Pilot to weather, no such topsy-turvifying of public sentiment as could bring men like Goethe and Coleridge and Southey (let it be remembered that each of them saw the error of his ways) to write the rubbish that kindled the "singing flames" of *The Anti-Jacobin's* correction. They were kindly flames after all, and a god did save the culprits—more happy than those referred to in Heine's famous warning. If the occasion comes again—which Heaven forbid!—why, let the same god send us "such hounds, such hawks, and such a leman"—such Anti-Jacobins and such a Pilot!

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

FACTS FOR THE FABIAN SOCIALISTS.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, one of the Fabian essayists who have recently given their views to the world, is at pains to disavow all admiration for the "sordid, slow, reluctant, cowardly path to justice," recommended by his society, the only path, however, by which he thinks that social democracy can attain its object. Anything but an attitude of easy toleration towards what are now called collectivist doctrines is very much out of fashion; but in reading such passages as that quoted it is difficult to avoid wondering whether the "proletarian" or "wage-slave" (to use the not too complimentary phraseology of the Socialists) will be as patient as the middle-class literary gentlemen who delight in pointing out his wrongs to him; and one is tempted to inquire whether he is not likely to prefer what Mr. Shaw quaintly terms the method of "catastrophic insurrectionism". The probable effect of the teachings of the members of the Fabian Society upon minds untrained in historical and economical argument and unaccustomed to observe or handle facts, is indeed the chief source of interest connected with them. The doctrines in themselves are neither new nor convincing, and are remarkable for nothing so much as for the disingenuous manner in which they are propounded. The favourite method of these writers is one at which Mr. Huxley recently pointed as characteristic of *à priori* schools of thought,—"to assume the exact truth of any currently received proposition which is convenient for the business of deductive brain-spinning." Disputed dogmas such as Ricardo's theory of rent (to take one instance) are assumed to be of universal acceptance by economists, and are thereupon used as the basis for the socialist argument. But it does not seem to occur to the authors of the essays to inquire whether the facts upon which they argue have any better foundation than the doctrines they quote. It is asserted, for example, that the exchange value of labour owing to the multiplication of the labourers, is falling slowly and surely till it is altogether disappearing, that English labour today is "no longer even dirt cheap," it is "valueless, and can be had for nothing"!

We are anxious to draw attention in these pages to a work of a very different order. In a recently published book the well-known American economist and statesman, Mr. David A. Wells,[1] deals with the subject of recent economic changes in a manner altogether superior to anything which this country can now show. For masterly and dispassionate treatment of economic facts and tendencies no less than for grasp of principle, we must go to the Americans like Mr. Wells and Mr. Atkinson,[2] or to French economists like M. Leroy-Beaulieu, rather than to teachers still tainted by the influence of Mill. We may therefore, perhaps, be allowed to follow Mr. Wells in some of his arguments, especially in those in which he handles the assertion often made by sensible and moderate persons that the "rich are getting richer and the poor poorer." The result of Mr. Wells's investigations is to prove on the contrary the double proposition, which, if established, cuts away the ground from beneath the feet of the socialists; namely, that under the present system while the rate of interest on capital is

[1] *Recent Economic Changes;* by David A. Wells, LL.D., D.C.L., &c. New York. 1889.

[2] *The Distribution of Products;* by Edward Atkinson. New York and London. 1885.

constantly tending to a minimum, the rate of wages is no less steadily rising.

M. de Lavelaye has assured us that economic optimism is not the order of the day, but it can do no harm to run shortly through the record of the progress of this country as Mr. Wells describes it. The record has been, he says, more accurately kept in England than in any other country; the state of the case being, as Mr. Giffen has summed it up, that what has happened to the working classes in Great Britain during the last fifty years is not so much what may "properly be called an improvement as a revolution of the most remarkable description."

In the first place Mr. Giffen claims, as the result of his investigation, that the average money-wages, comparing them in the mass with what they were in the mass fifty years ago, have increased from 50 to 100 per cent., and further, that not only have the wages of the lowest class of labour been augmented, but the proportion of this class of labour to the others above it has been in a marked degree reduced. In the United States the census returns show that average wages from 1850 to 1880 increased 39·9 per cent., and French official statistics show that between 1853 and 1883 the advance in average wages in Paris was 53 per cent., and in the provinces 68 per cent.

Next as to the purchasing power of these largely increased wages. Mr. Wells gives a most instructive table (p. 356) compiled from the annual record of the principal articles subject to import duties of excise (eighteen in number) consumed in this country, from which it appears that the British workman can now purchase an amount of the necessaries and luxuries of life for 28*s.* 5*d.*, which in 1839 would have cost him 34*s.* 0½*d.* Even more impressive, to take a final case, are the pauper statistics of London as treated by Mr. Wells (p. 414). In 1815 the number of paupers in London was about one hundred thousand. In 1875, although the population had increased threefold, the number was smaller; but the cost of maintaining one hundred thousand paupers was in 1875 five times what it was in 1815. At the same time bread, tea, sugar, and clothing were much cheaper in 1875 than in 1815, while many small comforts now enjoyed could not have been obtained at all in 1815 by the working classes. Now since the common rule for the maintenance of a pauper is "that he shall not live materially better nor much worse than he would if he worked for his living as a labourer of the lowest class," we are thus enabled to measure how greatly the standard of living of the labouring classes has risen. We will pass over the statistics as to savings banks, life assurance, crime, and education, and proceed to inquire what is the process by which, in spite of the increase of the population, this improvement in wages which characterizes all civilized countries, has been obtained.

In his work on the distribution of products, Mr. Atkinson has shown that the rate of wages really turns upon the product. The product, he says, may be considered to be equivalent to the sum of money which that product will bring in the markets of the world. From this must be derived, in addition to a portion sufficient to repair the waste of machinery, the cost of materials, the cost of the best administration, and the rates and taxes collected from the consumer of the goods through the person or firm owning the property, both profits and wages. Mr. Atkinson describes the former (profits) as a sum "equal to the average rate of profit on capital invested in the very safest securities, and in addition to that rate as much more as is necessary to compensate the owner for the greater risk of one branch of work as compared with another. . . . Unless one branch of industry yields the average of all branches, due regard being given to the greater or less risk of each as com-

pared with the other, it will not be undertaken, or if undertaken, it will not long continue to be pursued. Wages, therefore, are apparently deferred to profits, but on the other hand, wages constitute all that there is left."

The full importance of this statement is seen when we observe that Mr. Sidney Webb, himself one of the Fabian essayists, actually argues that the rate of wages might not fall as a result of an Eight Hours' Act, while admitting the possibility that a small reduction in average productivity per head might take place throughout the community; and that the first effect of any such diminished productivity would be an increase in the number of workers. A diminution, he says, in the number of the unemployed might result in an increased aggregate product, and any loss would fall not on wages but on profits.[1] It is indeed difficult to see how the mere substitution of a certain amount of inefficient labour for the same amount of presumably efficient labour could possibly result in increasing production, and if wages, as is here maintained, are the remainder over after the profit and the other charges (the satisfying of which is an essential condition of the work being undertaken at all) have taken their share, it is clear that profits would not be the first to suffer by any loss which occurred. As a matter of fact "the general rate of wages can only be raised by an increase of product coupled with a wider market commensurate with such increase so that the price may be maintained." The method of the American economists is to proceed by observation and experience combined with statistics, and Mr. Atkinson is a man of business. His investigations have led him to the conclusion that, where the conditions of production are best, the cost measured in terms of days of labour will be lowest, and the wages measured in terms of money per day will be highest, the high money wages being the necessary consequence of the low labour cost,—that is to say, of the smaller quantity of labour by which the production is assured. Conversely low rates of money wages are the natural and necessary result of high labour cost of production. "One day's labour of a Lowell factory in the manufacture of drills may be exchanged for one hundred days of labour in China in the production of tea." Which gets the higher wage, the American or the Chinaman?

[1] Mr. Giffen has observed that "the unemployed class of labourer is one which should rather be discouraged than encouraged, the whole efforts of society being rather directed to their transformation by education and similar agencies into a higher-class than to securing an increased payment for their work under present conditions."

Why is it [asks Mr. Wells, p. 417] that wages of manual labour have been constantly rising in recent years while all other prices have been concurrently falling? . . . The answer is that the price of the products of labour is not governed by the price of labour or wages, but that wages or earnings are results of production and not conditions precedent. Wages as a rule are paid out of product. If production is small, no employer can afford to pay high wages; but if, on the contrary, it is large, and, measured in terms of labour, is of low cost—which conditions are eminently characteristic of the modern methods of production—the employer is not only enabled to pay high wages, but will in fact be obliged to do so, in order to obtain what is really the cheapest (in the sense of the most efficient) labour. The world has not yet come to recognize it, but it is nevertheless an economic axiom, that the invariable concomitant of high wages and the skilled use of machinery is a low cost of production and a large consumption. In the first of the results is to be found the explanation of the continually increasing tendency of wages to advance; in the second, an explanation why the supplantation of labour by machinery has not been generally more disastrous.

The influence of the invention and development of machinery is in fact the most interesting and important point in the whole range of labour questions, and here again we find our-

selves in serious conflict with the Fabian reformers. "Just as fast," one of them tells us, "as capitalists find it profitable to introduce improved machinery, as fast also will the helplessness of a growing number of the proletariat increase." It can only be said that such has not been the experience of the past. Observers of the facts are agreed that the influence of machinery has on the whole been highly beneficial. We have seen that in relation to the increase or decrease of the rate of wages, the all-important factor has been the increase or decrease of the product. It is by increasing the product that machinery has much more than counteracted the evils caused by the displacement of labour. Machinery, as Mr. Wells shows, has, for one of its most important effects, the saving, especially in agriculture, of the lowest form of labour. Further, the labour required for machinery is intelligent, and therefore well paid; and the labour displaced is absorbed, and more than absorbed, in new factories which spring up in the effort to meet the new demands created by low prices, and the result is the employment of a constantly increasing number of labourers at higher wages than before. We may find room for one instance among the many striking examples quoted by Mr. Wells. In 1831 the average price of cotton cloths in the United States was about seventeen cents per yard. In 1880 it was seven cents. This reduction of price has been accompanied by an increase in the annual "*per capita* consumption of the people from 5·90 pounds of cloth to 13·91 pounds; which in turn represents a great increase in all the occupations connected with cotton, from its growth to its transformation into cloth and cloth fabrications, and the evidence is conclusive that in all these occupations the share of labour in the progressing augmentation of values and quantities has continually increased; the advance in the wages of the cotton-mill operatives during the period under consideration having been fully 80 per cent" (p. 382).

If a legislative eight hours of labour resulted in a limitation of the supply of labour, it would probably be accompanied, not so much by the absorption of the unemployed (as Mr. Webb expects), as by greater speed in the working of machinery, and by the invention of new machinery, and might so far appear to be advantageous. The remedy which at once suggests itself to an employer who has trouble with his hands is to "use a tool wherever it is possible instead of a man," a process which is illustrated by Mr. Wells when he says it is a well authenticated fact "that the strikes among the boot and shoe factories of one county in the state of Massachusetts in 1885 resulted in increasing the capacity for production by the same factories during the succeeding year of a fully equal product, with reduction of at least one thousand five hundred operatives; one machine improvement for effecting an operation called 'lasting' having been introduced which is capable of doing the former work of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty men, with a force not exceeding fifty men" (p. 68).

Now this is a process which, however beneficial in the long run, it is not desirable to hasten by artificial means. Least of all would the Fabian Society wish to work in this direction, if, as Lord Dunraven has recently expressed it, their object is to "create additional employment without additional output." Some of the greatest difficulties and dangers of the modern development of industry have, of course, arisen from the displacement of labour, which is the immediate effect of an increasing use of machinery. They are none the less real and acute because they are temporary, and they can be met only by increasing the general capacity and versatility of the workman by education, technical and other. The only true remedy, as Mr. Atkinson puts it, is to develope the individual capacity of

each common labourer, and to render him capable of performing more than one kind of service,—"of applying brains and hand alike to any kind of work which is waiting to be done."

If, however, it does not appear to be true to say that the poor are getting poorer, we must now inquire whether it is true that the rich are getting disproportionately richer. Have the richer classes profited more by the industrial development of the last fifty years than the poorer classes? It would be wearisome to quote figures and statistics which are accessible to all, and we may therefore be allowed to give the words in which Mr. Giffen has summed up the results of his valuable inquiry into this particular point. "The rich have become more numerous, but not richer individually; the poor are to some smaller extent fewer; and those who remain poor are individually twice as well off on the average as they were fifty years ago. The poor have thus had almost all the benefit of the great material advances of the last fifty years."

M. Leroy-Beaulieu, in his excellent work *Sur la Répartition des Richesses*, has made a similar inquiry for Prussia and Saxony, whose income-tax statistics afford material for the investigation. For Prussia the period 1853–1878 has been one, not of normal but, of extraordinary aggrandisement and progress; and the result is that the three poorest classes of the population are those which have most profited by the general amelioration, while the categories of the large, and especially of the very large incomes are the only ones which show a tendency to remain stationary or to go back.

A fact no less clearly recognized than the rise of wages is indeed the fall, which is certainly now in progress in the rate of interest on capital. M. Leroy-Beaulieu attributes this fall to three causes, the increase of security in business, the increase of capital by accumulation, and the lessened productivity of freshly accumulated capital in old-established societies. We regret that we cannot follow M. Leroy-Beaulieu into his speculations on this phenomenon and its possible results—one of the most attractive of economical problems. What is happening is, however, clear. Of the two factors in the work of production and distribution, "capital has become relatively more abundant than labour, and has accumulated faster than it can be profitably invested, and in accordance with the law of supply and demand the compensation for its use—interest or profits—has necessarily declined, as compared with the compensation paid to labour." (Wells, p. 418.) The competition of capital with capital becomes daily greater than the competition of labour with capital. Without accepting Turgot's celebrated comparison, between the rate of interest and the rise and fall of a flood, as of universal application, it is easy to see the beneficial effect of this process in its relation to labour. The rate of interest declines because the stored-up wealth of the world is increasing, and this wealth is being diffused throughout the community in the shape of higher wages and lower prices. It tends towards the equalization of conditions in this further way—that a decline in the rate of interest is equivalent to a gradual loss by the class of capitalists and *rentiers* of part of their advantage over the rest of the community.

We have now glanced at some of the principal facts so admirably marshalled by Mr. Wells, and we find that the objects which our social reformers pretend to desire are actually those which the free play of economic forces is steadily obtaining for us. The wiser of them, we observe, no longer attempt to deny these facts. But they naturally cannot stultify themselves by admitting that the "individualistic" system upon which they lavish all their scorn has really contributed to the steady progress of the wage-earning classes, that the "shallow economic optimism of Bastiat" has been so marvellously justified by results. They

therefore resort to methods of argument of which Mr. Sidney Webb's recent article on the hours of labour gives a typical instance. They claim the progress made as due to legislation of a restrictive or socialistic character, which is very like saying that a train goes sixty miles an hour because it is fitted with brakes. Without denying that the better organization of industry may in some instances be beneficially assisted by the method of law, or attempting to minimize the effect of factory legislation, it is impossible to take Mr. Webb seriously when he hints a belief that the rise in wages is due to direct or indirect limitation of the hours of labour by Factory Acts. He shows a similar prejudice when he seems to maintain that the reduction in the rate of interest is due to Factory Acts and other limitations which have been placed on the use of capital, such as the prohibition of slave dealing, lotteries, and baby-farming! It is surely puerile to argue that such restrictions as these can have had any but the most trifling effect in one direction or the other, in presence of the overwhelming fact of the almost incredibly vast development of production which has distinguished the present century, and which has determined the two great tendencies of industrial progress signalized above. In spite of much noisy and positive assertion, there has in truth been no attempt to disprove the reality of that progress, and we are therefore entitled to ask reformers of the socialist or collectivist type to show that their proposals would not merely not retard, but would hasten it. Would they, we must ask, increase production, raise wages, lower prices? In reply to these questions (to take one instance) Mr. Webb, in the article already referred to, labours to show by arguments which can only be described as sophistical in the extreme, that production would be only slightly diminished by an Eight Hours' Act, that wages might not fall, that prices would not be affected. And when we observe that the Fabian essayists make no attempt to argue the broader question of the nationalization or municipalization of land and the "instruments of production" on the grounds we have indicated, we are justified in saying that until they do so their arguments will neither obtain recognition nor deserve it.

In the company of Mr. Wells we breathe a purer air. He does not twist and turn to prove some preconceived theory, but endeavours to find the truth about the actual situation. That truth is in a high degree encouraging, and the considerations suggested in the following passage may well be weighed against socialistic counsels of despair.

> The record of progress in Great Britain above described is indisputably a record that has been made under circumstances that if not wholly discouraging were certainly unfavourable. It is the record of a country densely populated, and of limited area, with the ownership, or free use of land restricted to the comparatively few; with (until recent years) the largest national debt known in history; with a heavy burden of taxation apportioned on consumption rather than on accumulated property, and the reduction of which, a participation in constant wars and enormous military and naval expenditures have always obstructed or prevented; with a burden of pauperism at the outset, and indeed for the first half of the period under consideration, which almost threatened the whole fabric of society; and, finally, with a long continued indisposition on the part of the governing classes to make any concessions looking to the betterment of the masses, except under the pressure of influences which they had little or no share in creating. And yet without any "violent specifics," or radical societary changes, and apart from any force of statute law, except so far as statute law has been an instrumentality for making previously existing changes in public sentiment effective; but rather through the steady working of economic laws under continually increasing industrial and commercial freedom, the working masses of Great Britain, "in place of being a dependent class, without future and without hope have come into a position from which they may reasonably expect to advance to any degree of comfort and civilization."

Now with humanity occupying a higher

vantage ground in every respect than ever before; with a remarkable increase in recent years in its knowledge and control of the forces of nature—the direct and constant outcome of which is to increase the abundance of all useful and desirable commodities in a greater degree than the world has ever before experienced, and to mitigate the asperities and diminish the hours of toil—is it reasonable to expect that further progress in this direction is to be arrested?

Surely "no" must be the answer to the question thus put, unless mistaken and reactionary ideals gain the upper hand in our democracy. We have no desire to exaggerate the dangers of socialistic teaching; but when it is remembered that there is no country where the entire accumulated property would sell for enough to maintain its population on the most economical terms for a longer space than three years, and that the world as a whole is calculated to be always within a single year or less of starvation, it will be clear that the margin for experiment is not a great one. The spoils are not so inexhaustible as it is the fashion to assume. The world only exists by reason of the steady and unresting toil of the vast majority of human beings, and any teaching which weakens either the power and desire to work, or the motive for accumulation, may easily become a serious danger to human progress.

B. M.

AUSTRALIA FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

On the motion of the Premier a Committee of the House was appointed yesterday afternoon to consider what steps it is desirable to take to assist in the establishment of responsible government in Western Australia. . . . . The only serious objection to the resolution came from two members, the latter urging that it was an unwarrantable interference in the affairs of Great Britain, which had spent hundreds of years and millions of money in planting colonies, each of which as soon as it felt its feet wanted responsible government and showed an inclination to "cut the painter."—*The Evening Post* (Wellington, N.Z.), August 30, 1889.

A PARAGRAPH from a small New Zealand newspaper may seem rather a slender thread whereon to hang a magazine article, but a resident in New Zealand must plead the twelve thousand miles of water and six weeks of time that lie between him and the old country in his defence. Moreover the text is not without its value as leading up to our subject.

It is somewhat strange to note what a change of feeling has come over England with regard to her Australian colonies. Forty years ago Lord John Russell anticipated with considerable equanimity the day when those colonies should claim their independence; but within the last ten years all this has been changed. Various causes conspired to produce this change. First and foremost was the growing prosperity, real or artificial, or at any rate the increasing debt of the colonies. Then the war-panic of 1878, followed by others of more recent date, raised the question of their defence against foreign aggression. A little later an acute attack of what may be called colonization fever led to a scramble among the European nations for the islands of the Pacific, introducing a new phase of that difficult problem, How to reconcile the conflicting interests of mother-country and colonies in the matter of foreign policy? Then again the long wave of depression that is only now beginning to recede forced the colonies more closely on the attention of England. British trade was languishing; where should it find new markets? In the Australian colonies. Hundreds of thousands of Englishmen were in distress for want of work; where should they find employment? In the Australian colonies. So the British nation, after neglecting those colonies for twenty or thirty years, suddenly awoke to the fact that they were of surpassing value, and set to work to pet and coax them with the spasmodic energy that usually accompanies a reaction of feeling.

The colonies were not slow to see what their policy should be. Colonial folk have a reputation, which is not undeserved, for seeing clearly what their interests are and for pursuing them without scruple. They saw that the mother country was disposed to make sacrifices to gain their favour, and they laid themselves out to obtain from her as much as possible, giving in exchange effusive but intermittent protestations of undying attachment. With this object the Australian governments have not hesitated to drag the Imperial Government into sundry quarrels, and emboldened by the success of their manœuvres (for unfortunately they have in most cases gained their point) seem inclined to assume to themselves a kind of dictatorate over the Imperial policy.

Let us illustrate this by a few ex-

amples. The colonial questions that have been the most prominent in the eyes of the British public during the last few years will prove on examination to have originated for the most part in Australia. There was the New Guinea question, the New Hebrides question, and the China question, which latter though common alike to British Columbia and Australia, was far more violently treated in the latter. Why Australia should have such a surfeit of questions to herself is not so clear. Possibly the presence of the Australian Contingent in the Soudan may have prompted the English people to give the great continent a preponderance of attention. To be sure the Contingent was furnished by New South Wales alone, but the British public is not particular as to provinces.

However that may be, Australia has undoubtedly occupied a deal of our time and given us a deal of trouble, to what end we will now see. In respect of the annexation of New Guinea, commanding Torres Strait as it does, Australia no doubt did well to be anxious; but the agitation over the New Hebrides was surely one of the most absurdly factitious movements that ever stirred the depths of a tea-cup. It is also, however, instructive as showing the folly of which an aggregation of individually sensible people may be guilty. The French occupation of the islands, as we have learnt from various visitors who had good opportunity of ascertaining the truth, was the work of an old French colonel who was left in temporary charge of the government of New Caledonia. This worthy man, being on the eve of retirement and having nothing to lose by such an act of initiative, calmly occupied the islands on his own responsibility. But for the howl from some of the Australian provinces the act might have been disclaimed without difficulty, and the matter would have been at an end. But French honour once stirred, and French shrewdness as to the value of a counterpoise to our own occupation of Egypt once awakened, this simple solution became impossible. The Australian governments on their side were by no means clear as to their own wants. A leading feature in the question was the danger already threatening Australian morals from the escape of French convicts from New Caledonia, which would be increased if a second penal settlement were founded in the New Hebrides. It is perfectly true that these convicts, or, as they are generally called, *récidivistes*, do escape to the British colonies: there are some seventy of them in New Zealand at this moment; but the bulk of them find their way to Sydney. Now it would be natural to suppose that New South Wales would have been foremost in advocating the annexation of the New Hebrides by England. Nothing could be further from the fact. Victoria was the leading spirit in the agitation; and this is the letter that the Premier of New South Wales wrote to him on the subject on September 8th, 1883. "I do not see where annexation is to end; if the New Hebrides, then how about the Solomon group, the Santa Cruz, New Britain, New Ireland, and scores of others? . . . I regret to see the question complicated by injudicious letters of colonists in London who speak of non-annexation by England involving alienation of the colonies from the mother country." Such was the attitude of New South Wales, the colony most interested in the question. The French on their side made a fair offer enough, —to abandon transportation to the Pacific altogether if they were permitted to keep the New Hebrides. This would have been a good solution; but it did not suit the Australian agitator, who wanted not an arrangement of the difficulty, but a grievance. The Presbyterians, who had missions in the New Hebrides, were strongly opposed to the French occupation, and thought the cession of the islands too high a price to pay for the delivery from *récidivistes;* and the Presby-

terian vote is at times important in some of the colonies. True, the French offered to guarantee the integrity of the missions and of the interests of British subjects, but this would not suit the agitators. The presence of the French in the New Hebrides was, it was urged, a standing menace to Australia, though the islands are practically as far away from the coast as Madeira is from Dartmouth; to say nothing of the fact that the French, if they wished to concentrate a large armament against Australia, have already undisputed possession of New Caledonia, which is closer to the continent, supplied with good harbours and far healthier in point of climate. So the miserable dispute dragged on until the meeting of the Colonial Conference, when the colonial delegates met Lord Salisbury face to face on the subject. The proceedings at this particular meeting were strictly confidential; but somehow a telegram appeared in the colonial papers stating that Sir Graham Berry had made a "fiery speech," and said that the sentiments uttered by Lord Salisbury would have come better from the mouth of a French Premier. Whether any such passage of arms actually took place we do not know, for the proceedings, as aforesaid, were strictly confidential; but we do know that shortly afterwards the French consented to evacuate the New Hebrides. The islands were utterly valueless to them, and their garrisons had suffered heavily, so probably they were glad enough to do so. Thus the net result of all the agitation was zero; and an opportunity for putting a stop for ever to the transportation of French convicts to the Pacific, and perhaps for obtaining the important island of Rapa, was finally lost. The melancholy part of the business is that the Imperial Government, both in Mr. Gladstone's days and in Lord Salisbury's, knew from certain proofs how false and hollow the whole agitation was, but had not the courage to explode it. The Australians won a victory and did not forget it.

Then in 1888 came the Chinese question, which, though no new thing, entered in that year on rather an acute stage. Exceptional legislation to prevent the influx of Chinese by the imposition of a poll tax, dates in Victoria from 1855, in South Australia from 1857, in New South Wales from 1861, in Queensland from 1877, and in New Zealand from 1881. The first severe protest from the Chinese Government against the ill-treatment of her subjects in the colonies was drawn from the Chinese ambassador in June 1886, by the passage of a peculiarly offensive Anti-Chinese Act in British Columbia in the previous year. In November 1887 Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales, consulted Mr. Gilles, Premier of Victoria, as to the advantage of getting all the Australasian colonies to agree in a measure of restriction, "or perhaps more correctly speaking, practical prohibition of the entry of Chinese into their territory." The prospect of the arrival of a shipload of Chinese immigrants, and a report that the United States had negotiated a treaty with China whereby Chinese immigration was entirely forbidden, prompted Sir Henry to telegraph through Lord Carrington to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, urging that the Imperial Government should do the same for Australia. At the end of April a ship, the *Afghan*, came into Melbourne with Chinese immigrants on board, and the match being thus put to the train, the agitation burst into full blaze. There were sixty immigrants bound for Melbourne, and of these forty-four claimed admission as naturalized British subjects. Their naturalization papers were reported, on examination, to have been issued to others than the men that presented them, and the immigrants were refused permission to land. The ship then went on to Sydney, for which port also it carried Chinese passengers. Here again admission was refused.

Lord Knutsford telegraphed to ask under what colonial law this was done, and the Government of New South Wales was fain to confess that no existing law justified such action; but that it was resolved to prevent the Chinese from landing at all hazards. New ships arrived, not only at Sydney but also at Adelaide. The South Australian ministers likewise announced that if application had been made for the disembarkation of Chinese immigrants at that port, it would have been refused. The Chinese then fell back on the courts of law, and on May 18th the Supreme Court of New South Wales declared the action of the Government to be illegal. The immigrants holding tickets of exemption from payment from the poll tax were then allowed to land.

Where the political leaders set such an example, it was no wonder that the people followed. In April the miners in the Croydon gold-fields in Queensland expelled the Chinese from among them, and the Queensland Minister of Lands ordered all Chinese not possessing authorized holdings to leave the fields within a month. On May 4th a mob of five thousand people invaded the Parliament House at Sydney, and extorted from Sir Henry Parkes a promise that the Chinese should not be allowed to land. On the same day a Chinese camp near Albany, on the frontier of Victoria and New South Wales, was destroyed by fire in very suspicious circumstances, and two days later a gang of two hundred roughs invaded the Chinese quarter of Brisbane, wrecked several of the shops, and stoned the inhabitants.

The panic spread for a time even to New Zealand, where the Lower House hastily passed a strong anti-Chinese Bill. The Upper House however kept its head, and so mangled and emasculated the unfortunate measure that it could hardly be recognised. Further, a number of the Chinese who were refused admission to Australia were allowed to land in New Zealand unmolested; the Government was not actually sanctioning it, but discreetly looking the other way. Nor must it be supposed that all Australians went heartily into the anti-Chinese crusade. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Victoria expressed sympathy with the Chinese; but this body, which was "important and influential" while supporting the New Hebrides agitation, mysteriously lost all significance in the eyes of the Victorian Government when the Chinese were in question. Cardinal Moran again, the head of the Roman Catholics in Australasia, said outright that the colonies were acting in an arbitrary and unchristian spirit in prohibiting the landing of the Chinese. He admitted that at one time he had held a different opinion, but after careful consideration had seen good cause to change his views. A great deal of the agitation was fictitious, and got up by loafers and others who were too lazy to work. Such was the Cardinal's opinion, and not his alone.

It must be borne in mind that only a few weeks before these violent measures were taken by the Australian governments the whole question had been solemnly remitted to the care of the Imperial Government as alone competent to deal with it; the colonies having no power to negotiate for themselves with foreign nations. It would be difficult to see how such hasty action could forward the negotiations of the English Government, but Sir Henry Parkes denied that he had acted hastily. "Neither for her Majesty's ships of war, nor for her Majesty's representative on the spot, nor for the Secretary of State, did his Government intend to turn aside from their purpose, which was to terminate the landing of the Chinese for ever, except under the provisions of a Bill which practically amounted to prohibition." Yet this was the man who a few months previously, during the celebration of the centenary of the colony of New South Wales, had pro-

fessed the most extravagant loyalty, and denounced some that hooted the name of the Queen as a "black drop in the ocean."

The next stage of the movement was the assembly of a conference at Sydney to which all the Australasian colonies sent delegates to discuss this burning question. This conference, which was the result of a suggestion from South Australia, was by some regarded as a solution of the whole difficulty. On this side of the world, however, these conferences are somewhat of a by-word. They are employed rather as royal commissions are employed at home as universal panaceas, but for the most part they are solemn farces. The delegates on this occasion met on June 12th, and by the 14th had settled matters to its satisfaction. The delegate from New Zealand arriving three days late found that the business was all finished and returned to his own place a sadder and wiser man. At the opening of the Conference Lord Knutsford sent a telegram suggesting for its discussion that all foreign emigration should be equally restricted, with reservation of power to relax the rules in certain cases; and there Imperial action in the matter came to an end. The decision of the Conference was embodied in a memorandum which was duly telegraphed to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. It began by politely setting aside Lord Knutsford's suggestions, urged the necessity for concluding a treaty similar to that between the United States and China, and meanwhile announced the intention of the colonies to legislate immediately in accordance with the resolutions passed by the Conference. These resolutions run as follows:

1. That in the opinion of this Conference the further restriction of Chinese immigration is essential to the welfare of the people of Australia.

2. That this Conference is of opinion that the desired restriction can best be secured through the diplomatic action of the Imperial Government and by uniform Australasian legislation.

3. That this Conference resolves to consider a joint representation to the Imperial Government for the purpose of obtaining the desired diplomatic action.

4. That this Conference is of opinion that the desired Australasian legislation should contain the following provision:

i. That it shall apply to all Chinese with specific exceptions.

ii. That the restriction should be by limitation of the number of Chinese which any vessel may bring into any Australian port to one passenger to every 500 tons of the ship's burden.

iii. That the passage of Chinese from one colony to another without consent of the colony which they enter be made a misdemeanour.

Thus having once more begged England to settle the matter for them by negotiation, the colonies, or at least some of them, proceeded to settle it for themselves by legislation. Lord Knutsford had already pointed out to New South Wales that such proceedings were an obstacle to successful negotiations, but this, like all other representations of the Colonial Office, was contemptuously ignored. Still it was necessary to give some sort of excuse, and hence the following passage in the Memorandum:

> As the length of time to be occupied in negotiation between the Imperial Government and the Government of China is uncertain, and as the colonies in the meanwhile have reason to dread a large influx from China, the several governments feel impelled to legislate immediately to protect their citizens against an invasion which is dreaded because of its results not only on the labour market but on the social and moral condition of the people.

How absolutely ludicrous this pretext was will be perceived when it is remembered that the Chinese population of Australasia numbers under fifty-two thousand, while the Europeans amount to three millions and a half. If during the interval required for the negotiations this population were increased by one half there would still be fifty

Europeans to every Chinaman. As to the effect of the "Chinese invasion" on the moral condition of Australia, we do not think that the Conference was well advised in dragging morality into the question. The moral condition of these colonies is not much to boast of. With all its poverty, misery, and overcrowding the United Kingdom has less crime, relatively speaking, than any of the Australian colonies—considerably less indeed than Victoria. But colonial politicians are not generally so incautious as to expose themselves to criticism of this kind. It is a rule in horse-dealing for the seller to praise the bad points of his animal and let the good points speak for themselves; and it is on this principle that the delegates at Sydney conclude their Memorandum. They assert first that "the treatment of the Chinese in the Australian colonies has been invariably humane and considerate; and that in spite of the intensity of popular feeling during the recent sudden influx, good order has been everywhere maintained." And then as if this were not enough they add that the colonial governments in their action, which they admit to be "strong and decisive," have been "studious of Imperial interests, of international obligations, and of their reputation as law-abiding communities." These statements were too monstrous to pass muster even in Australia; at Adelaide a member of the Legislative Council characterized them in the House as deliberately untrue, and proceeded to justify his epithet with irrefragable proofs. We have already given samples of the "humane treatment" of the Chinese, and of the good order maintained in Australia, and particularly in Sydney. Our readers can judge for themselves how studious the Australian governments were of international obligations when they violated the treaty of Tientsin, of Imperial interests when they deliberately insulted and persecuted the subjects of a valuable ally, of their reputation as law-abiding communities when they forced the Chinese to claim the protection of the Supreme Courts against their illegal violence.

As yet, though the Colonial Office has every facility for knowing the true state of affairs in Australia as regards this Chinese question, Lord Knutsford has apparently accepted all this blustering falsehood with seriousness, and promised to do his best to give effect to the mandates of the Australian governments. And meanwhile the great problem of the development of tropical Australia, which is beyond the power of the white man without Asiatic or African labour,—a problem whereof the solution is intimately bound up in this same Chinese question—is not mentioned on either side. It was brought before the Conference with the soundest good sense by the Tasmanian delegates, ignored by the rest, and dropped. Such is the way in which subjects of vital importance are handled by the colonial governments.

But at present the Australian governments have another outlet for their energy, namely, that indicated in the opening words of this article—the concession of constitutional government to Western Australia. We do not propose to enter on a discussion of the rights of the question. Space, which has forbidden us to go more deeply into the Chinese question forbids this also. But we would call the reader's attention once more to the newspaper extract at the head of this article and invite him to follow the process, as here exemplified, of manufacturing colonial public opinion for the English market. The question of the government of Western Australia was first brought before the notice of the New Zealand House of Representatives by a member of no weight, standing, or influence, a man who has no more interest in Western Australia and its affairs than the Shah of Persia, but who has an eye, the true colonial politician's eye, for a good subject for clap-trap, and has also a vote in Parliament. Probably not fifty men out of our half-million

in New Zealand care one sixpence whether Western Australia obtains responsible government or not; indeed the more intelligent, seeing to what a pass responsible government has brought New Zealand, would probably prefer, for Western Australia's own sake, that she should remain a Crown colony. But the subject, as we have said, affords too good an opportunity for obtaining a little cheap popularity and gaining a few votes to be neglected. The government takes it up; the due quantity of empty rhetoric was discharged over it; the House, for the most part apathetic, suffers a committee to be appointed; and likely enough within a few weeks the Colonial Office and the British press will be informed that New Zealand is in a state of frenzy over the wrongs of Western Australia; the Agent-General will be instructed to co-operate with the other Agents-General to make energetic representations to the Secretary of State on the subject, and so the whole kennel will be a-yelp with the old cry of liberty for free-born Englishmen to manage their own affairs, and so forth. It is astonishing into what presentable shape the journey to England works the most shapeless colonial agitation. Experts tell us that in a large building like the Crystal Palace even the crash of a falling plank becomes shaken into a musical note; and it is somewhat in the same fashion that the discordant utterances of aspiring colonial statesmen are wrought into a semblance of regulated sound.

Now what earthly business has New Zealand or any other of our colonies to interfere with the action of the Imperial Government in respect of Western Australia? This province, fortunately a large one, is the single portion of the continent which is left in our hands; nay, it includes the one piece of territory (besides Natal) suitable for a white man's settlement, properly so-called, that England out of all her vast possessions still keeps in her own power. Australia is not a national, but a geographical term, and the handful of settlers (for they are no more) that fringe the south and east coasts of the continent have no imaginable claim to right of interference with any territory but that allotted to them. Surely they have enough land in all conscience; very much more in the case of Queensland and South Australia than they can manage. Why should their intervention be brooked for an instant in this or other questions where Imperial interests are paramount? Oh, we are told, the colonies must be conciliated.

The colonies must be conciliated, must be petted, coaxed, and given everything that they cry for, in order to attach them to the mother country. This for some reason is the rule that governs our colonial policy in these days. Lord John Russell, when he made his great concessions to the colonies forty years ago, openly said that his policy contemplated their ultimate independence. We now pursue the same policy with exaggeration for precisely the opposite purpose,—to conciliate the colonies. But wherein, then, have the colonies been alienated? Surely there are no more fortunate communities in the world. They are endowed with a vast territory for which they pay nothing, they have perfect liberty to do what they please within it, and they are protected at an absurdly small cost by the British navy from foreign encroachment. Last and not least, they have all the wealth of England to borrow from, a privilege which is certainly not neglected. Why then this special need of conciliation? Do we hope to obtain the assistance of the Australian colonies in relieving the congestion of population in England? If so, let the truth be accepted once and for all that no colonial government will alter one word of its existing land-laws for the benefit of any number of Englishmen. Emigration on a large scale, as Mr.

John Morley has well said, must be voluntary, or it must fail inevitably, absolutely, and disastrously; and the currents of such voluntary emigration are determined not by sentimental but by material considerations. A century and a half ago a Frederick William could transport seventeen thousand persecuted Salzburgers to Prussian Lithuania, and by finding them all necessaries make them into a prosperous colony, but this is the one instance of successful state-directed colonization. It is well known that the British flag is not of itself sufficient inducement to make voluntary emigrants prefer British colonies to the United States; and it must be added that the working-men, who are now omnipotent in Australasia, are by no means favourable to the introduction of more of their own class, for the very sufficient reason that they dread a fall of wages. Already there are unions of working men, notably of seamen, whose object is to limit the supply of labour and so keep up the wage-rate; and this not by including all good men of their calling in one corporation, but by limiting the numbers which they admit thereto, and so keeping themselves a close body. The lengths to which the Seamen's Union will go may be illustrated by their behaviour towards a line of steamers, carrying Chinese crews, which runs between San Francisco and Sydney. Last year, at the height of the anti-Chinese agitation, one of these ships came into Sydney as usual. On her arrival the Union insisted that the captain should throw his Chinese stokers out of work and take members of the Union in their place, threatening that if he refused there should be no stevedores to unload his cargo nor trimmers to load his coal. The same thing occurred in the following month when another ship of the same line arrived. In each case the captain offered a compromise, which was refused; and then Yankee shrewdness, driven to its last shifts, contrived to outwit the Union. The cargo was landed and the coal taken in; but unless we are mistaken, the owners of the steamers have since conceded to the Union all or nearly all that they then demanded.

Such is a sample of the doings of the colonial working man. We say nothing of Shearers' Unions, Miners' Unions, and the innumerable bodies of that kind which abound, and no doubt with perfect right, in Australia, but are far too fond of breaking out into acts of violence. That the English working man should receive a welcome from them is too much to expect from human nature. Australia for the Australians is the cry now, and not all the blandishments of a repentant England can alter it. We deliberately gave them their territory unconditionally, and now, too late, we find that it is no longer ours. To seek to regain a hold over it by soft speeches and concessions is ludicrously and yet painfully futile.

But then, we are told, there is our colonial trade which we wish to keep and to increase. On this head it cannot be too often repeated that the colonies send their produce to England because London is the wool and grain market of the world, and not from any feeling towards the mother country. In return for their produce the colonies take such goods as they want from England; and the arrangement is no doubt satisfactory for both parties. But all over Australasia we find heavy protective tariffs to shut out English manufacturers. In New South Wales alone is trade free, and it is impossible to say how soon it may cease to be free even there. But granting that we have a tolerably stable trade with Australasia, what would become of it if America threw open her ports to these colonies? And this again is a thing that may happen almost any day.

Let it be thoroughly understood that it is business and not sentiment that binds our Australian colonies to us, and that material and not sentimental

considerations must guide our future policy towards them. England's relation to them is less that of a suzerain than of a mortgagee. Between two and three hundred millions of English capital are invested in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, one hundred and sixty-four millions of which form the public and the rest private and municipal debt. Let us glance once more at the debts of the Australian colonies, and see what we can learn from them. The following table is compiled from the Victorian Year-book for 1888-89, the accepted authority in such matters.

	Victoria.	New South Wales.	Queensland.	South Australia.
Population, 1887	1,036,119	1,042,919	366,940	312,421[1]
	£	£	£	£
Debt, 1881	22,426,502	16,924,019	13,245,150	11,196,800
Debt, 31st December, 1886 .	30,114,202	41,034,249	20,820,850	18,340,200
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Indebtedness per head, 1881 .	24 9 7	21 14 8	58 7 1	38 3 6
„ „ 1886 .	30 0 5	40 19 1	60 15 5	58 12 10
Multiple of year's revenue, 1881	4·32	2·52	6·55	5·16
„ „ 1886	4·65	5·43	7·41	9·28

From these figures it appears that the Australian debt is growing faster than either the population or the revenue. But these loans, we are told, have been expended on reproductive works. It is somewhat singular that, in spite of this reproductiveness, taxation in Australia averages 2*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* per head against 2*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* in the United Kingdom; the more so as the colonies have a revenue from the sale of Crown lands which is not to be found in the old country. Let us take the case of the railways, which have absorbed 67·24 per cent. of the Australian loans. The interest paid on the capital cost of the Australian railways by the net railway revenue of 1886 was in Victoria 4¼ per cent., in New South Wales 2¾ per cent., in Queensland 1½ per cent., in South Australia 2½ per cent. In other words, Victoria alone could pay out of railway revenue the interest on the money expended on these highly reproductive works.

Take now another case, that of water-storage. Australia is the land of drought, and the question of water-storage is admitted to be of the first and most vital importance. Out of a total debt of one hundred and eleven and a half millions, some ten millions only was contracted for purposes of water-storage, and in this sum the loans for sewerage are included. The greater portion of these ten millions was of course taken simply for the sewerage and water supply of the overgrown towns of Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide. If less money had been expended on political railways and more on the conservation of water, we perhaps should not have heard that in the great drought of last year (1888) the loss of sheep amounted to nine millions, and of cattle to two hundred thousand head, and that in Ballarat, a town of forty thousand inhabitants, potatoes were selling at 22*l.* a ton.

But, it is argued, the resources of Australia are inexhaustible. Population is increasing rapidly and the development of the country is advancing as rapidly. To meet this let us again appeal to Mr. Hayter's figures. It is probably well known that the bulk of the Australian population is huddled

into a few large towns, but the true state of the case, as shown in the following tables, is possibly less well known.

Colony.	Estimated Population in 1887.	Capital.	Estimated Population in 1887.
Victoria	1,036,119	Melbourne	391,546
N. S. Wales	1,042,919	Sydney	348,695
Queensland	366,940	Brisbane	55,475 [1]
S. Australia	312,758	Adelaide	111,300

Thus in three provinces more than one-third of the population is congregated in the capital towns. From the next table it will be seen that the population of these towns had a tendency to increase out of all proportion to the rest of the colony.

INCREASE IN POPULATION BETWEEN 1881 AND 1889.

Victoria. .	173,773	Melbourne .	108,599
N. S. Wales	291,451	Sydney . .	124,484
S. Australia	32,556	Adelaide .	7,436
Queensland.	153,415	Brisbane .	24,356
	651,195		264,875

So far as regards Queensland and South Australia these figures are not so unfavourable; but the total population of South Australia is estimated to have decreased slightly since 1886, and it is more than probable that this colony has helped to swell the numbers in Sydney and Melbourne. As regards this last pair the figures are astounding, though Melbourne's case is the worst of the two. The proportion that the population of Melbourne bore to that of all Victoria was—

In 1861	25·89	per cent.
„ 1871	28·87	„
„ 1881	32·81	„
„ 1887	38·40	„

Finally, if we sum up the metropolitan population of Australia, including Perth, we find that out of a total of, roughly, two millions nine hundred thousand souls, no fewer than nine hundred and thirteen thousand are packed into five towns. And this is in a new country, where popular imagination pictures every man under his own vine and his own fig-tree!

It may be rejoined that after all the Australians know their own business best. The climate is capricious. Destructive droughts, followed by equally destructive floods, recur with troublesome regularity. Agriculture is hazardous work in most parts of the continent, and pastoral occupations, from the nature of the case, employ comparatively few hands. The Australians have coal, iron, and wool. Why should they not work up their own produce and become a manufacturing people, increasing to any number that can find employment? The obvious reply is, how is this large population to be fed? In 1888 it became necessary, in consequence of the drought, to import grain, though Victoria and South Australia generally have a surplus for export. From similar droughts Australia is never safe; and New Zealand will not always have a superabundance of grain to feed her with. Then again, the population in Australia tends to overgrow the meat supply; the former increasing by four per cent., the latter by two per cent. annually. Droughts, from the havoc that they work among stock, must equally be reckoned as a disturbing element in this case. If, therefore, Australia is to carry a large

[1] The Colonial Office gives Brisbane and suburbs 73,697.

white population (which many men of thought and experience hold to be utterly impossible) she can do so only by means of a vast system of water-storage and irrigation. It is only thus that the treachery of the climate can be foiled. But such a system would entail great expense, that is to say, additional borrowing; and already the collective debts of the four self-governing provinces average close on £50 per head of population.

Such is the state of this Australia to whose bidding we now bend, and of whose unexampled prosperity we make such proud boasting. Its metropolitan populations are growing faster than the general population, its general populations than the meat supply, and its debts faster than all. A curious sort of prosperity it is, built on gold and propped by loans. The gambling spirit entered Australia with the gold-discoveries and has never left it. There is no such thing as steady progress. Spasms of inflated speculation occur from time to time, to be followed by the inevitable collapse; and the only remedy is a new loan, to ease the crash so far as possible and keep the working-man in good humour. If the loan be not forthcoming, exit the working-man to a place where loans are still pouring in. This is no exaggeration. The men that have left New Zealand within the past year are counted by thousands. They came for employment on public works, that is to say, to take their share of the New Zealand loans. New Zealand can obtain no more money in this way, and they leave for Australia or elsewhere. As the credit of the various provinces becomes exhausted (and the time is not so far distant when at least one will find itself in serious difficulties) the exodus will extend to them also. Meanwhile the present system of drawing bills on posterity is too easy to be readily abandoned. Posterity, when the time comes, will make its own reflections on the unprofitable jobs, exhausted soils, and wasted forests which represent its assets. But what does that matter to the present generation? If a man be allowed to borrow to an unlimited extent, and yet squander the security on which his loans are raised, so much the better for him and so much the worse for his creditors.

Let it, however, be understood that the privilege of lending them money is the one return that we can expect from the Australian colonies. They are unwilling to receive our emigrants; they do their best to exclude our manufactures; they are ready at all times to embroil us with foreign powers for the petty ephemeral ends of their statesmen; they close their tropical territory to the race that is of all others pre-eminently qualified to turn it to account, being themselves unable to develope it; they are, in a word, always ready to embarrass and interfere with the old country,—but they will never refuse a loan so long as they can get it. Loans form the one link that binds them to England; and with all their high talk about "cutting the painter," the colonies dare not do anything of the kind, for it would mean that their loans would be cut off also. But it is time that England should remember that she is a mortgagee as well as protectress; that the foolish course of conceding everything to the colonies only because they choose to howl for it, should be abandoned once for all; and that any change of colonial policy should be rather in the resumption than of the further relinquishment of our power over the Australian continent.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

THE cheap guide-books to Westminster Abbey which have appeared within the last two or three years have been a real boon to the public. One of these books has illustrations so excellent that, for their sake alone, it is a valuable possession. Formerly thousands of persons who could ill afford a shilling for a guide-book wandered in an aimless and ignorant manner about the building, staring at the monuments, or driven through the choir and chapels by fifties at a time; and they wandered out again in a bewildered state of mind, with a sense of relief and escape from so many overwhelming calls on their attention. Now that they can study the sixpenny guide-book at their leisure, and that Tuesday has been made a free day as well as Monday, the interest felt in the abbey and its contents has become far more general and will doubtless increase still more.

It is natural that the uneducated portion of the public should care much more for the monuments than for the architectural beauties of the building. Memorials to the dead appeal with equal force to all classes, whether they be highly cultivated or wholly uncivilized. *Siste Viator* need scarcely have been written on tombs; "As I am, so shalt thou be" is engraved in unmistakable characters on every lowly grave as on every magnificent monument. It is universally agreed that persons eminent for distinguished services to their country, famous for skill in literature, art or science, respected as prominent models of grace, wisdom and understanding in high places—persons, in short, of true nobility of soul, whose light has shone forth in the world and whose example has stirred the hearts of mankind—are worthy to receive praise and admiration from their fellow men, and to have their names handed down to posterity as those who have deserved well of their country. It naturally follows that some visible memorials of such persons should exist. "Out of sight" is truly "out of mind" with all but the students of history when a few generations have passed away.

It has been the practice of men from the earliest ages to raise visible tokens of the honour in which the memory of departed heroes and leaders of the race has been held; and this is but right, for the greatness of a nation ought to be seen in the roll of those whom it delights to honour. There can be no question where such memorials should be erected. The citizens of country towns feel a pride in the name of a great man whose fame has shed a lustre on the place of his birth, and they do well to raise a lasting tribute there to his memory; but names of national interest and importance should be recorded in the centre of national life. A Valhalla, or Hall of the Chosen, should be in the metropolis of every great nation. The nearest approach to a Valhalla in our country is Westminster Abbey. It can, however, never become a national Valhalla, although it has an ever increasing tendency to assume that character, with an ever decreasing capacity to maintain it.

Few will deny that the abbey is too full of monuments. More than a hundred years ago there was a cry raised, "The abbey is loaded with marbles." Nothing has been done to check their increase from that time to this, and the load has steadily become greater and heavier. In 1876 Dean Stanley wrote: "The day is fast ap-

proaching when the country must provide for the continuation to future times of that line of illustrious sepulchres which has added so much to the glory both of Westminster Abbey and of England". Various schemes have been devised and elaborate plans have been made to provide a suitable equivalent or supplement to the abbey. The Dean and Chapter have adopted the simplest remedy for the difficulty, and one which usually works well in such cases; but it is, perhaps, not sufficiently known. It consists in requiring very heavy fees for the spaces needed for statues, tablets, or painted windows. Committees, or persons in charge of the proposed statue or memorial, resent this excellent arrangement with bitterness. They appear to consider that the "stumbling-blocks" which they are generous enough to present to the abbey should be received with gratitude and open arms; whereas it is greatly for the interest both of the abbey and of the general public that the officials of the church should jealously guard its area and its structure. "Westminster Abbey is the fortress of the Church of England, and you are its garrison," said a wise foreign king to Dean Stanley.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre's scheme for the erection of a Victoria Chapel in connexion with the abbey, has been approved by the present Dean of Westminster and, with modifications, by the Society of Antiquaries; but it has met with so much opposition from the House of Commons and the Press that the proposed bill has been withdrawn, though a commission may be appointed to consider the subject.

Meanwhile, the idea that the existing cloisters might suffice to supply the wants, at any rate of our own times, meets with more favour; chiefly perhaps because little or no expense would be incurred. An examination of the cloisters will, however, show that there are already a great many monuments and tablets raised to the memory of the dead within its precincts. Hundreds of nameless persons, monks, and retainers of the court since the time of the Confessor, have been buried in that quiet resting-place, besides other persons whose names are recorded; to add many modern monuments to the number would greatly destroy the impression of antiquity and solemnity which at present pervades the place. Some few memorials, if introduced with sufficient skill and good taste to harmonize with their surroundings, might not be objectionable, provided they occupied wall-space only. Dean Stanley desired to see a new cloister erected within the precincts of the abbey, which should bear on its portals the names of those who have been forgotten within the walls in former times, and entomb beneath its floor the ashes of the illustrious men that shall follow after us.

Another alternative suggested is to continue the line of these illustrious men in the Cathedral of St. Paul, where a great many marble monsters are enthroned already, and some memorials are hidden away in the crypt as though we were ashamed of them. It is a great misfortune for the nation and particularly for London itself that the old cathedral and the beautiful monuments it contained should have so completely perished that all memory of both has passed away; save that in a dark corner of the present crypt some few ghosts remain of the splendid monuments that once decorated the stately and beautiful pile of Old St. Paul's, a far larger and more interesting building than its proud successor. There, in that great space, for the church occupied three and a half acres of ground, were buried many of our Saxon kings and of the bishops and nobles of their times. There, prominent among them, was the famous shrine of the canonized Bishop Erkenwold; there were laid to rest many mighty men of the Norman, Plantagenet, Lancastrian, and Tudor lines, warriors, statesmen, and ecclesiastics; there, under a magnificent canopy, lay the effigy of John of Gaunt

and his wife Blanche; and there were the memorials of many of Queen Elizabeth's trusted counsellors. Sculpture, painting, gilding, jewels and the precious metals adorned these monuments. The rapacious hands of Henry the Eighth robbed them of their splendour, and the sacrilege was continued under his son. Queen Elizabeth issued a proclamation in the second year of her reign to restrain the too forward zeal of those who defaced the images and broke in pieces the glass windows that still decorated the cathedral. The Puritans accomplished the work of destruction; they threw down the goodly monuments that remained, tore up the brasses and demolished the sculpture. Old St. Paul's was on fire four times before its final destruction in the great conflagration of 1666. The present cathedral has no past; no mailed and cross-legged crusaders peacefully awaiting the last day with folded hands; no ancient monuments to connect us with our ancestors; no architecture to remind us of medieval times and medieval Christianity. It reminds us rather of pagan times and faiths; of Italy and the Romans and the South; not of Saxons and Plantagenets and the North. Grand as it is, it cannot compete with the abbey in historical and monumental interest, and it never will be able to compete with it. The large majority of the monuments in the present cathedral are the product of an unfortunate period; they are useful illustrations of the wave of bad taste which once swept over the nation, as over the whole civilized world, and they should teach forcibly what to avoid. In these matters we are still immeasurably inferior to our medieval ancestors, not to speak of the unapproachable artists of ancient Greece; but there are refreshing signs in many recent monuments of a return at least to common sense.

After all, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's are churches and not museums of sculpture. Yet unless ome other place of honour can be ound for the continually growing crowd of distinguished men which our favoured age produces so freely, these churches must needs be blocked up and deformed more and more. It is difficult for their guardians to draw a hard and fast line as to the question who shall be permitted and who shall be denied admittance within the sacred walls. For every man who has held any public office, whether he has particularly adorned it or not, for almost every man indeed whose name has become known in however small a way outside his family circle, a testimonial is now claimed almost before the grave has closed over him. To do them justice, they seldom themselves desire the honour of being immortalized in Westminster Abbey, but the greatness they do not claim is sure to be claimed for them by some indiscreet friend.

It is true that precedents are not wanting in the abbey which would seem to justify almost any claim to be received within its walls. The idea that the eminent and the illustrious are entitled to a place there seems to have grown up gradually since Queen Elizabeth's time, and was scarcely in existence before. When, therefore, we study the names of those who in the past and in our own day have been deemed worthy to be laid in what has now become the most envied and the most renowned spot in England, we find that all sorts and conditions of men are commemorated there. The good, the bad, the indifferent, those whose names can never live, and those whose names can never die, are all alike sheltered within the walls of our Christian sanctuary, and mingle their bones with those of the saints and martyrs who have glorified God in their lives and in their deaths. The absorbing interest which we cannot but feel in this famous and motley assemblage should not, however, blind us to the fact that, as a collection, comprehensive as it is, it is far from supplying us with a complete record of the makers of English history and literature. We search instinctively for many familiar names

which we look for as having a right to be found there, but we search in vain. This deficiency is perhaps more noticeable in Poets' Corner than elsewhere, for who can fail to observe that Pope, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and many minor constellations are nowhere to be found? Poets' Little Corner, in the baptistery, is too little a corner to enable us to fill up the gaps; and even there it is an American who has had to remind us that Herbert and Cowper are among our poets. The cramped space is all unworthy of Wordsworth's beautiful statue, to say nothing of Wordsworth himself. The most recent addition to it is the bronze tablet memorial to Henry Fawcett, so that even this small space is not reserved for poets; and we are at a loss to know where the poets of the future are to find a fitting place of commemoration. As regards other worthies, no record exists of such names, taken at random, as those of Bacon, Raleigh, Jeremy Taylor, Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, Philip Sidney, Drake, Walsingham, Bunyan, Hooker, Swift, Steele, Bishop Butler, with others too numerous to mention. It may be remarked as curious that while there are many memorials to musicians, physicians, and actors in the abbey, there are, with the one exception of Sir Godfrey Kneller, none to painters. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Turner have their monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral; where, by the way, the statue of Turner is remarkably ungainly, representing that brilliant genius in the act of rolling off his pedestal.

The fact of the absence as well as the presence of well-known names in the abbey is a striking characteristic of the history of the nation. True the missing names are recorded and honoured elsewhere, and scattered over the country are to be found many worthy and even magnificent memorials of renowned persons, kings and princes. But their absence from the abbey prevents it, and must always prevent it, from becoming a national Valhalla. Surely it is time that a muster-roll of British Worthies should be called, of the patriotic, the beneficent, the illustrious, the jewels in the crown of England. It may be said, these men built their own memorials and they need no others. True they need no others, but it is not well for the nation to ignore them, and to raise no visible token of the honour which is due to their genius and their labours. For it must be remembered that these men built not their own fame only, but the name and fame of the British Empire. Too many of them received little honour and no acknowledgement of their services in their lifetime; still, even now, a tardy recognition of the gratitude which should have found a tangible expression, perhaps centuries ago, would in some degree redeem the debt. Bacon knew that time would draw a softening veil over his tarnished reputation, and that what Goldsmith has well called his "great and hardy genius, his daring spirit, penetration and learning," would one day outweigh his defects. "My name and memory," he said, "I leave to foreign nations, and to mine own country after some time has passed over." More than two hundred years have passed over since these words were written, and the name and memory of the great philosopher are still left unrecorded in the Valhalla of his country.

No doubt casual efforts are made from time to time by private individuals or municipal corporations to rescue noble names from oblivion and neglect, and all honour is due to those who so exert themselves. A munificent gift has lately been made of the building now about to be raised for the reception of our national portraits. Is it too late to suggest to the patriotic donor that it might be made available also for the memorials of eminent Englishmen of whom no portraits exist? Electrotype casts of some of the monuments in Westminster Abbey were made and placed in the temporary gallery in South Kensington where the

national portraits were exhibited; but although these examples would to a great extent complete the national character of such a collection, it would be still more desirable for the metropolis to possess casts and copies of the monuments to our great men and princes which exist in the various cathedrals and churches of this and other countries. Large photographs or careful drawings might be made of those monuments which could hardly be reproduced without great expense, such as those of Henry the Fourth and the Black Prince at Canterbury; of Edward the Second at Gloucester, and of Robert Courthose, eldest son of the Conqueror, also in the same cathedral. Prince Arthur, the son of Henry the Seventh, has an elaborately carved tomb at Worcester, but a copy of his kneeling figure in white armour, in the beautiful glass at Malvern Priory, would be more easily made; it is more beautiful and more like a genuine portrait than the representation of him in the window presented to his father by Ferdinand and Isabella, now in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. A copy of Sir Reginald Bray's portrait in the same window would also be an interesting and desirable possession. King John, "more notorious than notable," who was buried between two saints at Worcester in the hope that they might protect him from the devil, has a monument which should also be reproduced among the national portraits by means of a photograph or a cast. There is little doubt that the effigies of Richard Cœur de Lion and Henry the Second, of Eleanor of Guienne and Isabella of Angoulême (King John's widow), would be given up to us by the French nation if appealed to for that purpose by the British government. These recumbent figures are at Fontevrault Abbey, which has been converted into a prison; the stone tombs in which they lay were broken open and rifled by the hands of fanatics at the time of the French Revolution, but in spite of the injuries and mutilations they then received they are of great historical interest to us at least.

The priceless and unique collection of pictures in the National Portrait Gallery has, with a few exceptions, no earlier examples than the beginning of the sixteenth century; but if room could be found for the commemoration of famous persons in other materials than in painting, the vacant centuries might be soon filled up. And many a portrait, too, might then be presented to the nation when a beautiful and permanent home was ready for its reception, where it might remain to illustrate and adorn the history of its country, without fear of being carted about from one end of London to the other, and without the risk of being destroyed by fire for want of the most ordinary precautions.

In this way an end would be put to the ever growing crowd of monuments in Westminster Abbey, and also to the objectionable practice of using it as a cemetery. It was no more intended to be a cemetery than it was designed to be a museum for the glorification of men. It was "designed, if ever were any forms on earth, to lift the soul heavenward to things unseen." Many of the monuments are indeed cenotaphs and not grave-stones; yet the abbey is a huge charnel-house, and as such it threatens to undermine the life of the living. There are more than three thousand bodies already buried in or around it. Many of these are in leaden and so-called durable coffins; the privilege of earth to earth, the natural lot of the dead, has been denied to them. Lead will corrode, the most durable coffin will crumble to dust, and all men, however eminent and illustrious in life, are in death an equal source of danger to the living.

The Collegiate Church of St. Peter at Westminster, and the Cathedral of St. Paul are exempted from the law that forbids intramural interments; a law founded on the instinct of self-preservation, which has prevailed, with some exceptions, from the beginning of the world until now.

The custom of the early races of mankind was to bury deep in the rock, away from the dwellings of the living. Whether among the civilized Egyptians, Etruscans, Syrians, Indians, and Chinese, or among the rude, ignorant tribes of the Malay Archipelago, these eternal abodes were always in the sides of the hills or cut in the heart of the rock. The more elevated the position held by the individual in life, the deeper below ground was his grave; and, as in the case of the Egyptian kings and the Chinese emperors, the further removed also from the busy haunts of men were the last resting-places provided for them. It is well known how strict was the Roman law of the Twelve Tables in enforcing this separation between the living and the dead. No bodies were allowed to be buried in the city, not even when the bodies were burned, as was usual with the Romans under the Empire; excepting in one or two cases, such as in the familiar instance of the Emperor Trajan, whose ashes were buried in a golden urn under his splendid memorial column, as an exceptional honour specially decreed by the Senate.

In Christian times, when the relics of saints were laid in the holiest place that could be found for them, a pious desire to be near them in death arose in the hearts of men. The sarcophagus which contained the remains of the saint was then often used as an altar. But in England, among the canons which seem to have been made before the time of Edward the Confessor, the ninth bears the title *De non sepeliendo in Ecclesiis.* It begins with a confession "that such a custom had prevailed but must now be reformed, and no such liberty allowed for the future, unless the person be a priest, or some holy man, who by the merits of his past life might deserve such a peculiar favour." Afterwards when this law was relaxed, and the practice of burying in churches came to be allowed, the canon law still insisted that only persons of preeminent sanctity of life should be buried there.

Turning to our own time, the terribly overcrowded condition of the cemeteries in London has frequently excited well-grounded alarm and urgent protests from the public. The report of the Board of Health in 1850—53 roused the government of the day to remedy the evil, and the result was the creation of the Woking Cemetery; but the evil continues, and will increase with the ever-swelling population of the metropolis, until these cemeteries are closed or until cremation is practised. The Church of England Burial Reform Association has done much good in the direction of subduing old established prejudices and in showing the advantages of sanitary burial. But no one has said a word for the abolition of insanitary burials in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. Even the late schemes for the erection of a chapel and new cloisters are intended to provide for the entombment of the illustrious men who shall follow after us, thus perpetuating and increasing the evil, and proving us to be less careful of health and life than were the Romans two thousand years ago.

E. G. Howard.

ON THE NAMING OF NOVELS.

WHEN Wilkie Collins died, the journals told anecdotes about the straits he had sometimes found himself in for a title. He was especially perplexed, it seems, over a volume of stories, which ultimately entered the world as *Mrs. Zant and the Ghost, and other Stories* The title was not so deep as *La Recherche de l'Absolu* nor so wide as *Vanity Fair*, but it was enough,—it served, and the book survived.

The pious reader probably thinks a title a matter of small consequence, a thing to be left to the end like the preface; an accomplished book might be trusted to name itself. It is something of a shock to him to picture writers of genius racking their brains for a catching title, and then solemnly writing up to it. In practice, however, the title is often found to be a first care even with writers of genius. The name has been known to precede the novel by an interval of thirty years. Some novels have never got, and never will get beyond the name. That is the case with *La Quiquengrogne* of Victor Hugo. The name which found its novel after thirty years of waiting was Théophile Gautier's *Le Capitaine Fracasse*. In the rich and reckless days of 1830 it was a fashion in France with literary beginners to announce on the backs of their first books an imposing list of forthcoming works; it attracted attention and gave them airs of established authorship. They would choose at random a list of high-sounding and bizarre titles in the romantic taste of the time, without being at all in a position to make good the promise or having any definite plan for the books foreshadowed. In this way had appeared on Renduel's covers, a fashionable publisher of the day, an announcement of *Le Capitaine Fracasse*. Thirty years after date Gautier took up the bill drawn by his youth on futurity, and wrote the book. There was no longer any commercial obligation to meet. People had given up asking, "When is *Le Capitaine Fracasse* coming out?" Most people fancied it had come out; some had gone the length of criticising it. But none the less the thing was on Gautier's conscience. For thirty years, amid the thousand cares of life, on his travels, in the ceaseless grind of journalism, he was haunted by a remorseful memory of the unfulfilled promise, long ago forgotten, no doubt, by all save himself. There is an Oriental fantasy that statues and people in pictures crowd round the artist at the Judgment Day clamouring for souls. Gautier had a dread that thus he would meet Le Capitaine Fracasse. His christening had given the hero an inchoate spiritual existence which craved completion, an incontestable right to become a romance in two volumes. And so in the fulness of time Gautier endowed him with his two volumes and housed him, picturesquely if uncomfortably, in the Château de la Misère. The task was not accomplished without disturbing sentimental memories, and waking regrets for a day that was dead and in course of being energetically buried by a later literary generation. Like an architect completing an unfinished design, Gautier set himself to write *Le Capitaine Fracasse* in the fashion of 1830. He strove to forget, to shut out the uncongenial present, to live retrospectively in the *beaux jours* of romanticism. The reader will not find in these pages, Gautier pathetically observes, any political, moral or religious thesis; no great problem is discussed, no cause argued. Gautier,

you see, had lived too long into the day of M. Dumas *fils*, the son who had declined an offer from his wonderful father of a partnership in his magnificent business of romance manufacture. Even Flaubert, who could still talk after Gautier's own heart about art for art's sake, had but now written *Madame Bovary;* and the art of *Madame Bovary* is another pair of shoes altogether from the art of *Le Capitaine Fracasse*. Here should be an awful example to a name not to put off its novel for thirty years.

The sober English reader may decline to accept, as a normal type in methods of novel writing, the man who flaunted the famous red waistcoat in token of literary revolution. Will he accept Dickens? Well, with Dickens, too, the title was the first necessity, the originating impulse. Till he had fixed upon his title, he could not get seriously to work. He was in Genoa in 1844, and had a Christmas story to write. He had never, he said, so staggered upon the threshold before. The subject was there, but he had not found a title for it, or the machinery to work it with. "Sitting down one morning resolute for work though against the grain, his hand being out and everything inviting to idleness, such a peal of chimes arose from the city as he found 'maddening.' All Genoa lay beneath him, and up from it, with some sudden set of the wind, came in one fell sound the clang and clash of all its steeples, pouring into his ears again and again, in a tuneless, grating, discordant, jarring, hideous vibration, that made his ideas 'spin round and round till they lost themselves in a whirl of vexation and giddiness and dropped down dead.'" A couple of days later he wrote to Forster a letter of one sentence: "We have heard the Chimes at midnight, Master Shallow." A few days later he writes again: "It is a great thing to have my title and see my way how to work the bells. Let them clash upon me now from all the churches and convents in Genoa. I see nothing but the old London belfry I have set them in. In my mind's eye, Horatio." Thus it was always with Dickens when setting about a new novel. Despondency, doubts, difficulties, and endless experimenting, suggesting, sifting, rejecting of titles. Then of a sudden, a title found, and he was off on the composition of the book. Never were the preliminary throes more protracted than with *David Copperfield*. Toward the end of 1848 he was making holiday at Broadstairs, his mind running on a subject. "I have not," he writes from there,

> "seen Fancy write
> With a pencil of light
> On the blotter so solid commanding the sea,—

but I shouldn't wonder if she were to do it one of these days. Dim visions of diverse things are floating around me:—I must go to work head foremost when I get home." Home he goes, yet gets no further. In February, 1849, he is in Brighton: "A sea-fog to-day, but yesterday inexpressibly delicious. My mind running like a high sea on names—not satisfied yet though." On February 23rd he had found a title of some sort, to wit, *Mag's Diversions, Being the Personal History of Mr. Thomas Mag the Younger of Blunderstone House*. Then came a series of variations in the expository part of the title, Blunderstone House after a time becoming Copperfield House. Then came *The Personal History of Mr. David Copperfield the Younger and his Aunt Margaret*. On February 26th he sent Forster a list of six names, which may be found set out at length —at great length—in the Life. Forster and Dickens's children finally determined his choice among the six, and the title once settled all is plain sailing. He went through this elaborate process with most of his titles. There were a dozen tentative titles for *Bleak House*, most of them leading off with *Tom-all-alone's*, and fourteen for *Hard Times*. It was the same with *A Tale of Two Cities*. *Martin*

Chuzzlewit was Martin always; but he began as Martin Sweezleden, and became in turn Sweezleback, Sweezlewag, Chuzzletoe, Chuzzleboy, Chubblewig, Chuzzlewig, and finally Chuzzlewit. In 1855 Dickens began keeping a book of memoranda and hints for subsequent working up, which contained among other things nineteen titles for novels. Of these he used up two for Christmas stories; another, *Nobody's Fault*, was the title first adopted for *Little Dorrit*, the actual title being only substituted just as the first number was going to the printer. *Our Mutual Friend* was another ultimately used, though there had not been wanting in the interval critics to point out its inaccuracy of language. The rest no doubt will crowd about Dickens at the Judgment Day clamouring for completion. But Dickens was never the man to quail before a gibbering shade; he would have snapped his fingers at a poor Capitaine Fracasse. Many a hard pressed living novelist, however, might be glad to take his liabilities off his hands. In these times, harder than the hard times of Dickens, it is something to light on a list of eligible titles going begging. Two of them, *The Children of the Fathers* and *Two Generations*, have already been absorbed by Tourguéneff's great novel, *Fathers and Sons*; another, *The Young Person*, may perhaps be thought now too serious a reality to be lightly played with; *Dust*, another of them, is at least as good a title as *Smoke* or *She*.

How names and titles set Dickens's imagination to work is one of the mysteries of genius. The settled name, it may be, was just an outward sign of the inward crystallizing of his hitherto floating ideas. But with Dickens's confessed experience before him, nobody can presume to say that the title is of no artistic consequence. In these days, however, of over-population in fiction, the chief difficulties are perhaps rather commercial and legal. Art may have no concern with legal and commercial considerations, but the poor artist has often more concern than enough. It is becoming every day more difficult to hit upon a striking title which has not been already used; and the more obscure the forestalling book, the more tenaciously are proprietory rights in the title insisted on. One hears of authors having been forced to change twice, or even thrice, names over which they have been rejoicing with all the pride of a first discovery; horrid tales are even told of dummy books hastily run up for the express purpose of forestalling and wringing money out of popular writers. We shall probably live to see a corner or ring in titles. Commercially of course the essentials of a good title are that it should arrest attention and whet appetite. The fierceness of the struggle for life among novels is the only excuse for all the silly, forced, and far-fetched names one hears. It is the commercial importance of the title that has given publishers their generally recognized claim to have a word in the choice, and they have often intervened with effect. The excellent title *Rob Roy* was, as Lockhart tells us, the suggestion of the publisher Constable, but he had great difficulty in persuading the author. "What," said Scott, "Mr. Accoucheur, must you be setting up for Mr. Sponsor too!—but let us hear it." Constable maintained that the name of the real hero would be the best possible name for the book. "Nay," answered Scott, and it is an answer worth a novelist's marking, "never let me have to write up to a name. You well know I have generally adopted a title that told nothing." The bookseller however persevered, and after dinner (what magic there is in a dinner!) Scott yielded. Nor was this the only occasion on which Constable set up for "Mr. Sponsor." He disliked the title of *The Abbot*, and would fain have had instead *The Nunnery* as a sequel to *The Monastery*. This time Scott did not yield,—perhaps there was no dinner. He, however, soothed the grumbling Constable by accepting his suggestion that he should introduce Queen Elizabeth into a

romance as a companion picture to the Mary Stuart of *The Abbot*. Constable was instantly ready with a title and a subject, *The Armada*,—a title, forsooth, that told nothing and demanded no writing up to it! Kingsley did not shrink from *Hypatia*, but he would hardly have adventured *The Armada* for *Westward Ho!* For an Elizabethan novel Scott turned to a subject that had long been a favourite with him, the tragic story of Amy Robsart. He meant to call the novel after the ballad, *Cumnor Hall;* but Constable again interfered and proposed *Kenilworth*. This, on the other hand, John Ballantyne did not approve of, and prophesied with bad judgment and a worse pun that the result would be something worthy of the kennel. Scott, good easy giant, though his instinct for the practical no less than the literary side of his business was worth that of a street-full of booksellers, fell in with the suggestion of the imperious Constable, whose vanity, according to his partner Cadell, now boiled over so much at having his suggestion again approved that in his high moods he used to stalk up and down his room exclaiming, "By G—, I am all but the author of the Waverley Novels!"

Yet Scott had done more wisely to stick to his own idea. The meeting at Kenilworth was but an episode, though it was the episode which precipitated the catastrophe. And the title has moreover the disadvantage of directing attention to the anachronism of the plot. No sensible person is afraid of anachronism in art so long as the art triumphs and, as here, a fine dramatic situation is gained; but if the art is to triumph, it is wiser to let the sleeping historical conscience lie. Scott was fully alive to the wisdom of this policy. Left to himself he instinctively avoids the mistake of naming an historical novel after an historical character or event. It is *Quentin Durward* not *Lewis the Eleventh*, *Anne of Geierstein*, not *Charles the Bold;* there is no hint of Saladin or crusading Richard in the *The Talisman* or of masquerading Richard in *Ivanhoe*. Scott was obviously right. He was writing romance, not history. To give a purely historical title is to bargain with the reader to give him historical treatment. To *The Armada* Scott could never have consented; *Kenilworth*, depend upon it, was a concession against his better judgment. Even the undaunted Dumas, who tackles history more directly and more at large than Scott ever chose to do, calls his famous book not after Richelieu, Mazarin, or Lewis the Fourteenth, but after the Three Musketeers. That is an admirable title by the way, so mysterious and suggestive. There is always something fascinating about numbers in titles; and here the title is none the less admirable that the musketeers were in fact not three but four, and that the fourth was the best of the bunch, the immortal d'Artagnan. But if Constable did Scott a bad turn over *Kenilworth*, he made amends by getting *Herries* changed to the high-sounding romantic name *Redgauntlet*. *Herries* would have served, but it is not the pleasant mouthful that *Redgauntlet* is. Indeed as the Waverley Novels are the best of all romances, so their names are the best of all names. *Waverley*, *Old Mortality*, *The Heart of Midlothian*,—they are perfect. Scott's answer to Constable put the wisdom of the thing in a nutshell. His titles arouse curiosity without discounting it; they are distinctive and appropriate, come trippingly off the tongue and satisfy the ear, and have withal a twang of romance about them. Scott of course, besides his genius, had the advantage of coming early in the day, and had no need to shout to make himself heard amid the din of a crowd. Miss Austen died only a very few years after Scott turned from poetry to prose romance, and Lytton was only beginning to write as the wonderful Waverley series was drawing to a close in stress and difficulty.

But if *Ivanhoe* is the name for romance, *Tom Jones* is the name of

novel. *Tom Jones* was not by any means a name taken at random. Fielding was quite as anxious in his day, as Thackeray or George Eliot were in theirs, to claim credit for finding and making interesting an ordinary specimen of mere flesh and blood. *Tom Jones* was a name selected to indicate two things: that the hero was not to be an antiquated hero of romance, but something far more real and substantial; and that, though a real man, he was to be more than an individual real man—he was to be typical and significant. *Tom Jones* has many followers; I do not refer to Lady Bellaston, but to such titles as *Tom Brown* or *Mr. Smith*. It has been thought astonishing that a novel should have contrived to subsist with such a title as *Mr. Smith*. But this was no makeshift; it is a singularly happy title. Mr. Smith, a short, stout, gray man, middle-aged, a bachelor and rich, comes as a stranger to settle near the village of Eastworld. The vulgar genteel families of the place are distracted between the professional advantages and social disadvantages of calling upon him, till they discover late in the day that "the County" knows him. The beauty among a set of flirting motherless sisters had given such heart as she had to give to a snob of a soldier, who kisses her at home and denies her in the better houses of the neighbourhood; but for marriage she schemes to catch the rich middle-aged man honoured with the friendship of eligible acquaintance. Mr. Smith, thinking no guile, and equally grateful to kind friends of all sorts and conditions, falls in love with the beautiful girl, but can hardly bring himself to belie e that the prize is for him. He thinks no scandal nor will listen to it. And then suddenly, as the author has recently said did really happen with his prototype in life, on the very eve of his marriage he died. His life and his death lift the book, as they lifted Eastworld, out of what had otherwise been a dead level of unendurable vulgarity. The soldier and girl marry; but with eyes opened to see their own unworthiness and with a "quickened sense of the compass of human feeling" from having once known a simple, noble Christian gentleman, Mr. Smith.

Most novels, like this one, naturally derive their point and principle of unity from the character or career, the action or passion, of some one among their personages. And the name of that person, as Constable urged rightly enough, supplies the natural name for the book. Accordingly among the myriads of works of fiction this form of title is out and away the most common. With the exception of Jane Austen's double-barrelled alliterative titles, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, which also have not been without their influence, up to Scott's time the chief novels were named after the hero or heroine: Robinson Crusoe, Captain Singleton, Captain Carleton, Moll Flanders, Tom Jones, Amelia, Joseph Andrews—it is a remark of Mr. Austin Dobson's that Fielding wisely finds room in the full title for Parson Adams—Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe,—Richardson inclines to the women, Fielding to the men,—Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Tristram Shandy, Pamela, Cecilia. Then, one step removed, the Vicar of Wakefield and The Man of Feeling. The proper names are amplified with expository phrases such as The Personal History, The Life and Adventures, and so forth; a fashion to which Dickens returned, perhaps for the sake of its old-fashioned flavour, after Scott had shown a more excellent way of brevity. "His Birth and Other Misfortunes," the expository sub-title of, if I recollect aright, *Ginx's Baby*, might have done for Tristram Shandy except that poor Tristram's misfortunes began long before his birth. The actual title, however, *The Life and Opinions of Mr. Tristram Shandy, Gentleman*, is sufficiently diverting.

Where a book depicts a small community in which no single figure is

pre-eminent, we sometimes get titles like *Villette*—a neat nickname for Brussels—*Barchester Towers*, *Middlemarch*, the last as good a title as could be invented for the book. George Eliot could not have christened it after Dorothea or Lydgate without ignoring half its contents. Let us be thankful she spared us that terrible modern form of title, "A modern Saint Theresa." It is indeed not always easy to determine which figure is the protagonist, and so among George Eliot's characters. Not one man probably in a thousand would have picked out Daniel Deronda for the honour, such as it is, of naming that not very successful book. I am not sure that, for my part, I should have picked Adam Bede for this honour; the cast-iron man dear to feminine imagination has no charm for me. Hetty would be the sentimentalist's choice, to remind Adam and Dinah, whom George Henry Lewes had joined, that, while they were enjoying their blameless lives, Hetty was eating out her shallow little heart in transportation. The beauty of Hetty is as deeply felt as anything in the book; and as Mr. Browning's Fra Lippo Lippi says,

> If you get simple beauty and nought else
> You get about the best thing God invents.

There are people, however, who would have named the book after Dinah. *The Tragedy of the Hall Farm* would have the advantage of bringing into focus Mrs. Poyser's all-conquering tongue. A critic, by the way, has found great significance in the primitive and elemental savour of the name Adam Bede. The initials A.B. have lead off the alphabet; Adam was the first man; the venerable Bede comes decidedly early in our literature. Plain folk will probably consider such criticism ridiculous. It is a coincidence that Amos Barton begins with A and B.

For *Ivanhoe*, Thackeray in parody puts *Rebecca* and *Rowena*. I suppose to most readers, certainly to most male readers, Rebecca is more the heroine than Ivanhoe is the hero. Rebecca and Richard Lion-heart share the honours, and that was doubtless Scott's reason for calling the book after Ivanhoe. So in *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, he of set purpose avoids the conventional hero.

When one begins shifting titles, one knows not where to stop,—that is always the weakness of the reformer. Would not for example *Le Père Grandet* be the true title for *Eugénie Grandet?* The masterly delineation of the miser is the achievement of the book. His sacrifice of his daughter serves essentially to throw him into relief. But Balzac, sacrifice being a pet subject with him, prefers always to take his title from the victim of the sacrifice; Eugénie Grandet, Le Lys dans la Vallée, Le Père Goriot. *Le Père Goriot* is a good name for a fine book; yet I am not sure that *La Maison Vauquer* would not fit the book even better. True the tragedy is the tragedy of a father sacrificed to his daughters' lust and avarice. But the *pension* is the scene and very symbol of his martyrdom, and the house, like the book, has dark secrets not directly connected with Goriot's story. In his treatment of the Maison Vauquer Balzac reaches romanticism through realistic methods. This one sinister house stands out from the houses about it with a lurid light upon it. Picked out in this light, the mean lodging-house reveals itself as a centre and heart of suffering, scheming, struggling, criminal Paris. To make the work of the builder's hands colour and overshadow the lives of men, to give it a physiognomy and a soul that haunt the imagination as of a thing alive and purposeful,—this is a note of romanticism. It is a function of romance to read its appropriate legend into a tower, a ruin, a stream, a glen,—the legend which expresses and completes it by seizing and making permanent its lurking and evanescent suggestiveness. Accordingly since the era of romanticism names of places

have been almost as common in titles as names of people. The long line of early English novels named after the hero or heroine is significantly broken as early as 1765 by a story named after a haunted castle, Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*. Even in the eighteenth century the romantic spirit was not left altogether without witness,—the witness baffled, only half serious, only half conscious; of the dilettante Horace Walpole and his friend, the poet Gray. The book was suggested, Walpole tells us, by a dream. "I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head like mine, filled with Gothic story), and that on the uppermost bannister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour." This gigantic hand in armour was, as all readers will remember, the root of the story. Gray reported that at Cambridge the book made "some of them cry a little, and all in general afraid to go to bed o' nights." So here in full eighteenth century we already find the temper and furniture of later romance. *The Castle of Otranto* is the precursor of a whole fantastic procession of castles, abbeys, cathedrals, palaces and prisons, destined in later years to give their names to romance and legend. Wordsworth's influence joined to Scott's has put natural scenes and homely buildings alongside of the castles and monasteries of earlier romance. Hareton Earnshaw, Catherine Linton and Heathcliffe, with their untamed Yorkshire passions, fantasies, furies, are harmonized and set off against the bleak beauty of the Yorkshire moorland scenery of *Wuthering Heights*. The first glimpse we get of Maggie Tulliver is of her standing as a child watching the mill-wheel in the Floss. "Maggie, Maggie," cries her mother, "where's the use o' any one telling you to keep away from the water? You'll tumble in and be drownded some day, an' then you'll be sorry you didn't do as mother told you." The rushing of the Floss is her song of destiny in our ears all through the quarrel and trouble about Dorlcote Mill, till in the end the flood closes over the heads of brother and sister re-united in death. *Brother and Sister* George Eliot had meant to call the story; *The Mill on the Floss*, one of the perfect titles, was due to her publisher Blackwood. *The House with the Seven Gables* is but a dwelling-place for the curse which doomed the Pyncheons, generation after generation, to their choking, bloody death. Of the whole class, perhaps the finest instance is Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*. The great cathedral is a haunting, importunate presence throughout the romance till Frollo's fingers lose their agonized grip on its yielding leads. And withal it is the real and sufficient symbol of Hugo's central idea. In his three great books, *Notre Dame*, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, and *Les Misérables*, Hugo set himself to typify the triple tyranny against which humanity struggles, the tyranny of superstition, the tyranny of natural forces, and the tyranny of human law. The great cathedral typifies the tyranny of the medieval Church, the tyranny of its beauty and grandeur, its morbid and grotesque imagination, its mystery and terror. And then the irony of such a title for the story of a graceful innocent gipsy girl hunted to death by the lust and hate of the consecrated servant of a religion of pity and chastity, of our pure and gentle Lady, Notre Dame de Paris!

That is what a great title can do. It not only surmises and clinches; it is also commentary and chorus. Such titles as *Le Roi s'Amuse* or *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné* are whole volumes in themselves. Hugo was not so happy with the titles of the other two parts of his trilogy. The title *Les Misérables* is too wide for its idea. We feel after we have done with Javert and Jean Valjean that, as I think Mr. Bret Harte puts it at the close of his diverting parody, there are still plenty of miserables left.

It indeed often happens that an otherwise fine title is too wide, like an

algebraical formula for a specific problem. Thackeray is said to have been finely elated over his title of *Vanity Fair;* but, as a matter of fact, *Vanity Fair* does not characterize the scenes of Becky's triumphs and degradation any more specially or properly than it would characterize the rest of Thackeray's works. It has been a custom with some French novelists to adopt a general heading for a series of novels; Balzac's *Le Comédie Humaine*, for example, M. Daudet's *Mœurs Parisiennes*, M. Ohnet's *Les Batailles de la Vie*, so much scoffed at by the vivacious Gyp and others. *Vanity Fair* would have served Thackeray admirably for such a purpose, with his persistent refrain of *Vanitas Vanitatum*. Many fine titles of Balzac again have this defect of overwideness. *La Femme de Trente Ans*, *Les Illusions Perdues* (which might stand as the title for Flaubert's complete works), *Les Parents Pauvres*—La Cousine Bette and Le Cousin Pons do not exhaust the dramatic possibilities of the poor relation; or lastly that very uninviting title which would characterize a school of novels better than a single story, *Les Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale*. This is indeed precisely what one might expect with Balzac, because Balzac set himself, quite solemnly and in apparent good faith, to exhaust the whole of human experience in the forty little yellow volumes which a foolish young man has vowed he would not give in exchange for Shakespeare. Obviously no title could be too wide to indicate the magnificent scope of such a design. Of course it must not be denied that a great novel may so seize and express a typical piece of human experience as to justify the assumption of a generic title, doing in pure fiction the kind of thing which Hamlet has done in poetic tragedy. Perhaps *Vanity Fair* is such a case. Perhaps *Madame Bovary* could bear the title *Les Illusions Perdues*. Perhaps Tourguéneff's *Fathers and Sons* justifies itself by an adequate grasp and by a typical example of the inevitable tragic clash of ideas between succeeding generations in an epoch of change.

This defect of overlapping the specific subject is one of the many vices of those detestable modern titles consisting of proverbs or quotations. Mr. Swinburne once suggested that it would be a benevolent despotism, and worthy of Matthew Arnold's ideal academy, which should make it a penal offence against literature for any writer to affix a proverb, a quotation, but above all things a line of poetry by way of tag or title to a novel. At the best, titles like *Love me little, Love me long*, *It is Never too late to Mend*, *Red as a Rose is she*, *One Traveller Returns*, are, as Mr. Swinburne calls the first, very silly labels. They are not only awkward, they are essentially illegitimate. It is generally speaking an impertinence to use up a proverb, or a fine line of poetry of world-wide application for one's own poor bounded story. It is a sacrilege to desecrate with less choice associations a name enskied and sainted in imperishable poetry,—like Proud Maisie, for instance. It is an outrage to apply to the crude sentimentality of a Kate Chester, to use indeed for any transient love-tale of the hour, the plea rung from the great tortured heart of Othello, "Tell them I loved not wisely, but too well," or the cry of Romeo, when he has slain Juliet's kinsman and sees himself caught in the toils of fate, "Oh I am Fortune's fool!" I take examples at random, meaning no disrespect to the able authors of these particular novels; but they have plenty of wit to invent better titles and leave Othello's jealousy and Romeo's love in peace.

It was Lord Lytton, I fancy, who began with *What will He do with it?* the irritating fashion of using for title an interrogative sentence. Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope, and Mr. Besant, to cite only distinguished names, have all offended in this way: *Put Yourself in His Place*, *He Knew He Was Right*, *The World went Very Well Then*, *Can You Forgive Her?*

and so on. A phrase, however, not in itself clumsy, nor made offensive by misapplication, may make a very good title; witness the beautiful name of Mr. Bret Harte's very beautiful story *Left out on Lone Star Mountain.*

If after being pelted with all these instances the reader has strength left to ask with Juliet, What's in a name? (I acknowledge that that quotation is an outrage)—my answer is, the difference between *Is He Popenjoy?* which I take to be one of the worst, and *The Scarlet Letter* which I take to be one of the very best of all titles. Consider for a moment how perfect a title *The Scarlet Letter* is. It tells nothing, yet it tells everything. It fascinates before the book is opened, it fascinates even more powerfully after the book is closed. The whole tragedy is in the title. It is the symbol of Hester's sin, and the penalty of her sin, the isolation, the spiritual blight. The symbol of the Scarlet Letter eats into the imagination of the reader as it eat into the flesh of the remorse-racked Puritan minister, till we see it everywhere in the air before our eyes, as he saw it written on the thunderous sky through the wild night when he stood distracted on Hester's scaffold. The book might have lived and prospered under another name, say *The Silence of the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale;* but it is surely an added perfection that it should find in its title, as it does now, its final sign and seal.

W. P. J.

THE COURTING OF DINAH SHADD.

ALL day I had followed at the heels of a pursuing army engaged on one of the finest battles that ever camp of exercise beheld. Thirty thousand troops had by the wisdom of the Government of India been turned loose over a few thousand square miles of country to practice in peace what they would never attempt in war. Consequently cavalry charged unshaken infantry at the trot. Infantry captured artillery by frontal attacks delivered in line of quarter columns, and mounted infantry skirmished up to the wheels of an armoured train which carried nothing more deadly than a twenty-five pounder Armstrong, two Nordenfeldts and a few score volunteers all cased in three-eighths-inch boiler-plate. Yet it was a very life-like camp. Operations did not cease at sundown; nobody knew the country and nobody spared man or horse. There was unending cavalry scouting and almost unending forced work over broken ground. The Army of the South had finally pierced the centre of the Army of the North and was pouring through the gap hot-foot to capture a city of strategic importance. Its front extended fanwise, the sticks being represented by regiments strung out along the line of route backwards to the divisional transport columns and all the lumber that trails behind an army on the move. On its right the broken left of the Army of the North was flying in mass, chased by the Southern horse and hammered by the Southern guns till these had been pushed far beyond the limits of their last support. Then the flying sat down to rest, while the elated commandant of the pursuing force telegraphed that he held all in check and observation.

Unluckily he did not observe that three miles to his right flank a flying column of Northern horse with a detachment of Ghoorkhas and British troops had been pushed round, as fast as the falling light allowed, to cut across the entire rear of the Southern army, to break, as it were, all the ribs of the fan where they converged by striking at the transport, reserve ammunition and artillery supplies. Their instructions were to go in, avoiding the few scouts who might not have been drawn off by the pursuit, and create sufficient excitement to impress the Southern Army with the wisdom of guarding their own flank and rear before they captured cities. It was a pretty manœuvre, neatly carried out.

Speaking for the second division of the Southern Army, our first intimation of the attack was at twilight when the artillery were labouring in deep sand, most of the escort were trying to help them out, and the main body of the infantry had gone on. A Noah's Ark of elephants, camels and the mixed menagerie of an Indian transport-train bubbled and squealed behind the guns, when there appeared from nowhere in particular British infantry to the extent of three companies, who sprang to the heads of the gun-horses and brought all to a stand-still amid oaths and cheers.

"How's that, umpire?" said the major commanding the attack, and with one voice the drivers and limber gunners answered "Hout!" while the colonel of artillery sputtered.

"All your scouts are charging our main body," said the major. "Your flanks are unprotected for two miles. I think we've broken the back of this division. And listen,—there go the Ghoorkhas!"

A weak fire broke from the rear-

guard more than a mile away, and was answered by cheerful howlings. The Ghoorkhas, who should have swung clear of the second division, had stepped on its tail in the dark, but drawing off hastened to reach the next line of attack which lay almost parallel to us five or six miles away.

Our column swayed and surged irresolutely,—three batteries, the divisional ammunition reserve, the baggage, and a section of the hospital and bearer corps. The commandant ruefully promised to report himself "cut up" to the nearest umpire, and commending his cavalry and all other cavalry to the special care of Eblis, toiled on to resume touch with the rest of the division.

"We'll bivouac here to-night," said the major, "I have a notion that the Ghoorkhas will get caught. They may want us to re-form on. Stand easy till the transport gets away."

A hand caught my beast's bridle and led him out of the choking dust; a larger hand deftly canted me out of the saddle; and two of the hugest hands in the world received me sliding. Pleasant is the lot of the special correspondent, who falls into such hands as those of Privates Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd.

"An' that's all right," said the Irishman calmly. "We thought we'd find you somewheres here by. Is there anything av yours in the transport? Orth'ris 'll fetch ut out."

Ortheris did "fetch ut out," from under the trunk of an elephant, in the shape of a servant and an animal both laden with medical comforts. The little man's eyes sparkled.

"If the brutil an' licentious soldiery av these parts gets sight av the thruck," said Mulvaney making practised investigation, "they'll loot ev'rything. They're bein'fed on iron-filin's an' dog-biscuit these days, but glory's no compensation for a belly-ache. Praise be, we're here to protect you, sorr. Beer, sausage, bread (soft an' that's a cur'osity), soup in a tin, whisky by the smell av ut, an' fowls! Mother av Moses, but ye take the field like a confectioner! 'Tis scand'lus."

"'Ere's a orficer," said Ortheris significantly. "When the sergent's done lushin' the privit may clean the pot."

I bundled several things into Mulvaney's haversack before the major's hand fell on my shoulder and he said tenderly: "Requisitioned for the Queen's service. Wolseley was quite wrong about special correspondents. They are the soldier's best friends. Come and take pot-luck with us to-night."

And so it happened amid laughter and shoutings that my well-considered commissariat melted away to reappear later at the mess-table, which was a water-proof sheet spread on the ground. The flying column had taken three days' rations with it and there be few things nastier than government rations—especially when government is experimenting with German toys. Erbswurst, tinned beef of surpassing tinniness, compressed vegetables and meat-biscuits may be nourishing, but what Thomas Atkins wants is bulk in his inside. The major, assisted by his brother officers, purchased goats for the camp and so made the experiment of no effect. Long before the fatigue-party sent to collect brushwood had returned, the men were settled down by their valises, kettles and pots had appeared from the surrounding country and were dangling over fires as the kid and the compressed vegetable bubbled together; there rose a cheerful clinking of mess-tins; outrageous demands for "a little more stuffin' with that there liver-wing;" and gust on gust of chaff as pointed as a bayonet and as delicate as a gun-butt.

"The boys are in a good temper," said the major. "They'll be singing presently. Well, a night like this is enough to keep them happy."

Over our heads burned the wonderful Indian stars, which are not all pricked in on one plane but preserving an

orderly perspective draw the eye through the velvet darkness of the void up to the barred doors of heaven itself. The earth was a grey shadow more unreal than the sky. We could hear her breathing lightly in the pauses between the howling of the jackals, the movement of the wind in the tamarisks, and the fitful mutter of musketry-fire leagues away to the left. A native woman from some unseen hut began to sing, the mail-train thundered past on its way to Delhi, and a roosting crow cawed drowsily. Then there was a belt-loosening silence about the fires, and the even breathing of the crowded earth took up the story.

The men, full fed, turned to tobacco and song,—their officers with them. Happy is the subaltern who can win the approval of the musical critics in his regiment, and is honoured among the more intricate step-dancers. By him, as by him who plays cricket craftily, will Thomas Atkins stand in time of need, when he will let a better officer go on alone. The ruined tombs of forgotten Mussulman saints heard the ballad of *Agra Town*, *The Buffalo Battery*, *Marching to Kabul*, *The long, long Indian Day*, *The Place where the Punkah-coolie died*, and that crashing chorus which announces

> Youth's daring spirit, manhood's fire,
> Firm hand and eagle eye,
> Must he acquire, who would aspire
> To see the grey boar die.

To-day, of all those jovial thieves who appropriated my commissariat and lay and laughed round that waterproof sheet not one remains. They went to camps that were not of exercise and battles without umpires. Burmah, the Soudan, and the frontier, —fever and fight—took them in their time.

I drifted across to the men's fires in search of Mulvaney whom I found strategically greasing his feet by the blaze. There is nothing particularly lovely in the sight of a private thus engaged after a long day's march, but when you reflect on the exact proportion of the "might, majesty, dominion and power" of the British Empire that stands on those feet you take an interest in the proceedings.

"There's a blister, bad luck to ut, on the heel," said Mulvaney. "I can't touch ut. Prick ut out, little man."

Ortheris produced his house-wife, eased the trouble with a needle, stabbed Mulvaney in the calf with the same weapon, and was incontinently kicked in to the fire.

"I've bruk the best av my toes over you, ye grinnin' child av disruption," said Mulvaney sitting cross-legged, and nursing his feet; then seeing me: "Oh, ut's you, sorr! Be welkim, an' take that maraudin' scutt's place. Jock, hold him down on the cindhers for a bit."

But Ortheris escaped and went elsewhere, as I took possession of the hollow he had scraped for himself and lined with his great-coat. Learoyd on the other side of the fire grinned affably and in a minute fell fast asleep.

"There's the height av politeness for you," said Mulvaney, lighting his pipe with a flaming branch. "But Jock's eaten half a box av your sardines at wan gulp, an' I think the tin too. What's the best wid you, sorr, an' how did you happen to be on the losin' side this day when we captured you?"

"The Army of the South is winning all along the line," I said.

"Then that line's the hangman's rope, savin' your presence. You'll learn to-morrow how we rethreated to dhraw thim on before we made thim trouble, an' that's what a woman does. By the same tokin, we'll be attacked before the dawnin' an' ut would be betther not to slip your boots. How do I know that? By the light av pure reason. Here are three companies av us ever so far inside av the enemy's flank an' a crowd av roarin', tarin', squealin' cavalry gor on just to turn out the whole horne

nest av them. Av course the enemy will pursue, by brigades like as not, an' thin we'll have to run for ut. Mark my words. I am av the opinion av Polonius whin he said: 'Don't fight wid ivry scutt for the pure joy av fightin', but if you do, knock the nose av him first an' frequint.' We ought to ha' gone on an' helped the Ghoorkhas."

"But what do you know about Polonius?" I demanded. This was a new side of Mulvaney's character.

"All that Shakespeare iver wrote an' a dale more that the gallery shouted," said the man of war carefully lacing his boots. "Did I not tell you av Silver's theatre in Dublin, whin I was younger than I am now an' a patron av the drama? Ould Silver wud never pay actor-man or woman their just dues, an' by consequince his comp'nies was collapsible at the last minut'. Thin the bhoys wud clamour to take a part, an' oft as not ould Silver made them pay for the fun. Faith, I've seen Hamlut played wid a new black eye an' the queen as full as a cornucopia. I remimber wanst Hogin that 'listed in the Black Tyrone an' was shot in South Africa, he sejuced ould Silver into givin' him Hamlut's part instid av me that had a fine fancy for rhetoric in those days. Av course I wint into the gallery an' began to fill the pit wid other peoples' hats, an' I passed the time av day to Hogin' walkin' through Denmark like a hamstrung mule wid a pall on his back. 'Hamlut,' sez I, 'there's a hole in your heel. Pull up your shtockins, Hamlut,' sez I. 'Hamlut, Hamlut, for the love av decincy dhrop that skull an' pull up your shtockins.' The whole house begun to tell him that. He stopped his soliloquishms mid-between. 'My shtockins may be comin' down or they may not,' sez he, screwin' his eye into the gallery, for well he knew who I was. 'But afther this performince is over me an' the Ghost'll knock the head off av you, Terence, wid your ass's bray!' An' that's how I come to know about Hamlut. Eyah! Those days, those days! Did you iver have onendin' devilmint an' nothin' to pay for it in your life, sorr?"

"Never, without having to pay," I said.

"That's thrue! 'Tis mane whin you considher on ut; but ut's the same wid horse or fut. A headache if you dhrink, an' a belly-ache if you eat too much, an' a heart-ache to kape all down. Faith the beast only gets the colic, an' he's the lucky man."

He dropped his head and stared into the fire, fingering his moustache the while. From the far side of the bivouac the voice of Corbet-Nolan, senior subaltern of B company uplifted itself in an ancient and much appreciated song of sentiment, the men moaning melodiously behind him.

The north wind blew coldly, she drooped
from that hour,
My own little Kathleen, my sweet little
Kathleen,
Kathleen, my Kathleen, Kathleen O'Moore!

With forty-five O's in the last word; even at that distance you might have cut the soft South Irish accent with a shovel.

"For all we take we must pay, but the price is cruel high," murmured Mulvaney when the chorus had ceased.

"What's the trouble?" I said gently, for I knew that he was a man of an inextinguishable sorrow.

"Hear now," said he. "Ye know what I am now. I know what I mint to be at the beginnin' av my service. I've tould you time an' again, an' what I have not Dinah Shadd has. An' what am I? Oh, Mary Mother av Hiven, an ould dhrunken, untrustable baste av a privit that has seen the reg'ment change out from colonel to drummer-boy, not wanst or twicest, but scores av times! Ay, scores! An' me not so near gettin' promotion as in the first! An' me livin' on an' kapin' clear av clink, not by my own good conduck, but the kindness av some orf'cer-bhoy young enough to

be son to me! Do I not know ut? Can I not tell whin I'm passed over at p'rade, tho' I'm rockin' full av liquor an' read to fall all in wan piece, such as even a suckin' child might see, bekaze, 'Oh, 'tis only ould Mulvaney!' An' whin I'm let off in ord'ly-room through some thrick of the tongue an' a ready answer an' the ould man's mercy, is ut smilin' I feel whin I fall away an' go back to Dinah Shadd, thryin' to carry ut all off as a joke? Not I! 'Tis hell to me, dumb hell through ut all; an' next time whin the fit comes I will be as bad again. Good cause the reg'ment has to know me for the best soldier in ut. Better cause have I to know mesilf for the worst man. I'm only fit to tache the new drafts what I'll niver learn myself; an' I am sure, as tho' I heard ut, that the minut wan av these pink-eyed recruities gets away from my 'Mind ye now,' an' 'Listen to this, Jim, bhoy,'—sure I am that the sergint houlds me up to him for a warnin'. So I tache, as they say at musketry-instruction, by direct an' ricochet fire. Lord be good to me, for I have stud some throuble!"

"Lie down and go to sleep," said I, not being able to comfort or advise. "You're the best man in the regiment, and, next to Ortheris, the biggest fool. Lie down and wait till we're attacked. What force will they turn out? Guns, think you?"

"Try that wid your lorrds an' ladies, twistin' an' turnin' the talk, tho' you mint ut well. Ye cud say nothin' to help me, an' yet ye niver knew what cause I had to be what I am."

"Begin at the beginning and go on to the end," I said, royally. "But rake up the fire a bit first."

I passed Ortheris's bayonet for a poker.

"That shows how little we know what we do," said Mulvaney, putting it aside. "Fire takes all the heart out av the steel, an' the next time, may be, that our little man is fighting for his life his bradawl 'll break, an' so you'll ha' killed him, manin' no more than to kape yourself warm. 'Tis a recruity's thrick that. Pass the clanin'-rod, sorr."

I snuggled down abashed, and after an interval the voice of Mulvaney began.

"Did I iver tell you how Dinah Shadd came to be wife av mine?"

I dissembled a burning anxiety that I had felt for some months—ever since Dinah Shadd, the strong, the patient, and the infinitely tender, had of her own good love and free will washed a shirt for me moving in a barren land where washing was not.

"I can't remember," I said casually. "Was it before or after you made love to Annie Bragin, and got no satisfaction?"

The story of Annie Bragin is written in another place. It is one of the many less respectable episodes in Mulvaney's chequered career.

"Before—before—long before, was that business av Annie Bragin an' the corp'ril's ghost. Niver woman was the worse for me whin I had married Dinah. There's a time for all things, an' I know how to kape all things in place—barrin' the dhrink, that kapes me in my place wid no hope av comin' to be aught else."

"Begin at the beginning," I insisted. "Mrs. Mulvaney told me that you married her when you were quartered in Krab Bokhar barracks."

"An' the same is a cess-pit," said Mulvaney, piously, "She spoke thrue, did Dinah. 'Twas this way. Talkin' av that, have ye iver fallen in love, sorr?"

I preserved the silence of the damned. Mulvaney continued—

"Thin I will assume that ye have not. *I* did. In the days av my youth, as I have more than wanst tould you, I was a man that filled the eye an' delighted the sowl av women. Niver man was hated as I have bin. Niver man was loved as I—no, not within half a day's march av ut! For the first five years av my service, whin I was what I wud give my sowl to be

now, I tuk whatever was within my reach an' digested ut—an' that's more than most men can say. Dhrink I tuk, an' ut did me no harm. By the hollow av Hiven, I cud play wid four women at wanst, an' kape them from findin' out anythin' about the other three, an' smile like a full-blown marigold through ut all. Dick Coulhan, av the battery we'll have down on us to-night, could drive his team no better than I mine, an' I hild the worser cattle! An' so I lived, an' so I was happy till afther that business wid Annie Bragin—she that turned me off as cool as a meat-safe, an' taught me where I stud in the mind av an honest woman. 'Twas no sweet dose to swallow.

"Afther that I sickened awhile an' tuk thought to my reg'mental work; conceiting mesilf I wud study an' be a sargint an' a major-gineral twinty minutes afther that. But on top av my ambitiousness there was an empty place in my sowl, an' me own opinion av mesilf cud not fill ut. Sez I to mesilf: 'Terence, you're a great man an' the best set-up in the reg'mint. Go on an' get promotion.' Sez mesilf to me, 'What for?' Sez I to mesilf: 'For the glory av ut!' Sez mesilf to me, 'Will that fill these two strong arrums av yours, Terence?' 'Go to the devil,' sez I to mesilf. 'Go to the married lines,' sez mesilf to me.' 'Tis the same thing,' sez I to mesilf. 'Av you're the same man, ut is,' said mesilf to me; an' wid that I considhered on ut a long while. Did you iver feel that way, sorr?"

I snored gently, knowing that if Mulvaney were uninterrupted he would go on. The clamour from the bivouac fires beat up to the stars, as the rival singers of the companies were pitted against each other.

"So I felt that way an' a bad time ut was. Wanst, bein' a fool, I wint into the married lines more for the sake av spakin' to our ould colour-sergint Shadd than for any thruck wid women-folk. I was a corp'ril then—rejuced aftherwards, but a corp'ril then. I've got a photograft av mesilf to prove ut. 'You'll take a cup av tay wid us?' sez Shadd. 'I will that, I sez, 'tho' tay is not my divarsion.'

"'Twud be better for you if ut were,' sez ould Mother Shadd, an' she had ought know, for Shadd, in the ind av his service, dhrunk bung-full each night.

"Wid that I tuk off my gloves—there's was pipe-clay in thim, so that they stud alone—an' pulled up my chair lookin' round at the china ornamints an' bits av things in the Shadds' quarters. They were things that belonged to a man, an' no camp-kit, here to-day an' dishipated next. 'You're comfortable in this place, sergint,' says I. 'Tis the wife that did ut, boy,' sez he, pointin' the stem av his pipe to ould Mother Shadd, an' she smacked the top av his bald head apon the compliment. 'That manes you want money,' sez she.

"An' thin—an' thin whin the kettle was to be filled, Dinah came in—my Dinah—her sleeves rowled up to the elbow an' her hair in a winkin' glory over her forehead, the big blue eyes beneath twinklin' like stars on a frosty night, an' the tread av her two feet lighter than waste-paper from the colonel's basket in ord'ly-room whin ut's emptied. Bein' but a shlip av a girl she went pink at seein' me, an' I twisted me moustache an' looked at a picture forninst the wall. Niver show a woman that ye care the snap av a finger for her, an' begad she'll come bleatin' to your boot-heels!"

"I suppose that's why you followed Annie Bragin till everybody in the married quarters laughed at you," said I, remembering that unhallowed wooing and casting off the disguise of drowsiness.

"I'm layin' down the gin'ral theory av the attack," said Mulvaney, driving his boot into the dying fire. "If you read the *Soldier's Pocket Book*, which niver any soldier reads, you'll see that there are exceptions. Whin Dinah was out av the door (an' 'twas as tho' the sunlight had shut too)—'Mother

av Hiven, sergint,' says I, 'but is that your daughter?' 'I've believed that way these eighteen years,' says ould Shadd, his eyes twinklin'; 'but Mrs. Shadd has her own opinion like iv'ry woman.' 'Tis wid yours this time, for a mericle,' sez Mother Shadd. 'Thin why in the name av fortune did I niver see her before?' sez I. 'Bekaze you've been thrapesin' round wid the married women these three years past. She was a bit av a child till last year, an' she shot up wid the spring,' sez ould Mother Shadd. 'I'll thrapese no more,' sez I. 'D'you mane that?' sez ould Mother Shadd, lookin' at me side-ways like a hen looks at a hawk whin the chickens are runnin' free. 'Try me, an' tell,' sez I. Wid that I pulled on my gloves, dhrank off the tea, an' went out av the house as stiff as at gin'ral p'rade, for well I knew that Dinah Shadd's eyes were in the small av my back out av the scullery window. Faith! that was the only time I mourned I was not a cav'l'ry man for the pride av the spurs to jingle.

"I wint out to think an' I did a powerful lot av thinkin', but ut all came round to that shlip av a girl in the dotted blue dhress, wid the blue eyes an' the sparkil in them. Thin I kept off canteen, an' I kept to the married quarthers or near by on the chanst av meetin' Dinah. Did I meet her? Oh, my time past, did I not, wid a lump in my throat as big as my valise an' my heart goin' like a farrier's forge on a Saturday morning!' 'Twas 'Good day to ye, Miss Dinah,' an' 'Good day t'you, corp'ril,' for a week or two, and divil a bit further could I get bekaze av the respect I had to that girl that I cud ha' broken betune finger an' thumb."

Here I giggled as I recalled the gigantic figure of Dinah Shadd when she handed me my shirt.

"Ye may laugh," grunted Mulvaney. "But I'm speakin' the trut', an' 'tis you that are in fault. Dinah was a girl that wid ha' taken the imperiousness out av the Duchess av Clonmel in those days. Flower-hand, foot av shod air, an' the eyes av the livin' mornin' she had. That is my wife to-day—ould Dinah, and never aught else than Dinah Shadd to me.

"'Twas after three weeks standin' off an' on, an' niver makin' headway excipt through the eyes, that a little drummer-boy grinned in me face whin I had admonished him wid the buckle av my belt for riotin' all over the place. 'An' I'm not the only wan that doesn't kape to barricks,' sez he. I tuk him by the scruff av his neck,—my heart was hung on a hair-thrigger those days, you will onderstand—an' 'Out wid ut,' sez I, 'or I'll lave no bone av you unbreakable.' 'Speak to Dempsey,' sez he howlin'. 'Dempsey which?' sez I, 'Ye unwashed limb av Satan.' 'Av the Bob-tailed Dhragoons,' sez he. 'He's seen her home from her aunt's house in the civil lines four times this fortnight.' 'Child!' sez I, dhropping him, 'Your tongue's stronger than your body. Go to your quarters. I'm sorry I dhressed you down.'

"At that I went four ways to wanst huntin' Dempsey. I was mad to think that wid all my airs among women I shud ha' been chated by a basin-faced fool av a cav'lry-man not fit to trust on a trunk. Presintly I found him in our lines—the Bobtails was quartered next us—an' a tallowy, top-heavy son av a she-mule he was wid his big brass spurs an' his plastrons on his epigastrons an' all. But he niver flinched a hair.

"'A word wid you, Dempsey,' sez I. 'You've walked wid Dinah Shadd four times this fortnight gone.'

"'What's that to you?' sez he. 'I'll walk forty times more, an' forty on top av that, ye shovel-futted clod-breakin' infantry lance-corp'ril.'

"Before I cud gyard he had his gloved fist home on my cheek an' down I went full sprawl. 'Will that content you?' sez he, blowin' on his knuckles for all the world like a Scots Greys orf'cer. 'Content!' sez I. 'For your own sake, man, take

off your spurs, peel your jackut an' onglove. 'Tis the beginnin' av the overture; stand up!'

"He stud all he know, but he niver peeled his jacket an' his shoulders had no fair play. I was fightin' for Dinah Shadd an' that cut on my cheek. What hope had he forninst me? 'Stand up,' sez I, time an' again whin he was beginnin' to quarter the ground an' gyard high an' go large. 'This isn't ridin'-school,' I sez. 'O, man stand up an' let me get in at ye!' But whin I saw he wud be runnin' about, I grup his shtock in my left an' his waist-belt in my right an' swung him clear to my right front, head undher, he hammerin' my nose till the wind was knocked out av him on the bare ground. 'Stand up,' sez I, 'or I'll kick your head into your chest!' and I wud ha' done ut too, so ragin' mad I was.

"'My collar-bone's bruk,' sez he. 'Help me back to lines. I'll walk wid her no more.' So I helped him back."

"And was his collar-bone broken?" I asked, for I fancied that only Learoyd could neatly accomplish that terrible throw.

"He pitched on his left shoulder-point. Ut was. Next day the news was in both barricks, an' whin I met Dinah Shadd wid a cheek on me like all the reg'mintal tailor's samples there was no 'Good mornin', corp'ril,' or aught else. 'An' what have I done, Miss Shadd,' sez I, very bould, plantin' mesilf forninst her, 'that ye should not pass the time of day?'

"'Ye've half-killed rough-rider Dempsey,' sez she, her dear blue eyes fillin' up.

"'May be,' sez I. 'Was he a friend av yours that saw ye home four times in the fortnight?'

"'Yes,' sez she, but her mouth was down at the corners. 'An'—an' what's that to you?' she sez.

"'Ask Dempsey,' sez I, purtendin' to go away.

"'Did you fight for me then, ye silly man?' she sez, tho' she knew ut all along.

"'Who else?' sez I, an' I tuk wan pace to the front.

'I wasn't worth ut,' sez she, fingerin' in her apron.

"'That's for me to say,' sez I. 'Shall I say ut?'

"'Yes,' sez she in a saint's whisper, an' at that I explained mesilf; and she tould me what ivry man that is a man, an' many that is a woman, hears wanst in his life.

"'But what made ye cry at startin', Dinah darlin?' sez I.

"'Your—your bloody cheek,' sez she, duckin' her little head down on my sash (I was on duty for the day) an' whimperin' like a sorrowful angil.

"Now a man cud take that two ways. I tuk ut as pleased me best an' my first kiss wid ut. Mother av Innocence! but I kissed her on the tip av the nose an' undher the eye; an' a girl that lets a kiss come tumble-ways like that has never been kissed before. Take note av that, sorr. Thin we wint hand in hand to ould Mother Shadd like two little childher, an' she said 'twas no bad thing, an' ould Shadd nodded behind his pipe, an' Dinah ran away to her own room. That day I throd on rollin' clouds. All earth was too small to hould me. Begad, I cud ha' hiked the sun out av the sky for a live coal to my pipe, so magnificent I was. But I tuk recruities at squad-drill instid, an' began wid general battalion advance whin I shud ha' been balance-steppin' them. Eyah! that day! that day!"

A very long pause. "Well?" said I.

"'Twas all wrong," said Mulvaney, with an enormous sigh. "An' I know that ev'ry bit av ut was my own foolishness. That night I tuk maybe the half av three pints—not enough to turn the hair of a man in his natural senses. But I was more than half drunk wid pure joy, an' that canteen beer was so much whisky to me. I can't tell how it came about, but *bekaze* I had no thought for anywan except Dinah, *bekaze* I hadn't slipped her little white arms from my neck five minuts, *bekaze* the breath of her kiss was not gone from my mouth, I must

go through the married lines on my way to quarters an' I must stay talkin' to a red-headed Mullingar heifer av a girl, Judy Sheehy, that was daughter to Mother Sheehy, the wife of Nick Sheehy, the canteen-sergint—the black curse av Shielygh be on the whole brood that are above groun' this day!

"'An' what are ye houldin' your head that high for, corp'ril?' sez Judy. 'Come in an' thry a cup av tay,' she sez, standin' in the doorway. Bein' an ontrustable fool, an' thinkin' av anything but tay, I wint.

"'Mother's at canteen,' sez Judy, smoothin' the hair av hers that was like red snakes, an' lookin' at me cornerways out av her green cats' eyes. 'Ye will not mind, corp'ril?'

"I can endure," sez I; ould Mother Sheehy bein' no divarsion av mine, nor her daughter too. Judy fetched the tea things an' put thim on the table leanin' over me very close to get them square. I dhrew back thinkin' av Dinah.

"'Is ut afraid you are av a girl alone?' sez Judy.

"'No,' sez I. 'Why should I be?'

"'That rests wid the girl,' sez Judy, dhrawin' her chair next to mine.

"'Thin there let ut rest,' sez I; an' thinkin' I'd been a trifle onpolite, I sez, 'The tay's not quite sweet enough for my taste. Put your little finger in the cup, Judy. 'Twill make ut necthar.'

"'What's necthar?' sez she.

"'Somethin' very sweet,' sez I; an' for the sinful life av me I cud not help lookin' at her out av the corner av my eye, as I was used to look at a woman.

"'Go on wid ye, corp'ril,' sez she. 'You're a flirrt.'

"'On me sowl I'm not,' sez I.

"'Then you're a cruel handsome man, an' that's worse,' sez she, heaving big sighs an' lookin' crossways.

"'You know your own mind,' sez I.

"''Twud be better for me if I did not,' she sez.

"'There's a dale to be said on both sides av that,' sez I, unthinkin'.

"'Say your own part av ut, then, Terrence, darlin,' sez she; 'for begad I'm thinkin' I've said too much or too little for an honest girl,' an' wid that she put her arms round my neck an' kissed me.

"'There's no more to be said afther that,' sez I, kissin' her back again—Oh the mane scutt that I was, my head ringin' wid Dinah Shadd! How does ut come about, sorr, that when a man has put the comether on wan woman, he's sure bound to put it on another? 'Tis the same thing at musketry. Wan day ivry shot goes wide or into the bank, an' the next, lay high lay low, sight or snap, ye can't get off the bullseye for ten shots runnin'."

"That only happens to a man who has had a good deal of experience. He does it without thinking," I replied.

"Thankin' you for the complimint, sorr, ut may be so. But I'm doubtin' whether you mint ut for a complimint. Hear now; I sat there wid Judy on my knee tellin' me all manner av nonsinse an' only sayin' 'yes' an' 'no,' when I'd much better ha' kept tongue betune teeth. An' that was not an hour afther I had left Dinah! What I was thinkin' av I cannot say. Presintly, quiet as a cat, ould Mother Sheehy came in velvet-dhrunk. She had her daughter's red hair, but 'twas bald in patches, an' I cud see in her wicked ould face, clear as lightnin', what Judy wud be twenty years to come. I was for jumpin' up, but Judy niver moved.

"'Terence has promust, mother,' sez she, an' the could sweat bruk out all over me. Ould Mother Sheehy sat down of a heap an' began playin' wid the cups. 'Thin you're a well-matched pair,' she sez very thick. 'For he's the biggest rogue that iver spoiled the queen's shoe-leather,' an'—

"'I'm off, Judy,' sez I. 'Ye should not talk nonsinse to your mother. Get her to bed, girl.'

"'Nonsinse!' sez the ould woman,

prickin' up her ears like a cat an' grippin' the table-edge. 'Twill be the most nonsinsical nonsinse for you, ye grinnin' badger, if nonsinse 'tis. Git clear, you. I'm goin' to bed.'

"I ran out into the dhark, my head in a stew an' my heart sick, but I had sinse enough to see that I'd brought ut all on mysilf. 'It's this to pass the time av day to a panjandhrum av hell-cats,' sez I. 'What I've said, an' what I've not said do not matther. Judy an' her dam will hould me for a promust man, an' Dinah will give me the go, an' I desarve ut. I will go an' get dhrunk,' sez I, 'an' forget about ut, for 'tis plain I'm not a marrin' man.'

"On my way to canteen I ran against Lascelles, colour-sergeant that was av E. comp'ny—a hard, hard man, wid a torment av a wife. 'You've the head av a drowned man on your shoulders,' sez he; "an' you're goin' where you'll get a worse wan. Come back,' sez he. 'Let me go,' sez I. 'I've thrown my luck over the wall wid my own hand!' 'Then that's not the way to get ut back again,' sez he. 'Have out wid your throuble, ye fool-bhoy.' An' I tould him how the matther was.

"He sucked in his lower lip. 'You've been thrapped,' sez he. 'Ju Sheehy wud be the betther for a man's name to hers as soon as can. An' ye thought ye'd put the comether on her,—that's the natural vanity of the baste. Terence, you're a big born fool, but you're not bad enough to marry into that comp'ny. If you said anythin', an' for all your protestations I'm sure ye did—or did not which is worse—eat ut all—lie like the father of all lies, but come out av ut free av Judy. Do I not know what ut is to marry a woman that was the very spit an' image av Judy when she was young? I'm gettin' old an' I've larnt patience, but you, Terence, you'd raise hand on Judy an' kill her in a year. Never mind if Dinah gives you the go, you've desarved ut; never mind if the whole reg'mint laughs you all day. Get shut av Judy an' her mother. They can't dhrag you to church, but if they do, they'll dhrag you to hell. Go back to your quarters and lie down,' sez he. Thin over his shoulder, 'You *must* ha' done with thim.'

"Next day I wint to see Dinah, but there was no tucker in me as I walked. I knew the throuble wud come soon enough widout any handlin' av mine, an' I dreaded ut sore.

"'I heard Judy callin' me, but I hild straight on to the Shadds' quarthers, an' Dinah wud ha' kissed me but I put her back.

"'Whin all's said, darlin',' sez I, "you can give ut me if ye will, tho' I misdoubt 'twill be so easy to come by then.'

"I had scarce begun to put the explanation into shape before Judy an' her mother came to the door. I think there was a verandah, but I'm forgettin'.

"'Will ye not step in?' sez Dinah, pretty and polite, though the Shadds had no dealin's with the Sheehys. Old Mother Shadd looked up quick, an' she was the fust to see the throuble, for Dinah was her daughter.

"'I'm pressed for time to-day,' sez Judy as bould as brass; 'an' I've only come for Terence,—my promust man. 'Tis strange to find him here the day afther the day.'

"Dinah looked at me as though I had hit her, an' I answered straight.

"'There was some nonsince last night at the Sheehys' quarthers, an' Judy's carryin' on the joke, darlin',' sez I.

"'At the Sheehys' quarthers?' sez Dinah very slow, an' Judy cut in wid: 'He was there from nine till ten, Dinah Shadd, an' the betther half av that time I was sittin' on his knee, Dinah Shadd. Ye may look and ye may look an' ye may look me up an' down, but ye won't look away that Terence is my promust man. Terence, darlin', 'tis time for us to be comin' home.'

"Dinah Shadd niver said word to Judy. 'Ye left me at half-past eight,'

she sez to me, 'an' I niver thought that ye'd leave me for Judy,—promises or no promises. Go back wid her, you that have to be fetched by a girl! I'm done with you,' sez she, and she ran into her own room her mother followin'. So I was alone wid those two women and at liberty to spake my sentiments.

"'Judy Sheehy,' sez I, 'if you made a fool av me betune the lights you shall not do ut in the day. I niver promised you words or lines.'

"'You lie,' sez ould Mother Sheehy, 'an' may ut choke you where you stand!' She was far gone in dhrink.

"'An' tho' ut choked me where I stud I'd not change,' sez I. 'Go home, Judy. I take shame for a decent girl like you dhraggin' your mother out bare-headed on this errand. Hear now, and have ut for an answer. I gave my word to Dinah Shadd yesterday, an', more blame to me, I was wid you last night talkin' nonsinse but nothin' more. You've chosen to thry to hould me on ut. I will not be held thereby for anythin' in the world. Is that enough?'

"Judy wint pink all over. 'An' I wish you joy av the perjury,' sez she, duckin' a curtsey. 'You've lost a woman that would ha' wore her hand to the bone for your pleasure; an' 'deed, Terence, ye were not thrapped . . . .' Lascelles must ha' spoken plain to her. 'I am such as Dinah is—'deed I am! Ye've lost a fool av a girl that'll niver look at you again, an' ye've lost what ye niver had,—your common honesty. If you manage your men as you manage your love-makin' small wondher they call you the worst corp'ril in the comp'ny. Come away, mother,' sez she.

"But divil a fut would the ould woman budge! 'D'you hould by that?' sez she, peerin' up under her thick grey eyebrows.

"'Ay, an' wud,' sez I, 'tho' Dinah give me the go twinty times. I'll have no thruck with you or yours,' sez I. 'Take your child away, ye shameless woman.'

"'An' am I shameless?' sez she, bringin' her hands up above her head. 'Thin what are you, ye lyin', schamin', weak-kneed, dhirty-souled son av a sutler? Am *I* shameless? Who put the open shame on me an' my child that we shud go beggin' through the lines in the broad daylight for the broken word of a man? Double portion of my shame be on you, Terence Mulvaney, that think yourself so strong! By Mary and the saints, by blood and water an' by ivry sorrow that came into the world since the beginnin', the black blight fall on you and yours, so that you may niver be free from pain for another when ut's not your own! May your heart bleed in your breast drop by drop wid all your friends laughin' at the bleedin'! Strong you think yourself? May your strength be a curse to you to dhrive you into the divil's hands against your own will! Clear-eyed you are? May your eyes see clear evry step av the dark path you take till the hot cindhers av hell put thim out! May the ragin' dry thirst in my own ould bones go to you that you shall niver pass bottle full nor glass empty. God preserve the light av your onderstandin' to you, my jewel av a bhoy, that ye may niver forget what you mint to be an' do, whin you're wallowin' in the muck! May ye see the betther and follow the worse as long as there's breath in your body; an' may ye die quick in a strange land, watchin' your death before ut takes you, an' onable to stir hand or foot!'

"I heard a scufflin' in the room behind, and thin Dinah Shadd's hand dhropped into mine like a roseleaf into a muddy road.

"'The half av that I'll take,' sez she, 'an' more too if I can. Go home, ye silly talkin' woman,—go home an' confess.'

"'Come away! Come away!' sez Judy, pullin' her mother by the shawl. ''Twas none av Terence's fault. For the love av Mary stop the talkin'!'

"'An' you!' said ould Mother Sheehy spinnin' round forninst Dinah. 'Will ye take the half av that

man's load? Stand off from him, Dinah Shadd, before he takes you down too—you that look to be a quarthermaster-sergeant's wife in five years. You look too high, child. You shall wash for the quarthermaster-sergeant, whin he plases to give you the job out av charity; but a privit's wife you shall be to the end, an' evry sorrow of a privit's wife you shall know and niver a joy but wan, that shall go from you like the running tide from a rock. The pain av bearin' you shall know but niver the pleasure av giving the breast; an' you shall put away a man-child into the common ground wid never a priest to say a prayer over him, an' on that man-child ye shall think ivry day av your life. Think long, Dinah Shadd, for you'll niver have another tho' you pray till your knees are bleedin'. The mothers av childer shall mock you behind your back when you're wringing over the wash-tub. You shall know what ut is to help a dhrunken husband home 'an see him go to the gyard-room. Will that plase you, Dinah Shadd, that won't be seen talkin' to my daughter? You shall talk to worse than Judy before all's over. The sergints' wives shall look down on you contemptuous, daughter av a sergint, an you shall cover ut all up wid a smiling face whin your heart's burstin'. Stand off av him, Dinah Shadd, for I've put the black curse of Shielygh upon him an' his own mouth shall make ut good.'

"She pitched forward on her head an' began foamin' at the mouth. Dinah Shadd ran out wid water, an' Judy dhragged the ould woman into the verandah till she sat up.

"'I'm old an' forlore,' she sez thremblin' an' cryin', 'and 'tis like I say a dale more than I mane.'

"'When you're able to walk,—go,' says ould Mother Shadd. 'This house has no place for the likes av you that have cursed my daughter.'

"'Eyah!' said the ould woman. 'Hard words break no bones, an' Dinah Shadd 'll kape the love av her husband till my bones are green corn. Judy darlin', I misremember what I came here for. Can you lend us the bottom av a taycup av tay, Mrs. Shadd?'

"But Judy dhragged her off cryin' as tho' her heart wud break. An' Dinah Shadd an' I, in ten minutes we had forgot ut all."

"Then why do you remember it now?" said I.

"Is ut like I'd forget? Ivry word that wicked ould woman spoke fell thrue in my life aftherwards, an' I cud ha' stud ut all—stud ut all,—excipt when my little Shadd was born. That was on the line av march three months afther the regiment was taken with cholera. We were betune Umballa an' Kalka thin, an' I was on picket. Whin I came off duty the women showed me the child, an' ut turned on uts side an' died as I looked. We buried him by the road, an' Father Victor was a day's march behind wid the heavy baggage, so the comp'ny captain read a prayer. An' since then I've been a childless man an' all else that ould Mother Sheehy put upon me an' Dinah Shadd. What do you think, sorr?"

I thought a good deal, but it seemed better then to reach out for Mulvaney's hand. The demonstration nearly cost me the use of three fingers. Whatever he knows of his weaknesses, Mulvaney is entirely ignorant of his strength.

"But what do you think?" he insisted, as I was straightening out the crushed member.

My reply was drowned in yells and outcries from the next fire, where ten men were shouting for "Orth'ris," "Privit Orth'ris," "Mistah Or—ther—ris!" "Deah boy," "Cap'n Orth-'ris," "Field-Marshal Orth'ris," "Stanley, you pen'north o' pop, come 'ere to your own comp'ny!" And the cockney, who had been delighting another audience with recondite and Rabelaisian yarns, was shot down among his admirers by the major force.

"You've crumpled my dress-shirt

'orrid," said he; "an' I sha'n't sing no more to this 'ere bloomin' drawin'-room."

Learoyd, roused by the confusion, uncoiled himself, crept behind Ortheris, and slung him aloft on his shoulders.

"Sing, ye bloomin' hummin' bird!" said he, and Ortheris, beating time on Learoyd's skull, delivered himself, in the raucous voice of the Ratcliffe Highway, of the following chaste and touching ditty.

My girl she give me the go onst,
When I was a London lad,
An' I went on the drink for a fortnight,
An' then I went to the bad.
The Queen she give me a shillin'
To fight for 'er over the seas;
But Guv'ment built me a fever-trap,
An' Injia give me disease.

Chorus.

Ho! don't you 'eed what a girl says,
An' don't you go for the beer;
But I was an ass when I was at grass,
An' that is why I'm here.

I fired a shot at a Afghan,
The beggar 'e fired again,
An' I lay on my bed with a 'ole in my 'ed,
An' missed the next campaign!
I up with my gun at a Burman
Who carried a bloomin' *dah*,
But the cartridge stuck and the bay'nit bruk,
An' all I got was the scar.

Chorus.

Ho! don't you aim at a Afghan
When you stand on the sky-line clear;
An' don't you go for a Burman
If none o' your friends is near.

I served my time for a corp'ral,
An' wetted my stripes with pop,
For I went on the bend with a intimate friend,
An' finished the night in the shop.
I served my time for a sergeant;
The colonel 'e sez, 'No!
The most you'll see is a full C.B.'[1]
An' . . . very next night 'twas so.

Chorus.

Ho! don't you go for a corp'ral
Unless your 'ed is clear;
But I was an ass when I was at grass,
An' that is why I'm 'ere.

[1] Confined to barracks.

I've tasted the luck o' the army
In barrack an' camp an' clink,
An' I lost my tip through the bloomin' trip
Along o' the women an' drink.
I'm down at the heel o' my service
An' when I am laid on the shelf,
My very wust friend from beginning to end
By the blood of a mouse was myself!

Chorus.

Ho! don't you 'eed what a girl says,
An' don't you go for the beer;
But I was an ass when I was at grass
An' that is why I'm 'ere.

"Ay, listen to our little man now, singin' an' shoutin' as tho' trouble had niver touched him. D' you remember when he went mad with the home-sickness?" said Mulvaney, recalling a never-to-be-forgotten season when Ortheris waded through the deep waters of affliction and behaved abominably. "But he's talkin' bitter truth, though. Eyah!

'My very worst frind from beginnin' to ind
By the blood av a mouse was mesilf!'"

"Hark out!" he continued, jumping to his feet. "What did I tell you, sorr?"

Fttl! spttl! whttl! went the rifles of the picket in the darkness, and we heard heavy feet rushing towards us as Ortheris tumbled past me and into his great-coat. It is an impressive thing even in peace to see an armed camp spring to life with clatter of accoutrements, click of Martini-levers, and blood-curdling speculations as to the fate of missing boots. "Pickets dhriven in," said Mulvaney, staring like a buck at bay into the soft clinging gloom. "Stand by an' kape close to us. If 'tis cav'lry they may blundher into the fires."

The thrice-blessed bugles spoke, and the rush to form square began. There is much rest and peace in the heart of a square, if you arrive in time and are not trodden upon too frequently. The smell of leather belts, fatigue uniform, and packed humanity, is comforting.

A dull grumble that seemed to come from every point of the compass at once struck our listening ears, and little thrills of excitement ran down the faces of the square. Those who write so learnedly about judging distance by sound should hear cavalry on the move at night. A high-pitched yell on the left told us that the disturbers were allies, the cavalry of the attack, who had missed their direction in the darkness, and were feeling blindly for some sort of support and camping-ground. The difficulty explained, they jingled on.

"Double pickets out there; by your arms lie down and sleep the rest," said the major, and the square melted away as the men scrambled for their places by the fires.

When I woke I saw Mulvaney, the night-dew gemming his moustache, leaning on his rifle at picket, lonely as Prometheus on his rock, with I know not what vultures tearing his liver.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

INSIDE THE HOUSE.

BY A SPECTATOR.

WHATEVER may be said, and perhaps more than enough has been said, of the deterioration of the modern House of Commons from the high standard of the past, it is impossible for any intelligent politician of the present day to find the House of Commons itself an uninteresting assembly. Old members remember how three and twenty years ago opponents of reform used to prophesy the reign of mediocrity and dulness amongst the chosen of the people which a democratic franchise was sure to produce. Two sweeping reform bills have passed since then, and surely by this time if ever we should have reached "that level plain of democracy where every ant's-hill is a mountain, and every thistle is a forest-tree." Yet experience has taught us that now as formerly great men exist and still soar above their fellows; that now as formerly political struggles are fought over great principles, and that so far as regards variety in its composition and individuality amongst its members, the present House of Commons compares favourably with any of its predecessors.

There has been no doubt much change in the *personnel* of the House of Commons; but that change has surely not rendered less interesting the character of that assembly. No one would wish that the representation of the great British people, with all its varied classes, interests, opinions, and prejudices, should be drawn entirely from that section of society which finds an entrance into the clubs of the West-end. Variety is indeed the most salient characteristic of the M.P. species as existing in the twelfth Parliament of Queen Victoria. There is undoubtedly present in the House of Commons much that is dull, much that is commonplace, much that is ridiculous, something (I regret to have to add) that is offensive,—even in the best plum-pudding there will always be more suet than plums; yet undoubtedly there is present also much that is eminent. Many a member, apart altogether from the interest belonging to political life, is conscious of the pleasure of enjoying the companionship of men who are, on their own subjects or in their own pursuits, universally recognized authorities. There is something encyclopædic about the House of Commons. A member perhaps has a puzzle in his mind connected with some question of trade, of banking, of law. He has at his elbow some of the most eminent merchants, bankers, lawyers, in the kingdom. If his personal tastes are towards abstract science, he knows where to find an ex-president of the British Association. One friend will tell him all about the institutions and social life of the most modern of nations; while another with no less geniality will expatiate on the simpler habits of the primitive man. Sir Henry Roscoe, Sir Lyon Playfair, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Courtney, and many others, are in different ways and degrees men to whom belongs a personal interest apart altogether from the fact that they are engaged in political life and are chosen representatives of the people. There is hardly a taste or pursuit that has not its devotee in the House of Commons. On questions of trade and class it is invaluable that those who look at them fro-

different stand-points should compare notes and exchange views in the easy social intercourse of the lobby or the tea-room. There it is as easy to learn at first hand the opinions and feelings of the trades' unionists and the working miners, as of the employer and the capitalist. Authorities upon military and naval strategy, university professors and university oars, doctors, lawyers, authors, journalists, agriculturalists, sportsmen, make a rare medley; and a man must indeed be strangely constituted if out of such elements he cannot find fellowship and interests to his taste. "Soldier, Sailor, Tinker, Tailor, Apothecary, Ploughboy, ——" the terrors of breach of privilege compel an imperfect quotation. Assuredly there is no sign as yet, taking the United Kingdom as a whole, either that the best men in the country are turning their backs upon a political life, or that our democratic constituencies are inclined to turn their backs upon eminent men.

Within the House of Commons the spirit of party predominates, and though it often happens that this spirit rises to a reckless and dangerous height, it is party feeling which alone gives to a crowd of six hundred and seventy men the capacity of performing the functions which modern practice intrusts to the House of Commons. In the House of Commons of to-day, which has just met for its fifth session, party developments are of an unusual and unprecedented character. Party arrangements are obviously not in a condition of stable equilibrium. Party leadership, possibly party principles and watchwords are about to undergo a sweeping change. The present condition of politics, and not within the walls of Parliament alone, is evidently transitional; and at such a time it is more than ever interesting to use our eyes, to watch both men and events, so as not to be taken by surprise by new developments which may be very close upon us.

The new member on entering the House for the first time at the bar, and looking to his right and to his left, and then up to the Speaker, in full-bottomed wig, sitting grave and stately high above the three clerks at the table on which reposes the golden mace, symbol that the House is in session, surveys a scene in outward appearance precisely the same as that which has presented itself to the eyes of spectators since the opening of the present Houses of Parliament very early in the Queen's reign. The cheers which greet the speeches on the one side and the other show that as formerly there are gathered on the right hand of the Chair those who support the Government of the day, while facing them sit their political opponents. A very few days, however, will show our new member that while the Conservatives who occupy the ministerial benches constitute a party with a regular organization, recognized leaders, and party whips, a much less simple state of things exists on the opposite side of the House. The Irish party, for instance, led by Mr. Parnell, occupies the benches on the opposition side below the gangway. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Parnell's friends have always occupied that part of the House whether the ministry of the day happened to be Liberal or Conservative. There was precedent for this in the practice of the extreme Radicals in the earlier Parliaments after 1832. Joseph Hume, Cobbett, and one or two more always sat on the opposition side of the House because no man sufficiently liberal for them ever was in office. Hume indeed always occupied the same seat, where we are told he used frequently to be seen eating pears with which he filled his pockets before entering the House! Mr. Parnell's party has an organization entirely separate and distinct from that which is held by Mr. Gladstone, though at present cordially co-operating with it. On the same side of the House sit another political group of members, the Liberal Unionists, who, unlike the Irishmen, claim that they have

always been and still remain Liberals, and who in the past have done much to secure the triumphs of the Liberal party. They again have at present a separate organization, and act in cordial alliance with the Conservative ministry. Fourthly, there is a group of some seventy or eighty members of the advanced radical school; who however, while boasting their own whips, and proclaiming their dissatisfaction with the half-hearted liberalism of the ministry of Mr. Gladstone, follow him on to the Irish question, and on any other which they consider may lead to the overthrow of the present Government. This party is stronger than is generally supposed, and more will be heard of it in the future. Lastly there is the regular opposition led by Mr. Gladstone and the ex-officials of his last ministry. Their whips are an ex-Junior Lord of the Treasury and an ex-Comptroller of the Queen's Household, useful men of business, no doubt, but hardly of the type most in favour with the bulk of the party composing Mr. Gladstone's following. To this orthodox section of the opposition belong those old Liberals who along with Mr. Gladstone have adopted the cause of Home Rule. Messrs. Whitbread, Rathbone, Charles Parker, Sir Hussey Vivian, Sir Joseph Pease, and Sir Bernard Samuelson are among these; so are Messrs. Wallace, Handel Cossham, Cobb, Pickersgill, Clarke, and Picton. All follow the standard of Mr. Gladstone on questions of vital importance, yet the first half-dozen who respond to the whip of Mr. Morley and Mr. Marjoribanks are politically distinguishable without a microscope from the last half-dozen who are rallied to the fight by the voices of Mr. Jacoby and Mr. Stanhope.

The old organization of the Liberal Party was shattered on the 8th April, 1886, by the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Bill to substitute for the single Parliament and Government of the United Kingdom, two Parliaments with separate executives, one for Ireland and one for Great Britain. Six days later Lord Hartington and Lord Salisbury, accompanied by many members of the Liberal and Conservative parties, stood side by side on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, and proclaimed to a vast gathering and to the country their determination to uphold the Union, and to make such sacrifices of party as might be necessary to assure it. The month of April, 1886, saw the birth of a new era in the history of British parties. In the last four years things have but developed along the same lines; there has been no change in direction. And the curious state of parties in the House of Commons of to-day is evidence of the enduring consequences of the new departure that was made when Mr. Gladstone invited the country to adopt the Home Rule policy of Mr. Parnell.

In all probability no first day of the Session ever before brought together so large an attendance of members. It had become known that the leaders of the opposition were determined even before the Queen's Speech could be read to debate the subject of the now notorious "*fac-simile* letters." It was not easy to understand what the House was expected to do. *The Times* had withdrawn the letters, had admitted that it had been imposed upon, had paid damages to an amount which, though not exceeding one twentieth part of his original claim, Mr. Parnell had been content to accept. What then remained to be done until the House had learned the result of the investigation it had appointed to be made into the accusations brought by *The Times* against Mr. Parnell's policy? However, almost as soon as the Speaker took the chair the tall form of Sir William Harcourt was seen in close confabulation with that authority, and members at once guessed that he had obtained permission to raise the history of the letters as a breach of privilege even before the

Queen's Speech had been read. And so it was.

Between Mr. Parnell and *The Times*, he said, justice perhaps had been done. But the House itself had been outraged; and its dignity required that the editor of *The Times* should be summoned to the bar. The House of Commons thought otherwise. It may be that a proprietor of a newspaper who has libelled a member of Parliament in his political character, has committed a breach of privilege. In all probability the conduct of *The Times* did amount to a breach of privilege; but it was for the House to determine whether it would be more in the interests of the business of the country and of its own dignity to take notice of it. Every one remembered that Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Brien were proprietors of *United Ireland*, a paper whose foul charges and false allegations against members of Parliament have again and again been published with impunity. If the House is to punish breach of privilege by newspapers, good-bye to the performance of its proper duties. Surely its dignity would be better consulted by doing its own work, than by summoning to its bar and scolding the editors and printers of offending journals. The debate was, in some respects, an unreal one. Sir William Harcourt's ponderous periods about "the dignity of this House," the "deterioration in the morality of our public men," the odiousness of political calumny, and so on, succeeded each in rather monotonous cadence; and the Irish benches, to whom Sir William so often turns for sympathy and applause, are hardly an audience to be deeply moved by appeals of that particular nature. The real reason of the desire to discuss this old theme at the earliest possible moment could only be explained by a wish that the debate should precede the publication of the Judges' report upon *The Times's* allegations, which it was known was at that moment in type and would be presented in a few hours. The only successful speech was in fact that of the Irish leader. He at least had been seriously and personally attacked; the particular form of inquiry which at one time he had demanded had been refused him; his word had been disbelieved. It was pardonable in him therefore to make light of the extraordinary advantages the Government had offered to him to clear his character; it was perhaps excusable in him, though not in Sir William Harcourt, to treat *The Times* as if it had acted in the matter with full knowledge of the baselessness of its accusations, as if it had been the perpetrator instead of the victim of a conspiracy resting on forgery and falsehood. Mr. Parnell spoke quietly, and spoke more fluently than is common with him, and he obtained an attentive and even sympathetic hearing. Members turned eagerly to listen to him. However much Sir William Harcourt may have desired to concentrate attention upon the accident of the letters, everyone remembered that against Mr. Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary party there had been brought other charges of the utmost gravity. What is the truth about the Parnellite party? Is it a political association working to obtain constitutional ends by constitutional means, or is it a conspiracy to effect by criminal agencies "the disintegration and dismemberment of the empire"?

Mr. Parnell, be he statesman or arch-conspirator, is in appearance and manner a gentleman. Dressed in a long, tight-fitting frock coat, and with his right hand for the most part in his trouser-pocket, he quietly discourses to the House of Commons in a style the very opposite of that in which some of his most conspicuous lieutenants habitually indulge. In an effective speech he proceeded to point out the extreme risk he would have incurred by taking proceedings for libel against *The Times* while ignorant of the persons from whom *The Times* had obtained the letters, and whose name *The Times* had again and again declared its fixed

determination not to disclose. Had he been plaintiff in an action, he would have had to prove that the letter was a forgery; how could he feel confident of doing this in the face of strong expert evidence to the contrary, and if the history of the document in question was to be kept carefully concealed? Mr. Parnell was, however, far less successful in showing that a committee of the House of Commons would have been a good tribunal to inquire into this or the other charges against him. Members of Parliament are political partizans, and therefore singularly ill-fitted to act judicially in investigations of extreme political importance. "You did not care," said Mr. Parnell, addressing the Government, "whether the letters were forged or not. You wanted to use them as a political engine." This gave Mr. W. H. Smith the opportunity, in three sentences, of putting the Government's answer to Sir William Harcourt's motion more effectively than it had yet been done in the elaborate speeches of his colleagues. On behalf of his party he declared his satisfaction that Mr. Parnell had been completely cleared of every suspicion of having written the notorious letter, he denounced the perpetrator of the forgery as he deserved, and then asked the House of Commons, in the interests of business and also for the sake of its own dignity, to reject as inexpedient the course of action recommended by Sir William Harcourt. At midnight the House by a majority of forty-eight approved the action of Mr. Smith.

Thus it happened that it was not till midday on Wednesday that the Queen's Speech was read by the Speaker with all due formalities. There, at this most unaccustomed hour, sat on the bench immediately behind ministers, the mover and seconder of the Address, Mr. Royden and Lord Brooke. They were both in full uniform; indeed, it was whispered that both had been in uniform more or less since five o'clock the preceding evening! No one could tell when the Privilege debate might have ended. The House of Commons is never so thinly attended and so dull as during the first hour of a Wednesday's sitting, so that the good speeches of which these gentlemen delivered themselves fell upon the ears of a very limited audience; and of course no one had cared to come down early out of curiosity to hear a Queen's Speech which had been read and debated in the House of Lords the previous day, and which had been printed in every newspaper in the land.

During the greater part of the time occupied in moving and seconding the Address, Mr. John Morley was almost the sole occupant of the front Opposition bench, occasionally jotting down a pencil note, and clearly contemplating the possibility of having to make the speech which by custom is always delivered by the leader of the Opposition. Mr. Gladstone, however, came in, and on Lord Brooke's resuming his seat rose to reply. In our system of government the statesman who leads the Opposition wields an influence over the policy and destinies of the country which is often only second to that of the Prime Minister himself. In everything but a technical sense he is amongst the most important of those who as a matter of fact do govern the country. There were times during 1876, 1877, and 1878, when the foreign policy of Great Britain was swayed rather by Mr. Gladstone in Opposition than by Mr. Disraeli the Prime Minister. On the present occasion Mr. Gladstone speaks with the calm, deliberate, responsible manner which shows him at his best. He is just back from college life at Oxford, his eighty years sit lightly upon him, and he is evidently in the best of spirits and the most genial of humours. Speaking without vehemence, yet always impressively, and with the frequent and familiar gesture in which his right hand with outstretched thumb is thrown back over his head and again extended in front of him, he goes

through the most material statements of the Speech. As regards Portugal he is substantially well satisfied, though the style of Lord Salisbury's despatches is somewhat exasperating; but what else could be expected from one who possessed "such an unbounded store of sarcastic resources?" "When an individual has a particular gift which he holds in great abundance, it is very difficult altogether to abstain from some superfluous manifestation of it;" and had there been any censorship of despatches, as there would have been had the Prime Minister not himself been the Foreign Secretary, the language of these despatches might have been softened and improved. The prospect of Local Government legislation for Ireland he welcomed, whilst frankly warning ministers that the introduction of a bill "conceived in a niggardly spirit" would do more harm than good, and tend to give encouragement to further demands. He rejoiced at the increased prosperity of Ireland, but could not attribute it to the coercive policy of the Government. But what, he asked, had happened to the Sugar Bounties Bill? Baron de Worms had been made a privy councillor, and thus a solemn seal of approval had been affixed to his proposal of last year! A smile overspread the features even of the ministers opposite him, and on the face of the leader of the House extended from ear to ear. The hit was fair, and Mr. W. H. Smith possesses a quality which goes far to make men popular, namely, the capacity of enjoying a joke aimed against himself.

When Mr. Gladstone sits down men feel that the session has opened quietly, no hint of an amendment to the Address, no indignation with ministers for their administration of affairs during the recess. But Mr. Labouchere leads the extreme Radicals, and Mr. Parnell is also a leader, and, notwithstanding Mr. Gladstone, they have much to criticize, and amendments to move. The former objects to Lord Salisbury's management of differences with Portugal; but the House is not interested in his objections. He knows he is not supported in the country, especially in Scotland: Mr. Gladstone will not help him; and he has no heart to press his amendment to a division. Mr. Parnell is a more determined critic, but long before he has finished his customary philippic against Mr. Balfour, the thoughts of his audience are once more turned to another side of the Irish question by the appearance of a Blue Book that has been expected and will be read with an eagerness not commonly vouchsafed to that form of literature. For many days to come—possibly for more than Mr. Parnell may think quite necessary or convenient—the attention of the House, and not only of the House, will be concentrated less on the Parnellites's opinion on the state of Ireland than on the Commissioners's opinion on the state of the Parnellites.

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APRIL, 1890.

KIRSTEEN.

THE STORY OF A SCOTCH FAMILY, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THESE events were communicated by letter to the members of the firm of Misses Brown and Kirsteen, Dressmakers to her Majesty, Chapel Street Mayfair. The medium of communication was Marg'ret, whose letters to her sister had become, to the vast enlightenment of the only member of the Drumcarro household who was qualified to collect circumstantial evidence, suspiciously frequent. Mary, it may be supposed, had not much time to give to correspondence, while the facts lately recorded were going on; but when all was settled she slipped into Marg'ret's hand a letter containing the important news. "I am not asking where she is—I am thinking that through your sister, Miss Jean, in London, ye might possibly find a means of getting it to Kirsteen's hand."

"It's an awfu' expense for postage, and a double letter. I will just be ruined," said Marg'ret; "and my sister Jean might not ken anything about the address."

"You could always try," said Mary derisively.

"That's true, I might try—for she's a very knowledgeable person, my sister Jean; but that will make a double letter—and how is the like of me to get a frank or any easement?"

"I will ask Glendochart—for he has plenty of friends in the Parliament houses."

"I will have none from Glendochart! The Lord be praised, I have still a shilling in my pouch to ware upon my friends."

"Ye are just a jealous woman for your friends," said Mary with a laugh of triumph.

"Maybe I am that, and maybe I am not. I would neither wile away my sister's jo, nor take what anither's left," cried Marg'ret with unreasonable indignation. But Mary turned away with a demure smile. She had no such ridiculous prejudices. And perhaps it will be best to give in full her letter to Kirsteen explaining how everything came about.

DEAR CHRISTINA,—I am writing you a letter on the risk of perhaps not finding you; but I have the less fear of that that I have always been conscious Marg'ret Brown knew very well at the time where you were to be found. And the letters she gets and sends away have just been ridiculous. I would say one in a fortnight, never less. It stands to reason that it would not be her sister Jean she was writing to so often. So I made sure you were for something in it. And therefore it is with no little confidence that I send this. If ye do not receive it, you will not be able to blame me, for I will have done everything I could.

And I have a great deal to tell you, and in particular about Mr. Henry Campbell,

of Glendochart, who was abroad for his health in the beginning of the year, and afterwards took up his old practice of visiting at Drumcarro, which was, you know, very well liked by every person: for he was very kind to the children, and brought them beautiful boxes of fine sweeties made of chocolate from Paris, which they consumed from morning till night, my mother being always afraid it would put their stomachs out of order; but no harm followed. Now you know, Christina, that in former times when you were at home it was commonly believed by all the family that Glendochart was coming for you. But it would appear that this had been a mistake. Perhaps it was that his fancy was not fixed then between us two, being sisters and about the same age, which I am told is a thing that sometimes happens. But anyhow the other day him and me being on the road down to the linn—not that awful steep road that you were always trying to break your own neck and other folks' upon, but the road round that goes by the side of the hill—he began to talk to me very seriously, and to say that he had long been thinking upon a Person that would make him a good wife. And I said—that he might see there was no ill-will or disappointment—that I was sure she would be a happy woman, and that she should always find friends at Drumcarro. And on this he took courage and told me he hoped so, for it was just Me that was the Person, and that the offer he made me was one that he would not make to any other woman. I was very much surprised, thinking always that it had been You—but you being gone, and there being no possibility in that quarter, and being always very favourable to Glendochart myself and sure he would make a very good man—besides that it would be real good for my mother to get a change of air from time to time, and that it is better to be a married woman in your own good house, than a lass at home with nothing but what her father will lay out upon her (and you know how little that is), or even an Old Maid like Auntie Eelen, though in many ways she is very comfortable. But taking all things into consideration I just thought I would take Glendochart, who is a very creditable person in every way, and a fine figure of a man; though not so very young. And I hope you will have no feeling upon the subject as if I did wrong to take what they call my sister's leavings, and other coarse things of that kind. For of course if you had wanted him you would have taken him when you had the offer, and it can do you no harm that another should have him, when you would not have him yourself.

So after all, dear Christina, this is just to tell you that on the 1st of June we are to be married by Mr. Pyper at Drumcarro. I will wear a habit which it was my desire should be of green cloth, with a little gold lace; but they all rose against me, saying that there was an old rhyme to the effect that—

"The bride that is married in green
Her sorrow will soon be seen"—

so I yielded about that, and it is to be French grey, with a little silver upon the coat-tails and the cuffs and pockets, and a grey hat with a silver band and a grey veil; which will be very pretty and useful too, for grey does not show the dust as red would have done, which was what my mother wanted, being the fashion in her time. We will stay quietly for a week or two at our own house of Glendochart, and then he has promised that he will take me to London. I hope you will let me know by Marg'ret where I can find you, and I will come and see you. Perhaps in the changed circumstances you would rather not see Henry, though he has a most kindly feeling, and would never think of being guided by my father's ban which you might be sure would be placed upon you. Neither would I ever give in to it, especially as a married woman, owing no duty but to her husband, and him a real enlightened man. So there would be no difference made either by me or him, but very glad to see you, either in the place where you are, or at Glendochart, or wherever we might be. If I don't hear anything more particular I will come to Miss Jean Brown's when I get to London in hopes that she will tell me where to find you, especially as I cannot be in London without taking the opportunity to get a new gown or perhaps two, and I hear she is very much patronised by the first people, and in a very good position as a mantua-maker.

Now, dear Christina, I hope you will send me a word by Marg'ret about your address; but anyway I will come to Miss Brown's and find you out, and in the meantime I am very glad to have had the opportunity of letting you know all our news, and I remain

Your affectionate sister,
MARY DOUGLAS.

P.S.—My mother keeps just in her ordinary.

This letter was given to Kirsteen out of the cover which Miss Jean opened with great precaution on account of the writing that was always to be found on the very edge of the paper where the letter was folded, and under the seal. Miss Jean shook her head while she did so and said aloud that Marg'ret was very wasteful, and what was the good of so many letters. "For, after all," she said, "news will keep; and so long as we know that we are both well what is the object in writing so often? I got a letter, it's not yet three weeks ago, and here's another. But one thing is clear, it's not for me she writes them, and we must just try to get her a few franks and save her siller." But she gave what she called a *skreigh* as soon as she had read half a page. "It's your sister that's going to be married?" that was indeed a piece of news that warranted the sending of a letter. Kirsteen read hers with a bright colour and sparkling eyes. She was angry, which was highly unreasonable, though I have remarked it in women before. She felt it to be an offence that Glendochart had been able to console himself so soon. And she was specially exasperated to think that it was upon Mary his choice had fallen. Mary! to like her as well as me! Kirsteen breathed to herself, feeling, perhaps, that her intimate knowledge of her sister's character did not increase her respect for Mary. "Having known me, to decline on a range of lower feelings." These words were not written then, nor probably had they been written, would they have reached Kirsteen, but she fully entered into the spirit of them. Mary! when it was me he wanted! She did not like the idea at all.

"Yes," she said sedately, "so it appears;" but her breathing was a little quickened, and there was no pleasure in her tone.

"And is your sister so like you?" said Miss Jean.

"She is not like me at all," said Kirsteen. "She is brown-haired and has little colour, and very smooth and soft in all her ways." Kirsteen drew a long breath and the words that she had spoken reminded her of other words. She thought to herself, but did not say it, "Now Jacob was a smooth man." And then poor Kirsteen flamed with a violent blush and said to herself, "What a bad girl I am! Mary has never been false or unkind to me—and why should not she take Glendochart when I would not take him? And why should the poor man never have anybody to care for him because once he cared for the like of me?"

Miss Jean did not, of course, hear this, but she saw that something was passing in Kirsteen's mind that was more than she chose to say. And, like a kind woman, she went on talking in order that the balance might come right in the mind of her young companion. "They will be coming to London," she said, "just when the town is very throng—and that is real confusing to folk from the country. If it will be pleasing to you, Miss Kirsteen, I will ask them to their dinner; that is if they will not think it a great presumption in the like of me."

To tell the truth Kirsteen herself felt that Marg'ret's sister was not exactly the person to entertain Glendochart and Mary, who were both of the best blood in the country; but she was too courteous to say this. "It would be very kind of you, Miss Jean," she said, "but I am not sure that it would be pleasing to me. Perhaps it would be better to let them just take their own gait and never to mind."

"I have remarked," said Miss Jean, "in my long experience that a quiet gentleman from the country when he comes up to London with his new married wife, has often very few ideas about where he is to take her to. He thinks that he will be asked to his dinner by the chief of his name, and that auld friends will just make it a point to be very ceevil. And so they would perhaps at a quiet time; but when the town is so throng, and people's minds fixed on what will be the next news o

the war, and everybody taken up with themselves, it is not so easy to mind upon country friends. And I have seen them that come to London with very high notions just extremely well pleased to come for an evening to a countrywoman, even when she was only a mantua-maker. But it shall be just whatever way you like, and you know what my company is and who I would ask."

"Oh, it is not for that!" cried Kirsteen. By this time she knew very well what Miss Jean's company was. There was an old Mrs. Gordon, who had very high connections and "called cousins" with a great many fine people, and had a son with Lord Wellington's army, but who was very poor and very glad to be received as an honoured guest in Miss Jean's comfortable house. And there was the minister of the Scots church in the city, who announced to everybody on all occasions that there was nobody he had a higher respect for than Miss Jean, and that her name was well known in connection with all the Caledonian charities in London. And there was Miss Jean's silk-mercer, to whom she gave her large and valuable custom, and who was in consequence Miss Jean's very humble servant, and always happy to carve the turkey or help the beef at her table, and act as "landlord" to her guests—which was how she expressed it. He had a very quiet little wife who did not count. And there was a well-known doctor who was one of the community of the Scots kirk, and often called on Sabbath morning to take Miss Jean to Swallow Street in his carriage. Besides these persons, who were her habitual society, there was a floating element of Scotch ladies who were governesses or housekeepers in great families, and who had occasion to know Miss Jean through bringing messages to her from their ladies and being recognised as countrywomen. It was a very strongly Scots society in the middle of Mayfair, very racy of Scotch soil, and full of Scotch ideas though living exclusively in London. It had been a little humiliating to Kirsteen herself to meet them, with the strong conviction she had in her mind that she herself with her good blood must be very much above this little assembly. But she had been obliged to confess that they had all been very agreeable, and old Mrs. Gordon had quoted her fine relations to so much purpose that Kirsteen had been much ashamed of her instinctive resistance and foregone conclusion. All the same she did not think Glendochart would be elated by such an invitation, or that he would consider it a privilege to introduce his wife to the circle at Chapel Street. His wife! She thought with a momentary thrill that she might have been that important personage, ordering new gowns from Miss Jean instead of sewing under her, driving about in a handsome carriage and doing just what she pleased, with an adoring slave in attendance. And that he should have taken Mary in her place! And that Mary should possess all that had been intended for Kirsteen! She thought she could see the quiet triumph that would be in her sister's eyes, and the way in which she would parade her satisfaction. And wherefore not? Kirsteen said to herself. Since she had paid the price, why should she not have the satisfaction? But it cost Kirsteen an effort to come to this Christian state of mind—and she did not reply to Mary's letter. For indeed she was not at all a perfect young woman, but full of lively and impatient feelings, and irritability and self-opinion—as belonged to her race.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LONDON was more than *throng* when Glendochart and his young wife arrived. It was mad with joy over the great battle of Waterloo which had just been fought, and the triumph of the British arms, and the end of the war which nobody had been sure might not be another

long war like that of the Peninsula. When the pair from the Highlands reached town, travelling in the coach for Mary thought a postchaise an unnecessary expense, they met, a short distance from London, the coach which carried the news, all decorated with laurels, the conductor performing triumphant tunes upon his horn, the passengers half-crazy with shouting, and feeling themselves somehow a part of the victory if not the first cause, flinging newspapers into passing carriages, and meeting every wayfarer with a chorus only half intelligible about the Great and Glorious Victory. The bride was much excited by these announcements. She concluded that now there would be nothing but balls and parties in London, and that Glendochart would receive sheaves of invitations from all quarters; and finally that it was quite essential she should go at once to Miss Jean Brown's, not only to ask after Kirsteen, but to get herself one or two gowns that should be in the height of the fashion and fit to appear at the dinner table of the duke and duchess, who she made no doubt would make haste to invite so important a member of the clan. "That will no doubt be the first place we will go to," she said to her husband. "Oh, yes, my dear; if his grace thinks about it I have no doubt he will mention it to the duchess, and if they should happen to have a free day——" "Is that all you say, Glendochart, and me a bride?" cried Mary. But the old bridegroom, who was more or less a man of the world, would not promise more. And he was as much excited by the news as any one, and from the moment when he could seize one of the papers that were flying about, and read for himself the brief dispatch from the field of battle, there was nothing else to be got from him. There was another old soldier in the coach, and the two began to reckon up the regiments that had been engaged and to discuss the names of the officers, and to speculate on the results of this great and decisive victory, and whether Boney would ever hold up his head again. Mary felt almost deserted as she sat back in her corner and found all the caresses and whispers of the earlier journey stopped by this sudden excitement. She did not herself care very much for the victory nor understand it, though she was glad it was a victory. She was half glad also, and half sorry, that none of the boys were with Lord Wellington—sorry that she was deprived of the consequence of having a brother with the army, yet glad that she was thus free of the sad possibility of being plunged into mourning before her honeymoon was over.

But when these thoughts had passed through her mind, Mary turned to her own concerns which were more interesting than any public matters. Flags were flying everywhere as they drove through the streets and a grand tumult of rejoicing going on. The very sound of it was exhilarating, the great placards that were up everywhere with the news, the throngs at every corner, the newsvendors who were shouting at the top of their voices imaginary additions to the dispatches and further details of the victory, the improvised illuminations in many windows, a candle stuck in each pane after the fashion of the time, that to a stranger from the country had a fine effect seen through the smoky haze of the London streets, which even in June and at the beginning of the century was sufficiently apparent to rural perceptions. Mary was not carried away by this fervour of popular sentiment as her old husband was, who was ready to shout for Wellington and the army on the smallest provocation, but she was agreeably stimulated in her own thoughts. She already saw herself at the grand dinners which would be given in celebration of the event in the duke's great mansion in Portman Square—not placed perhaps by his side, as would in other circumstances have been her right as a bride, but yet not far off, in the midst of the lords and ladies; or perhaps his grace, who was known to be punctilious, would give her her right

whoever was there, were it even a princess of the blood, and she would have the pride and the felicity of looking down upon half the nobility seated below her at the feast. The chief of Glendochart's name could scarcely do less to one of the Douglases entering his clan at such a moment. Mary lay back in her corner, her mind floating away on a private strain of beatific anticipation, while Glendochart hung half out of the window in his excitement, cheering and asking questions. She imagined the princess of the blood, who no doubt would be present, asking of the duke who the young lady was in her bridal dress who occupied the place of honour, and hearing that she was one of the Douglases, just entered into his grace's connection by her marriage with Glendochart, the princess then (she almost saw it!) would request to have the bride presented to her, and would ask that the duchess should bring her one day to Windsor perhaps to be presented to Queen Charlotte, or to Hampton Court or some other of the royal palaces. Mary's heart beat high with this supposition, which seemed more or less a direct consequence of Waterloo, as much so as Boney's downfall, and much more satisfactory than that probable event.

When they arrived in the city where the coaches from the north stopped, and she had to get out, somewhat dazed by all the tumult round her, and the crowd, and the struggle for baggage, and the absence of any coherent guidance through that chaos of shouting men and stamping horses, and coaches coming and going, and everywhere the shouts of the great and glorious victory, Mary was in the act of receiving a pressing invitation from the princess to pass a week with her and meet all the first people in London. She was half annoyed to be disturbed in the midst of these delightful visions, but comforted herself with the thought that it was but a pleasure deferred.

And it may be imagined that with all this in her mind it became more than ever important to Mary to make an early call upon Miss Jean and provide herself as rapidly as possible with a dress that was fit to be worn among such fine company. The riding-habit which she had worn at her marriage, though exceedingly fine and becoming, was not a garment in which she could appear at the dinner-table in Portman Square. There are some rare geniuses who have an intuitive knowledge of what is finest and best without having learned it, and in respect to society and dress and the details of high life Mary was one of these gifted persons. Her habit had been very highly thought of in the country. It was a costume, many rustic persons supposed, in which it would be possible to approach the presence of Queen Charlotte herself. But Mary knew by intuition just how far this was possible. And she knew that for the duke's table a white gown was indispensable in which to play her part as a bride; therefore, as there was no saying at what moment the invitation might arrive, nor how soon the dinner might take place, she considered it expedient to carry out her intention at once. Happily Glendochart next morning was still a little crazy about the victory, and anxious to go down to the Horse Guards to make inquiries, if she would excuse him, as he said apologetically. Mary did so with the best grace in the world. "And while you are asking about your old friends," she said, "I will just go and see if I can find out anything about my poor sister—" "That is just a most kind thing to do, and exactly what I would have expected from you, my dear," said Glendochart, grateful to his young wife for allowing him so much liberty. And he hastened to secure a glass coach for her in which she could drive to Miss Jean, and "see all the London perlies," as he said, on the way. It was not a very splendid vehicle to drive up to Miss Jean's door, where the carriages of the nobility appeared every day; but Mrs. Mary felt herself the admired of all beholders as she drove along the streets, well set up in the middle of the seat as if she had been the queen.

Her heart beat a little when she reached the house, with mingled alarm as to Kirsteen's reception of her, and pride in her own superior standing, far above any unmarried person, as Mrs. Campbell of Glendochart. The name did not indeed impress the maid who received her, and who asked twice what it was, begging pardon for not catching it the first time, and suggesting "Lady Campbell of—?" "Mistress Campbell," said Mary. She felt even in that moment a little taken down. It was as if the maid was accustomed to nothing less than my lady. She was so agitated that she did not perceive the name of Miss Kirsteen in connection with that of Miss Brown upon the brass plate of the door.

She had, however, quite recovered herself before Kirsteen appeared in the show-room to answer the summons, and advanced rustling in all her new ribbons to meet her sister. "Oh, Kirsteen, is that you? Oh, are you really here? I thought I could not be deceived about Miss Jean harbouring ye and helping ye, but I did not think I would just find ye in a moment like this."

"Yes," said Kirsteen, "I am here, and I have been here ever since I left home."

"Ye have turned quite English, Kirsteen, in the time ye've been away."

"Have I? It's perhaps difficult to avoid it—if ye have anything of an ear for music." This was perhaps an unkind thing to say, for it was well-known in the family that Mary had no ear for music and could not "turn a tune" to save her life. With a compunction Kirsteen turned to a more natural subject. "And how is my mother?"

"Oh," said Mary, "she is just wonderfully well for her. The marriage was a great divert to her, settling how it was to be and the clothes and everything. She was dressed herself in a new gown that Glendochart presented to her for the occasion, with white ribbons in her cap, and looking just very well. 'It's easy to see where ye get your looks from,' Henry said to me: which I thought was a very pretty compliment to both of us, for if ever a man was pleased with his wife's looks it should be on his wedding day."

"Very likely," said Kirsteen drily, "but I have no experience. I got your letter, with an account of what you had on."

"Yes, it was considered very becoming," said Mary. "And Jeanie was just beautiful in a white frock; I will have her with me at Glendochart when she gets a little older, and bring her out, and maybe take her to Edinburgh for a winter that she may have every advantage. I would like her to make a grand marriage, and there is nothing more likely when she's seen as she ought to be in a house like Glendochart."

"I have yet to learn," said Kirsteen with dilating nostrils and quivering lips (for she too intended Jeanie to make a great match, and to marry well, but under her own auspices not her sister's), "I have yet to learn that a Campbell who is the duke's clanswoman can give credit to a Douglas that comes of the first family of her own name."

"Maybe you think too," said Mary with all the force of ridicule founded on fact, "that the house of Drumcarro is a good place for letting a young thing see the world."

Kirsteen was silenced by this potent argument, but it by no means softened the irritation in her mind. She had thought of Jeanie as her own, her creation in many ways, between whom and every evil fate she was determined to stand. To have the child taken out of her hands in this calm way was almost more than she could bear. But she compelled herself to patience with a hasty self-argument: Who was she to stand between Jeanie and any advantage — when nobody could tell whether she would be able to carry out her intentions or not? And at all events at the present moment Jeanie being only fourteen there was no much to be done. Mary's smoo

voice going on, forbade any very continued strain of thought.

"And, Kirsteen, what is to be done about yourself? We would be real willing to do anything in our power—But oh! it was rash—rash of you to run away—for you see by what's happened that it was all a mistake, and that Glendochart——"

Kirsteen's milk-white brow again grew as red as fire. To have your old lover console himself with your sister is bad enough; but to have her explain to you that your alarm was a mere mistake of vanity, and that the only person who was ridiculous or blamable in the business was only yourself,——this is too much for mortal flesh and blood!

"I am much obliged to you," she said with self-restraint which was painful, "but I am very happy where I am. It was no mistake so far as I am concerned. It was just impossible to live on down yonder without occupation, when there are so many things to be done in the world."

"Dear me!" cried Mary astonished with this new view. But at this moment Miss Jean fortunately came in, and was very happy to see the lady of Glendochart and very anxious to show her every attention.

"I consider it a great honour," said Miss Jean, "that you should come to see me the first morning; though well I know it's not for me but for one that is far more worthy. Miss Kirsteen is just the prop of this house, Mistress Campbell. Not a thing can be done without her advice—and though I had little reason to complain, and my basket and my store had aye prospered just wonderful, it's a different thing now Miss Kirsteen is here, for she makes all the fine ladies stand about."

"Dear me," said Mary again, "and how can she do that?" But she was more anxious about her own affairs than the gifts and endowments of her sister. "There is one thing I must say," she added, "before we go further, and that is that I am wishing to get a new gown; for we will likely be asked to our dinner at the duke's, and though I have all my wedding outfit I would like to be in the newest fashion and do my husband credit with the chief of his name. So perhaps you would show me some white silks, just the very newest. And I would like it made in the last fashion; for Glendochart is very liberal and he will wish me to spare no expense. Being Marg'ret's sister, as well as having been so kind to Kirsteen, it was just natural that I should choose what little custom I have to give into your hands. But I would want it very quickly done, just as quick as the needles can go—for we cannot tell for what day the invitation might come."

Miss Jean with a smile upon her face, the smile with which she received an order, and a bow of acquiescence which made the ribbons tremble in her cap, had taken a step towards the drawers in which her silks were kept; but there was something in Kirsteen's eyes which made her hesitate. She looked towards her young associate with a half-question—though indeed she could not tell what was the foundation of her doubt, in her eyes.

"Miss Jean," said Kirsteen promptly, "you have then forgotten our new rule? You will maybe think I want you to break it in consideration of my sister? But ye need not depart from your regulations out of thought for me. And I am sure I am very sorry," she said turning to Mary, who stood expectant with a smile of genial patronage on her face—"but it's not possible. Miss Jean has made a rule to take no orders from commoners—except them that have been long upon her list. It would just be hopeless if we were to undertake it," Kirsteen said.

"No orders—from commoners?" cried Mary in consternation and wrath.

"Just that; we would have all London at our tails, no to speak of persons from the country like yourself—just pursuing us night and day—if we were to relax our rule. And

there are many of the nobility," said Kirsteen turning to Miss Jean with a look of serious consultation, "whom I would wish to be weeded out—for there are titles and titles, and some countesses are just nobodies however much they may think of themselves. You will never get to the first rank," continued Kirsteen, still addressing Miss Jean, "unless ye just settle and never depart from it, who you are to dress, and who not."

"Do you mean, Miss Jean," cried Mrs. Campbell of Glendochart, "that ye will not make me my gown?"

Miss Jean was torn asunder between natural politeness and proper subjection to her superiors, and a still more natural partisanship, not to speak of the glance of fiery laughter in Kirsteen's eyes. "What can I do," she cried, "when you hear with your own ears what Miss Kirsteen has said? I am wae to put you to any inconvenience, but it's just true that we cannot get through the half of our work—and we've plenty with the nobility and old customers to keep us always very throng. But I could recommend ye to another person that would willingly serve ye though I cannot take your order myself."

"Oh, I'll find somebody," said Mary in great offence. "It cannot be that in the great town of London you will not get whatever you want when you have plenty of money in your hand."

"No doubt that's very true," said Miss Jean, "and ye may find that ye are not in such a great hurry as ye think, for the duchess has a number of engagements upon her hands, and will not dine at home for about ten days to my certain knowledge—and probably she will have her table full then if ye have not already received your invitations—for town is just very throng, and everything settled for the grand parties, weeks before."

CHAPTER XXX.

Miss Jean it must be allowed turned to her young companion with some dismay when Mrs. Campbell of Glendochart had been ceremoniously seen to her hackney coach, and deeply cast down and discomfited, had driven away to the respectable person who had been recommended to her to make her new gown. "Were you meaning yon?" Miss Jean asked with solicitude. "Or what were you meaning?"

"I was meaning what I said," cried Kirsteen holding her head high and with an unusual colour upon her cheeks. "You know yourself that we have more work than can be done if we were to sit at it day and night."

"For the moment," said Miss Jean prudently; "but to refuse work just goes to my heart—it might spoil the business."

"It will do the business good," said Kirsteen. "We will let it be known, not just yet perhaps, what I said, that we will take no commoners' orders—that persons who are nobodies need not come here. You did not take me with you into the the business just to go on like other folk."

"No—that's quite true," said Miss Jean, but with a little hesitation still.

"By the time," said Kirsteen, "that you have turned away half-a-dozen from your door, your name will be up over all the town; and whether in the season or out of it, you will have more to do than you can set your face to, and thanks for doing it. Will you trust me or not, Miss Jean? For I allow that I am inexperienced and perhaps I may not be right."

"It would be very strange if ye were always right," said Miss Jean with a smile of affectionate meaning, "for all so young and so sure as ye are. But ye have a great spirit and there's something in me too that just answers till ye. Yes, I'll trust ye, my dear; and ye'll just go insulting all the poor bodies that are not good enough to please ye, till ye make a spoon or spoil a horn for yourself; for it does not matter so very much for me."

"Not the poor bodies," said Kirsteen, "but the folk with money and

nothing else, that come in as if they were doing us a favour—women that Marg'ret would not have in her kitchen; and they will come in here and give their orders as if it was a favour to you and me! I would like to learn them a lesson: that though we're mantua-makers, it's not for the like of them—a person with no name to speak of—and giving her orders to one of the Douglases! We will learn them better before we are done."

"Oh, pride, pride!" said Miss Jean, "there's something in me that answers till ye, though well I wot I have little to be proud of; but these half and half gentry they are just insufferable to me too."

In all this there was nothing said of Mrs. Mary, to whom none of these descriptions applied, for she was of course one of the Douglases as well as her sister, and Glendochart was as good a gentleman as any of his name. But while Miss Jean Brown, the daughter of a Scotch ploughman, felt something in her that answered to the pride of the well-born Highland girl, there was much in the other that resembled the "half and half gentry," of whom the experienced mantua-maker had seen many specimens. Miss Jean's prognostics however were carried into effect with stern certainty in the disappointment of the country visitors. They did indeed dine in Portman Square, but chiefly because of Lady Chatty's desire to see the personages of the story which she was so fond of telling, and then only on a Sunday evening when the family were alone. Alone, or all but alone, for there was one guest to meet them in the person of Miss Kirsteen Douglas, who was not a stranger in the house nor awkward, as the bride was in her new gown and much overdressed for the family party. It was impossible for Kirsteen to meet Glendochart, whose wooing had been of so much importance in her life, without a warmer tinge of colour and a slight shade of consciousness. But the good man was so completely unaware of any cause for feeling, that she came to herself with a little start and shock, which was highly salutary and chastised that pride which was Kirsteen's leading quality at this period of her career. Glendochart was so completely married, so pleased with his young wife, and with himself for having secured her, that all former dreams had departed totally from his mind—a discovery which Kirsteen made instantaneously so soon as their eyes met, and which went through and through her with angry amazement, consternation, wonder, mingled after a little while with a keen humorous sense of the absurdity of the situation. He came after dinner and talked to her a little about her circumstances, and how difficult it was to know what to do. "For your father is a very dour man, as Mary says, and having once passed his word that you are never to enter his door, it will be hard, hard to make him change. You know how obdurate he has been about Anne; but we will always be on the watch, and if the time ever comes that a word may be of use——"

"I beg you will take no trouble about it, Glendochart. I knew what I was risking; and but for my mother I have little to regret. And she has not been any the worse," Kirsteen said, almost with bitterness. Nobody seemed to have been the worse for her departure, not even her mother.

"No, I believe she has been none the worse. She is coming to pay us a visit so soon as we get back."

Kirsteen could have laughed, and she could have cried. She could have seized upon this precise, well-got-up elderly gentleman and given him a good shake. To think that she should have been frightened almost out of her wits, and flung all her life to the winds, because of him; and that he was here advising her for her good, as well satisfied with Mary as he ever could have been with herself!

Miss Jean proved however a true prophet in respect to the disappoint-

ment of the newly-married couple with their reception in London, and their willingness eventually to accept the hospitality of the mantua-maker, and meet her friends, the minister, the doctor, the silk-mercer, and the old lady of quality, at her comfortable table. Miss Jean gave them a supper at which all these highly respectable persons were present, along with another who gave a character of distinction to the assembly, being no less a person than young Captain Gordon, promoted on the field of battle and sent home with dispatches, the son of the old lady above-mentioned, who was not too grand, though all the fine houses in London were open to him, to come with his mother, covering her with glory in the eyes of the humbler friends who had been kind to her poverty. This encounter was the only one which brought Glendochart and his wife within the range of the commotion which was filling all society and occupying all talk. Afterwards, when they returned home, it was the main feature of their record, what Captain Gordon had said, and his account of the battle—"which, you see, we had, so to speak, at first hand; for he got his promotion upon the field, and was sent home with dispatches, which is only done when a young man has distinguished himself; and a near connection of the Huntly family." I am not sure that Mary did not allow it to be understood that she had met this young hero at the duke's table in Portman Square, but certainly she never disclosed the fact that it was at the mantua-maker's in Chapel Street, Mayfair. Captain Gordon proved to be of much after importance in the family, so that the mode of his first introduction cannot be without interest. The old lady who patronised Miss Jean by sharing her Sunday dinners, and many other satisfactory meals, felt herself, and was acknowledged by all, to have amply repaid her humble friend by bringing this brilliant young hero fresh from Waterloo to that entertainment, thus doing Miss Jean an honour which "the best in the land" coveted. Alick, so far as he was concerned, made himself exceedingly agreeable. He fought the great battle over again, holding his auditors breathless; he gave the doctor details about the hospitals, and told the minister how the army chaplain went among the poor Highlanders from bed to bed. And he accepted an invitation from Glendochart for the shooting with enthusiasm. "But they will want you at Castle Gordon," said the proud mother, desirous to show that her son had more gorgeous possibilities. "Then they must just want me," cried the young soldier. "They were not so keen about me when I was a poor little ensign." Everything was at the feet of the Waterloo hero, who was in a position to snap his fingers at his grand relations and their tardy hospitality. Kirsteen in particular was attracted by his cheerful looks and his high spirit, and his pleasure in his independence and promotion. It was in accord with her own feeling. She said that he put her in mind of her brothers in India—all soldiers, but none of them so fortunate as to have taken part in such a great decisive battle; and thought with a poignant regret how it might have been had Ronald Drummond continued with Lord Wellington's army instead of changing into the Company's service. It might have been he that would have been sent over with the dispatches, and received with all this honour and renown—and then!—Kirsteen's countenance in the shade where she was sitting was suffused with a soft colour, and the tears came into her eyes.

"They get plenty of fighting out there," said the young soldier, who was very willing to console the only pretty girl in the room; "and if it's not so decisive it may be just as important in the long run, for India is a grand possession—the grandest of all. I will probably go there myself, Miss Douglas, for though Waterloo's a fine thing, it will end the war, and what's a poor soldier lad to do?"

"You will just find plenty to do in your own country, Alick," said his mother eagerly.

"Barrack duty, mother! it's not very exciting—after a taste of the other."

"A taste!" said the proud old lady, "He's just been in everything, since the time he put on his first pair of trews. I know those outlandish places, as if they were on Deeside, always following my soldier laddie—Vimiera, and Badajos, and down to Salamanca and Toulouse in France. I could put my finger on them in the map in the dark," she cried with a glow of enthusiasm; then falling into a little murmur of happy sobbing, "God be thanked they're all over," she cried, putting her trembling hand upon her son's arm.

"Amen!" said the minister, "to the final destruction of the usurper and the restoring of law and order in a distracted land!"

"We'll just see how long it lasts," said the doctor, who was a little of a free-thinker and was believed to have had sympathies with the Revolution.

"We'll have French tastes and French fashions in again, and they're very ingenious with their new patterns it must be allowed," said the silk-mercer; "but it will be an ill day for Spitalfields and other places when the French silks are plentiful again."

"There's ill and good in all things. You must just do your best, Miss Jean, to keep British manufactures in the first place," the minister said. "It's astonishing in that way how much the ladies have in their hands."

"Were you at Salamanca — and Toulouse?" said Kirsteen in her corner, where she kept as far as possible from the light of the candles, lest any one should see the emotion in her face.

"Indeed I was, and the last was a field of carnage," said the young soldier. "Perhaps you had a brother there?"

"Not a brother—but a—friend," said Kirsteen, unable to restrain a faint little sigh. The young man looked so sympathetic and was so complete a stranger to her that it was a relief to her full bosom to say a word more. "I could not but think," she added in a very low tone, "that but for that weary India—it might have been him that had come with glory—from Waterloo."

"Instead of me," said the young soldier with a laugh. "No, I know you did not mean that. But also," he added gravely, "both him and me, we might have been left on the field where many a fine fellow lies."

"That is true, that is true!" Kirsteen did not say any more; but it flashed across her mind how could she know that he was not lying on some obscure field in India where lives were lost, and little glory or any advantage that she knew of gained? This gave her however a very friendly feeling to young Gordon, between whom and herself the tie of something which was almost like a confidence now existed. For the young man had easily divined what a friend meant in the guarded phraseology of his country-women.

It was not till long after this that there came to Kirsteen a little note out of that far distance which made amends to her for long waiting and silence. The letter was only from Robbie, whose correspondence with his sisters was of the most rare and fluctuating kind, yet who for once in a way, he scarcely himself knew the reason why, had sent Kirsteen a little enclosure in his letter to his mother, fortunately secured by Marg'ret, who was now everything—nurse, reader, and companion to the invalid. Robbie informed his sister that Jeanie's letter about old Glendochart had "given him a good laugh," and that he thought she was very right to have nothing to say to an old fellow like that. Before the letter arrived there was already a son and heir born in Glendochart house, but Robbie was no further on in the family history than to be aware of the fact that Kirsteen had gone away rather than have the old lover forced upon her. He told her how on the march he had passed the station where

Ronald Drummond was, "if you mind him, he is the one that left along with me—but you must mind him," Robbie continued, "for he was always about the house the last summer before I came away."

He was keen for news of home, as we all are when we meet a friend in this place. And I read him a bit of Jeanie's letter which was very well written, the little monkey, for a little thing of her age; how old Glendochart followed you about like a puppy dog, and how you would never see it, though all the rest did. We both laughed till we cried at Jeanie's story. She must be growing a clever creature, and writes a very good hand of writing too. But it was more serious when we came to the part where you ran away in your trouble at finding it out. I hope you have come home by this time and have not quarrelled with my father; for after all it never does any good to have quarrels in a family. However I was saying about Ronald that he was really quite as taken up as I was with Jeanie's letter, and told me I was to give you his respects, and that he would be coming home in a year or two, and would find you out whether you were at Drumcarro or wherever you were, and give you all the news about me, which I consider very kind of him, as I am sure you will do—and he bid me to say that he always kept the little thing he found in the parlour, and carried it wherever he went: though when I asked what it was he would not tell me, but said you would understand: so I suppose it was some joke between you two. And that's about all the news I have to tell you, and I hope you'll think of what I say about not quarrelling with my father. I am in very good health and liking my quarters—and I am,

Your affect. brother,
R. D.

If this had been the most eloquent love-letter that ever was written, and from the hand of her lover himself, it is doubtful whether it would have more touched the heart of Kirsteen than Robbie's schoolboy scrawl, with its complete unconsciousness of every purpose, did. It was the fashion of their time when correspondence was difficult and dear and slow, and when a young man with nothing to offer was too honourable to bind for long years a young woman who in the meantime might change her mind; although both often held by each other with a supreme and silent faithfulness. The bond, so completely understood between themselves with nothing to disclose it to others, was all the dearer for never having been put into words; although it was often no doubt the cause of unspeakable pangs of suspense, of doubt—possibly of profound and unspeakable disappointment if one or the other forgot. Kirsteen read and re-read Robbie's letter as if it had been a little gospel. She carried it about with her, for her refreshment at odd moments. There came upon her face a softened sweetness, a mildness to the happy eyes, a mellowing beauty to every line. She grew greatly in beauty as her youth matured, the softening influence of this sweet spring of life keeping in check the pride which was so strong in her character, and the perhaps too great independence and self reliance which her early elevation to authority and influence developed. And everything prospered with Kirsteen. Miss Jean's business became the most flourishing and important in town. Not only commoners, whom she had so haughtily rejected, but persons of the most exalted pretensions had to cast away their pride and sue for the services of Miss Brown and Miss Kirsteen; and as may be supposed, the more they refused, the more eager were the customers at their door. Before Kirsteen was twenty-seven, the fortune which she had determined to make was already well begun, and Miss Jean in a position to retire if she wished with the income of a statesman. This prosperous condition was in its full height in the midst of the season, the workroom so *throng* that relays of seamstresses sat up all night, there being no inspectors to bring the fashionable mantua-makers under control, when the next great incident happened in the life of our Kirsteen.

(To be continued.)

EARLY LANDHOLDING AND MODERN LAND-TRANSFER.

SOME years have passed since I attempted in this magazine[1] to give a historical sketch of the causes which have made our land laws unique in their complexity. During those years neither the law itself nor the zeal of historical inquirers has stood still. Reforms which a generation ago seemed impracticable even to Liberals have been carried by the general consent of all parties, and proposals which in 1880 still passed for Radical have been taken up by a Tory Lord Chancellor, though not yet implicitly accepted by those who usually follow him. Research has been vigorously pursued among our medieval documents, and not by Englishmen alone. Before many months are out an authentic English version of my friend Prof. Vinogradoff's work on early English tenures and agriculture will show us how much we owe to him. My friend Mr. Maitland, now Downing Professor of Law at Cambridge, has thrown much light on the history of our institutions during the thirteenth century, the critical period when for the most part those forms were defined which persisted for six centuries with wonderfully little fundamental change. Not very much has been added to what we know of the middle period of English law, say from Henry the Sixth to the Restoration. Nor was much to be expected. The formal history was already complete, and the evidence of the social and economical conditions was abundant. Certain it is that immediately before the Wars of the Roses English land-tenure was a system of feudalism checked by the power of the Crown, and that immediately after the Restoration it had already become a commercial system checked by the family pride and ambition, not of feudal lords, but of squires. The change was a great one and a swift, for most of it lies within the reign of Henry the Eighth. But there is no doubt at all, even in detail, about the manner in which it was promoted by Henry the Eighth's legislation, much against the intention of the legislators; and the history of the great inclosing movement of the same period, though it has very properly been brought into fresh prominence by recent writers —Mr. Scrutton, I think, is the latest of them—rests on authorities which have long been public property.

It seems useless to go once more over ground which has so often been traversed by both lawyers and historians, and where there is nothing new to be gathered. And even if we think most of looking forward, we shall find ourselves encouraged and almost compelled to look backward just now to the thirteenth century rather than to the sixteenth; to the development of English institutions between William the Conqueror and Edward the First rather than to their transformation between Henry the Sixth and Elizabeth. For there has been a curious tendency in recent years, among persons discussing the political theory of ownership of land and the powers and duties of the State in maintaining, regulating, or overriding the rights of private owners, to appeal to the formal theory of English law as if it afforded some guidance or precedent. The late Mr. Joshua Williams wrote with perfect correctness, for the purposes for which he was writing, that no man is in law the absolute owner of land in England; he was doubtless far from supposing that his words would ever

[1] *Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. xlvi., p. 356.

be twisted into an argument for turning the form into a reality by some drastic process of State expropriation of the land or confiscation of its profits. Yet this has been done. Again it has occurred, even to respectable politicians and renowned philosophers, to confound the feudal relation of lord and tenant, and especially the relation of the Crown to English landholders as direct or ultimate feudal superior, with the ultimate power of control and disposition implied in the general sovereignty of the State over its citizens, and called by publicists "eminent domain;" a power which, as it must exist in every civilized State, is found existing in France or in the United States, where feudal tenures have been completely abolished even in form, no less than in England or Scotland. It may be worth while to remark that the distinction between feudal superiority and political sovereignty was perfectly well understood by the statesmen and lawyers of the Middle Ages. The actual ruler of a kingdom or principality might hold it as a feudal tenant of another prince; and claims to overlordship of this kind were constantly made and often allowed. But the overlord had no more business to interfere with the local laws or government than the Congress of the United States has to interfere with the municipal affairs of New York or San Francisco. Further, the duty of a feudal tenant to his immediate lord was not always plainly consistent with his duty as a subject to his prince. If he held his lands directly of the prince, then his king or duke was also his lord, and his duties as a true man to his lord and as a faithful subject to his prince coincided and strengthened one another. But what if he held under a great earl or duke who himself held under the king, and the duke and the king fell out? According to strict feudal ideas every man's first duty was to his own lord, even against a superior lord. It was not for him to judge between them. Those of us who remember the American Civil War may illustrate this, in a rough way, by the position of many honourable soldiers and citizens of Southern States who felt themselves bound to throw in their lot with their own State whether they had or had not any decided opinion as to the alleged right of a State to secede from the Union, or the justice of the reasons assigned by the Southern leaders for its exercise. It is well known how William the Conqueror secured himself, at the great council held at Salisbury in 1086 (not without previous Continental example) against any claims of service to intermediate lords conflicting with the allegiance due to himself as king: he was not content with the homage of the great lords holding directly of him, but required their military undertenants "to swear fealty to him against all the world."[1] Since that time it has never been doubted in England that the political allegiance of the subject must prevail over all and any personal or feudal obligations of the vassal. Frederick Barbarossa did his best, with little ultimate success, to establish the same principle for the Empire. Not quite two centuries later (1284) Edward the First made a fundamental statute for the government of Wales, at length reduced under English dominion. The English kings had even before the Norman Conquest claimed to be overlords of Wales, but that was another matter; and Edward, a learned as well as a valiant prince, carefully marked the change that had taken place. "The divine Providence," says the preamble of the statute as not quite unexceptionally translated, "hath now of its favour wholly and entirely transferred under our proper dominion (*in proprietatis nostre dominium . . . totaliter et cum integritate convertit*) the land of Wales with its inhabitants, heretofore subject unto us in feudal right (*prius nobis jure feodali subjectam*), and hath annexed and

[1] According to the English chronicler they were his men, *i.e.* did homage as well as fealty, but this is difficult to believe.

united the same unto the Crown of the aforesaid realm as a member of the same body." By the forfeiture of the rebel Llewelyn the king had acquired Wales as his property in immediate possession, and could deal with it as full owner, and therefore as uncontrolled sovereign. The king goes on (for the statute speaks as a declaration made in his own person to all his subjects in Wales) to say that he has caused the laws and customs of those parts hitherto in use "to be rehearsed before us and the nobles of our realm," and that "we have, by the advice of the aforesaid nobles, abolished certain of them, some thereof we have allowed, and some we have corrected; and we have likewise commanded certain others to be ordained and added thereto." It is a conscious and deliberate exercise of sovereignty, legislative as well as executive, in the fullest modern sense of the word. Edward and his advisers were no less conscious that the merely feudal suzerainty formerly possessed or claimed by the king of England over the Welsh princes conferred no such right or power. They would have been more than surprised to learn (peradventure from some prophetic survivor of the massacre of bards which did not take place) that six centuries later there would be people who could think it necessary or useful to appeal to feudal tenures by way of justifying or confirming the sovereign power of the State. Feudal tenure was, or ought to have been, strictly governed by law. The mutual duties of lord and vassal were definite, and as neither could neglect his part, so neither could require more than he was precisely entitled to by the law and the terms of the tenure. On one point of feudal duty there will be a word more to say. The power of the State, on the other hand, is above positive law, for it is maker and master of laws. In some cases it can thus act only within the limits prescribed by a written constitution, itself capable of being altered only by the solemn and extraordinary exercise of a reserved ultimate power. So it must be in a federal State, and so it may be in others. In this country we have no such formal limits, and no question can be made of the legal competence of the parliament of the United Kingdom to alter the general law to any extent, or to vary, remodel, or abolish with or without compensation, the rights of any persons or classes among the Queen's subjects. No man can say to the Queen, Lords, and Commons, is this lawful? The reasons that can be urged upon a legislature exercising uncontrolled power are reasons of moral justice and policy, not of legality. These ought to be all the more carefully weighed when we know that there is no legal check in reserve.

Feudalism, then, has nothing to say to the modern power of the State, and not much to its policy. The fact that all land in England is still nominally held of the Queen has no more to do with the modern English law of landlord and tenant than the fact that the soil of New York was once nominally held of King Charles the Second has to do with the present inability of the State of New York, under the constitution of the United States, to pass a law impairing the obligation of contracts. For all practical purposes our land-law ceased to be feudal fully two centuries ago. I have said as much before, but historical truth needs repeating from time to time. Those peculiar features of our land-system which are sometimes called feudal are really the work of an eighteenth-century plutocracy or squirearchy. We may consider the feudal period of English law with a perfectly impartial historical interest; and so far from finding in it only monuments of obsolete oppression, we may perhaps find that in some of their ideas and practices the men of that time were not very remote from the advanced reformers of our own. They did not need, for example, to be told that property has its duties. When me-

dieval princes wanted to fight or to raise money they had an excellent memory for that very just maxim, and took care that their vassals did not forget it. The greater vassals in turn exercised the memory of the lesser ones, until the duty of aid and service came down in its simplest terms to the peasant who, having nobody else under him, could only take up his arms and march as his nearest lord bade him, or turn out his ox to take its place on the appointed days in the plough-team that tilled the lord's acres. Feudal lawyers and landholders, again, had no need to be told that duties were reciprocal. It was perfectly clear that the superior lord owed aid and protection to his tenant in the same measure that the tenant owed service to the lord. He could not transfer the tenant against his will to a new lord, though in England means were soon found to evade the rule. This indeed is the very essence of the feudal relation; the tenure of the land is strictly conjoined with personal faith and duty. Now the duty we most commonly hear of in histories and elsewhere is military; the king calls on his great earls and barons to provide for the defence of the kingdom, and they call on those under them. But there is another duty more appropriate to times of peace, and a no less constant mark of feudal tenures, which is in some ways connected with extremely ancient institutions, and in other ways has curiously modern aspects.

Lately we have heard a good deal about localizing the administration of justice, more especially in the great cities of the north of England. There may be many sorts of local justice, and the feudal quality of it would hardly serve our purposes nowadays; but in quantity medieval suitors had nothing to complain of. Local—or more exactly personal—justice is as essential to feudal tenure as military service. The lord is bound to do justice to his tenants; the tenants on their part must attend the lord's court that he may have the means of justice; for the feudal tenant claimed "the judgment of his peers," not the judgment of the lord alone. Every lord ought to have his court. The king himself was lord of many domains, and held courts for his tenants which were quite distinct from the public courts of justice held for all the king's subjects,—or for so many of them as had the time and the money, first to find their way to the place where the king happened to be, and then to pay the heavy fees which were required before they could get their suits heard. These private feudal jurisdictions were valuable to the lords, pretty much as the king's justice was valuable to the king, by reason of the profit accruing from fees and fines. In the case of the greater lordships—an earldom, a bishopric, the possessions of a rich monastery—this was an important source of revenue. We find that struggles for jurisdiction and the profits of jurisdiction account for many of the oddest features of the legal history of the Middle Ages. The king, the church, and the great men, were all endeavouring to get and to keep as many courts and as many grounds of jurisdiction as they could. Nor was it an unknown practice, any more than in modern times, to take what one wanted when one felt strong enough, and find reasons for it afterwards. It is not surprising, therefore, if we fail to discover a perfectly logical system of judicature in our medieval authorities. But there is no doubt at all that feudal tenure implies the duty and the right of jurisdiction of some kind. It would be rash perhaps to give any confident opinion as to the origin of this rule, which is at least as fundamental in Continental as in English feudalism. Perhaps it was simply that, in the general state of disorder from which feudal polity emerged, there was not much chance of getting justice in any other form. In England the feudal system of jurisdiction never quite had its own way.

It was imported as an exotic, and comparatively late. Private jurisdictions were coming in, after Continental example, before the Norman Conquest, but apparently not much before. Thus the tradition of the old public courts was never quite effaced, and on the other hand the king's government and the king's justice, in the hands of such rulers as Henry the Second and Edward the First, gained strength apace and checked feudalism in time. The private lords's courts were not abolished, but they were made to know their place, and the creation of new feudal jurisdictions was cut short by the great statute known as *Quia Emptores*. It was attempted—but without permanent success—to make this the law of Scotland also. Many private jurisdictions must have perished by mere decay; the increased ease, and certainty of getting the king's justice and peace "according to the custom of England" from the king's judges led suitors to prefer the royal jurisdiction, and the judges were always ready to extend it at the expense of the private lord. The trouble of collecting a lord's free tenants from remote places to make up a court must have worked the same way. Private courts, on the whole, survived only where there was a sort of compact nucleus of local business and interests by which they could be maintained. Such a nucleus was afforded by the complex social structure known as the Manor—an institution to which we may find partial parallels in Asiatic customs of unknown antiquity, in the provinces of the later Roman empire, and in medieval Germany, but which in its entirety is one of our insular puzzles. Feudal jurisdiction survives, in a degenerate and somewhat undignified form, in the Court Baron of a modern manor. That the court of the free tenants is an essentially feudal court, accounted for as a natural incident of their tenure, and needs nothing else to account for it, has been shown independently, and I think conclusively, by Professor Maitland and Mr. G. H. Blakesley.

But, although there may be a manor of purely feudal constitution, comprising only the lord and freehold tenants, we know that a manor in fact commonly includes elements which are not feudal, and tenures which are not freehold, the customary or so-called base tenures by which, in one or another variety, copyhold lands are held to this day. Feudal lawyers had no small trouble in making these elements fit into their theory, and modern lawyers and their clients have sometimes endeavoured to justify the theory by ignoring the facts; but since the true history has been better known, the facts have generally proved stiff-necked even in courts of law. No one doubts at this day that the customs embodied in our surviving copyhold and other customary tenures are more ancient than feudalism, and much older than the Norman Conquest. There, unfortunately, we must admit that certainty stops for the present. Widely different opinions have been put forth as to what was the earliest European form of the village community, township, or whatever it ought to be called,[1] and what were the stages and the approximate dates of the development or degradation which it underwent (for some say one, some the other) before it came under feudal jurisdiction. It cannot be said that any of these opinions has been finally made good, and it seems that no writer has yet committed himself to a theory on the matter without underrating the complexity of the problem and omitting to deal adequately with one or more necessary elements. Kemble and Mr. Seebohm may be said to represent, among writers entitled to serious consideration, the extreme opposites; although they differ much less than a

[1] There is no real authority for the word *mark* with this meaning. So far I can follow Fustel de Coulanges without hesitation. *Township* is clearly indicated by what English authority there is.

hasty reader would suppose in their view of the actual state of England in the generations next before the Norman Conquest. Kemble fully admits that small independent proprietors, if they existed before, had ceased to exist then. Indeed I do not know of any plausible evidence or any respectable authority for the notion sometimes met with that England under her Anglo-Saxon kings was a paradise of yeomen. There is no reason to think that the small freeholds of later times represent, as a rule, anything but sub-divisions and re-arrangements of a date subsequent to the Conquest. Mr. Seebohm's divergence from Kemble is not so much in the general interpretation of the course and tendency of changes as in any definite conclusion of fact as applied to a given time. And what is said of Kemble may be said in the main of the German authorities whom Kemble followed forty years ago, and those who in turn have followed and confirmed him since. No scholar, however, would now deny that Kemble went beyond the evidence in some respects. An English manor, as we find it from the Conquest downwards, included the lord, the free tenants who held of the lord by regular feudal tenures and owed suit to the court, and the villeins or customary tenants who held land according to the custom of the manor in villenage or base tenure, being generally bound not only to make stated payments in kind but to furnish work on the lord's own land at stated times. The lands held on these conditions were in the legal theory of post-Norman times part of the lord's domain, or were counted, as we should now say, as in hand. There is ample proof that such labour-services were common before the Conquest; there is also sufficient proof that commutation of them for money rents began soon after the Conquest if not before, for within a century we find such commutations described as ancient. Tenants of this class were commonly, though not always, unfree in person, "bondmen in blood," in technical Latin *nativi*. They are represented by the copyholders of modern times,[1] though any general difference of condition or rank between freeholders and copyholders has long ceased to exist; in fact freehold and copyhold land have in many cases been so long held together by the same owners that it is extremely difficult to distinguish them. Kemble's account makes much of an original community of Teutonic freemen which is really conjectural, and he has very little to say of villenage. Mr. Seebohm has an elaborate account of the incidents of villein tenure, and a most valuable elucidation of the medieval system of English agriculture as connected with the administration of a manorial domain. But he has very little to say of the free tenants, and both he and Kemble have almost nothing to say of the jurisdiction. A process of historical reconstruction which ends in a manor with the jurisdiction left out is clearly not final. I will not say it is equivalent to leaving out Hamlet, but it is something like propounding a theory of Hamlet's character without any reference to the scene between Hamlet and Ophelia. The history of private jurisdiction seems to be the point on which research may now be most hopefully concentrated. By research I do not mean exclusively or chiefly the search for unpublished court-rolls. That work is desirable and laudable; but we have no right to expect any startling discoveries from it. The ground is very fairly covered by documents already published or in course of publication, and there is a great deal of material in print which no modern scholar has yet thoroughly examined.

One thing rather apt to be forgotten is that the manor as we know it cannot have developed out of the township by any uniform process. For the township was not merged in the manor; it continued to have a dis-

[1] I am now disposed to allow a much greater share of historical truth to the common doctrine of our law-books than I formerly did

tinct though less conspicuous existence. And we know that it is not even the rule for the boundaries of manors to coincide with those of townships or parishes. Manors constantly include several townships or parts of townships; parts of the same township often belong to two or even more manors. It will not do, therefore, to assume that the manor court was made out of an older township court by putting the lord on the top of it and introducing the sharp legal distinction between free and customary tenures. We could not get over the want of any regular territorial coincidence even if we knew that a township court had existed; and we do not know that. The *mark moot* of some modern writers is a phantom of unsupported conjecture which only recedes farther and farther into the land of shadows when one endeavours to track it to some solid ground of evidence. It is likely enough that there was from very ancient times some sort of township or village meeting. Such meetings are common enough in other Teutonic lands to this day. But they have not the powers or attributes of a regular court of justice, and there is nothing to show that they ever had. It is not the feudal manor but the ecclesiastical parish that has overlaid, so to speak, the ancient English township; it is the vestry meeting, and not the Court Baron, that represents the old village meeting if anything does. It is true that our law-books say there are two courts, the Court Baron for the free tenants and the customary court for the copyholders, though in fact they are always held at the same time and place; and this naturally suggests that the customary court represents an ancient popular court of some kind. But examination shows that this distinction is nothing but a piece of comparatively modern formalism. There is no sign of it in early court-rolls. As a rule the court is described merely by the name of the manor, and when there is any epithet it is called a "lawful court" without further specification. We do not know exactly in what manner the customary tenants became attached to the lord's court. But it was evidently good for the lord to have his rights formally recorded by the witness of the tenants themselves, and better for the villeins to be dealt with judicially, though in their own lord's jurisdiction, than to be dealt with merely according to his power, which was the practical alternative. It may well be that the thing came about because it seemed obviously convenient, and without its occurring to any one that a theory was wanted. A somewhat similar problem is presented by the law of distress. The right to distrain for rent in arrear was an incident of feudal tenure, but it came to be applied, apparently without question, to leases for a term of years or from year to year, although these, according to the strict feudal theory, were merely a matter of personal contract. Tenant-farming of the modern type is the very opposite of feudal tenure, and it may be said that the introduction of leases for years was the beginning of the end of the manorial system. And yet feudalism left its mark on this least feudal part of our land-laws.

Copyhold and customary tenures are dying out, and are likely to die unlamented. But they have one feature which connects them with the latest proposals for reform. Transfers of copyhold land were, until a recent time, actually made in the lord's court, and they must still be recorded in the court-rolls. Thus copyhold tenure bears witness to the ancient principle that conveyances of land must be public and publicly attested. The same principle existed no less in relation to freehold land, but, after it had been ingeniously evaded for three centuries, the forms which preserved its memory for lawyers were dispensed with more than a generation ago. Land is bought and sold in modern English practice by transactions of which there is no public record or authentication whatever. Only a cumbrous and costly apparatus of skilled

inquiry and precaution (developed wholly by the private tradition of many generations of lawyers) enables a purchaser to be reasonably assured of his vendor's right to deal with the land sold. Sir Henry Maine pointed out, in the latest work he lived to publish, that of late there has been a strong tendency in all civilized countries to revert to the ancient principle of publicity, secured by methods more appropriate to modern needs than the medieval one of a formal public act done on the land itself or before the local lord. Almost all European countries except England (and including Scotland[1]) have some kind of registry of land-titles. But we need not go outside the British Empire to find our own practice as completely reversed as possible, and not only under British sovereignty but under English law. As England has been most backward in simplifying the transfer of land, our Australasian colonies have been most forward. What is known as the Torrens system of land-registry has been found completely successful in Australia and New Zealand, and colonial lawyers accustomed to its working are hardly able to understand how we can doubt either its advantages when established, or the feasibility of establishing it. So far, however, there is nothing like a general consent in the mother country among the not very large number of persons who are qualified to form a skilled opinion; and while this state of things continues, the general public may be excused for showing little interest in the matter.

In such a paper as this it is impossible to enter on the technical reasons of the failure which has hitherto attended all efforts to produce a good working scheme of registration of titles in England. It is matter of common knowledge, however, that the plan devised by Lord Westbury, and put on its trial at considerable public expense, did fail utterly; and that Lord Cairns's well-meant endeavour to improve upon it has not succeeded much better. And there is little doubt that both those eminent and learned persons failed because their plans were too ambitious. They endeavoured to establish indefeasible titles—to make the register conclusive against all the world. In other words, they thought to abolish, as it were at one stroke, the whole policy and tradition of English land-holding. Titles to land in this country rest (with minute exceptions) on nothing but continuous possession. Very few titles are really bad; in other words it is a rare exception for an adverse claimant out of possession to be better entitled to English land than the person who is in good faith acting as owner and is generally believed to be so. But also not many titles are marketable in the judicial sense, that is, so good as to be wholly free from technical defects. The ordinary good holding title may be described as a title which could be made marketable by a certain amount of trouble and expense. That amount is generally so much out of proportion to the practical risk of leaving things as they are that the persons concerned do not choose to incur it. Hence the cost of putting an ordinary title on a register of indefeasible titles is excessive; for the registrar is bound to leave no defect unchallenged. An optional registration of indefeasible titles has been found by the experience of nearly a generation[1] to be a dead letter; and for the same reasons it is felt that to compel such registration would be unjust. A scheme which leaves no room for the correction of mistakes can be made safe only by making it so costly as to be unworkable.

Among recent writers on the subject Mr. Brickdale[2] chiefly deserves

[1] My friend Sir George Campbell has said in the House of Commons that "Scotland" is an inaccurate expression, but I believe it is accepted by the majority of Scots.

[1] Lord Westbury's scheme was introduced in 1862.

[2] *Registration of Titles to Land.* London, 1886.

the credit of having pointed out the fatal blot in existing schemes and proposals, and (what is even more important) how the Australasian colonies have avoided it. The Torrens system saves the rights of a true owner when by fraud or mistake his land has been registered in another man's name, and compensates the registered owner (if he acted in good faith supposing himself really entitled) by means of a guarantee fund. Mistakes, it is found, very seldom occur; but in order to secure public confidence, and the working of the scheme without minute and costly inquiries, it is of the first importance to provide against them. The guarantee fund is maintained by an *ad valorem* duty so small as to be hardly felt,—one half-penny in the pound, and in Tasmania only one farthing. Mr. Brickdale maintains that this is the real key to the success of the Torrens system and the failure of schemes in which this point has been disregarded or overlooked, and I think he is right. A purchaser for value and in good faith from a fraudulently registered owner is secured in his title to the land, and the parties defrauded are in that case left to money compensation, for which the guarantee fund is available if satisfaction cannot be had from the fraudulent vendor. It would be equally possible to restore the land, and compensate the registered owner; but it was thought in Australia that the equitable adjustment of claims for permanent improvements would be difficult and complicated if that plan were adopted. The Torrens plan of guarantee has been partially adopted in Lord Halsbury's Land Transfer Bill, but it is a question whether we ought not to go farther in renouncing the Westbury-Cairns policy. There is much to be said for letting every *de facto* owner register his title for what it is worth, on proof that the actual possession has been consistent with it since the date fixed by himself for the commencement of the title. A purchaser would then have the benefit of the State guarantee, not immediately, but after a certain lapse of time without adverse claim. In this way very many titles, probably most, would clear themselves by a self-acting process. It seems to me, though I speak with diffidence, that there is a growing tendency to concur in this view among persons who have really studied the subject. A moot point is whether and to what extent the registry should attempt to deal with questions of boundaries, which, so far as they are really capable of doubt, are questions more of physical fact than anything else.

Simplification of our land-laws in substance is not, in my opinion, a strictly necessary condition of an effectual simplification of land-transfer. There is no doubt, however, that the two kinds of reform may be expected to go together, and it may well be that the reform of substance, being more intelligible to the public at large, will be accomplished first. The law of descent of real property is already condemned by a Conservative Chancellor. Our complicated settlements and varieties of estates in land, long terms of years, and so forth, cannot serve much longer. The Settled Land Act of 1882 has been a useful stop-gap, but no one now regards it as final. I shall not be expected to enter here on the wide and various considerations, both legal and economical, which have to be taken into account. It is enough to remind those who are interested in the matter that a few years ago the elements of a working reform were laid down independently, but very nearly on the same lines, by two public men whom one would not have expected beforehand to be in such close agreement — Mr. Shaw-Lefevre and Mr. Justice Stephen.

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

WORK AMONG THE COUNTRY POOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF *A REAL WORKING-MAN.*

WHATEVER may be the faults and shortcomings of the present day, one thing is certain, we are not behind our fathers in loving-kindness and sympathy to our poorer brethren. The sufferings, when once we know them, of our fellow-creatures upon whom the burden of life presses sorely, fill us with keen interest and sympathy; and we are really grateful to those whose position or calling enables them to paint the life of the poor in its true colours. "God bless you for making such lives known!" writes one reader of the story of *A Real Working-Man*. "Any writer," says another, "who will be at the pains to show to one class how another class lives, can be of real service in the commonwealth."

It is because I believe that such utterances really express the feelings of the more prosperous classes, that I was emboldened to lay before them the simple tale of a country labourer's family, and that I am now venturing to say a few words more upon country life in general, to offer a few suggestions for making it happier and better, and lastly to urge that more attention should be paid to our poor country folk, both by those who live in the towns and by those who live in the country itself. This last point is the one which I would press with most earnestness. I do not pretend that my suggestions are ever very far-reaching, and in some places they may not perhaps be practicable; but if they lead others to ponder the matter for themselves, and set their brains working at the problem (a difficult one, indeed!) how to make life in the country happier and better, I shall feel that I have not written in vain.

I make no apology for trying to interest townspeople in our country population, for I am sure they feel that what affects one must affect the other, and that they would be by no means willing to see this land of ours—which in former times was nothing if not agricultural — entirely alter its character, exchanging its pleasant fields and peaceful villages for barren and almost deserted stretches of country, only relieved by over-grown towns choked with the rustics who once peopled the villages and tilled the fields. But it is of course those who live in the country who can think over the lot of their poorer brethren to the most purpose. I hope I may be pardoned for suggesting that some of them, at least, would be none the worse for a little enlightenment as to what the life of the poor around them really is, and a little less ready acquiescence in the maxim, "Whatever is, is best." Those who have never been used to "consider the poor" (has not the expression a wider meaning than we sometimes give it?) may live in the very heart of the country, and yet know almost nothing of the needs and aspirations of the very labourers who work for them; and even those who have this knowledge—well, familiarity with other people's troubles is apt to breed in some of us, not contempt indeed, but apathy. We become so used to balancing the claims for help of a labourer who has six or seven children to keep out of a regular wage of ten shillings a week, with those of another who has but three children, but whose work can only be done in fine weather, that we often forget to look at things "in the large" at all. We even speak severely to a poor woman who

comes to beg for help,—"because, you know, you are so much better off than some of your neighbours."

The question which town and country folk alike need to ask themselves is,—How can the life of the country poor be made happier and better? And one of the first answers to suggest itself is this—the country should not be inhabited by the poor alone. We leave the country to take care of itself, and then complain that the poor follow our example. How are they to help it? The money which is drawn from the country, and which it seems only natural to expect should be spent in the country, too often goes to keep up a house in town, a shooting-box in Scotland, and a villa at Nice for the winter months. Is it right—is it just—that so little of the money made in the country should be spent there? Is it fair (to take another view of the question) that a family which lives, wholly, or in part, upon its farm rents, should withdraw its humanizing, civilizing influence from the country, thinking a month or two out of the year quite enough to bestow upon it—perhaps doing even less, and only appearing for the rent-dinner and a few days' shooting?

If the lot of the agricultural labourer is to be happier than it at present is, we must bear in mind two things. Firstly, it must be more profitable; secondly, it must be more interesting. If, in seeking to accomplish the former, we find, as we no doubt shall, that we are also accomplishing the latter, so much the better.

So much has been said of late about the desirability of allotments for the labourers, that I need not dwell at any length upon it. I must, however, express my firm belief that the only way to attach the best sort of labourer to the land, and to make him thrifty, contented, and hopeful, is to let him have a small bit of land which he may cultivate for himself, and, further, to give him the hope that he may one day possess more. The present state of things chafes him not a little. He sees that the farms are under-manned, the fields over-run with weeds, and the crops poor for want of manure; but what he does not see is the shrunken capital of the farmers, and the dread of throwing good money after bad which makes them hesitate to employ more hands. "The farmers, they don't do right by the land," he will tell you. "They don't take on near so many min as they should; and then they send 'em about from one farm to another, and 'tain't likely as the land'll do well when one set o' min have to goo right up to the endway one day, and down hinder the next. They're al'ays a scrappin' and a lookin' to get what they can out o' the land, but they ain't got no mind to put a mite on. I warrant I'd do butter by it if I had a bit. But there, 'tain't no use talkin'. They don't do as they should by the land, and they don't like to let the min have it, nudder. If they see a man tryin' to help himself, *they'll* never gie him a leg up; they'd have him where he is, and then ask what he's got to call out about."

I have not a word to say against the ordinary allotments. Many of them, indeed, are so small that we can hardly call them anything but gardens; but they have this great advantage, that no capital is needed to work them, and that even a lad can take one, spending upon it the earnings which might otherwise be frittered away at the public-house. The family allotment, again, is a great interest, not only to the man, but to his wife and children. A friend who has lately started them tells me of one woman who is so enthusiastic over her husband's little patch of ground, that she may often be seen on moonlight nights working away at her vegetables or corn.

But while admitting to the full the good that these allotments do, I cannot think they are all that is needed. A small allotment is quite enough for a man to begin with, and probably for many men to go on with; but chances

should be provided for an intelligent, thrifty, and hard-working labourer to take on more land, bit by bit, and, if he proves himself fit for it, to become in time a small farmer. I know it is often said that no allotment should exceed half an acre, and that a rood, or even twenty rods, is as much as can with prudence be allowed. But I cannot help thinking, with the labourer, that this is a theory too stubbornly adhered to. "Cou'n't master gie us a trial?" he asks. "If we act right by he, what call's he got to ask what we're doin' for weselves? There's some min as can't keep their own garden clean, let alone a 'lotment; and there's others as 'd do well by him and themselves too. Don't, what's he got to do but to turn 'm off?" I know of a man who farms two acres and a half for himself, and earns ten shillings a week from his master at the same time; and even if a labourer who is gradually increasing the size of his holding begins to find that occasional work for a master suits him better than regular work by the week, well, every farm needs extra hands now and again, and it would be indeed an excellent thing if such men, for instance, as those who work "along o' the 'chines," had employment for the many days in the year when the machines are not in use.

The dream of some of the better kind of labourers is to rent a small farm of from ten to fifteen acres, and to give up working for wages, except for a day or two now and then. The work would be hard, and the family would very likely live as poorly as a labourer's. But then, the delights of working for yourself, of knowing that you are your own master, that the fruits of the earth on which the sweat of your brow has fallen are yielded up, not to another, but to yourself, that *Sic vos non vobis* can be said to you never again!

Not many weeks ago, I called one evening to see one of those small farmers. He came in from his work—stripping the bullace-trees in his tiny orchard—looking pretty cheerful, but when I asked how he was getting on, it was evident at once that he had taken on with his farmer's work the farmer's privilege of grumbling. "Well, miss," he said, "you see I've had such a wonderful lot of pullbacks; don't, I think I might a been doin' better, for I've worked hard, and I've clent up the land as well's ever I knew how. I took on two acres more and a mite o' midderland o' Michaelmas; and I counted on makin' a goodish bit o' money of they sows; but there, the plaguey things died o' the fever, all three on 'em, and so I never took nothin'. I don't know, I'm sure, how it is; I keep on scrappin' all day, and it don't seem no manner o' good. I don't see as I'm a bit better off than when I worked for a master."

The cheery-faced little wife broke in at that; she evidently had strong ideas on the subject. "Oh, Tom, you know as you'd never like to goo back. He know he'd never work with the same heart, miss, let him say what he 'ull. It's just 'cause he feel so low, 'cause of all his pullbacks; and the rent's a heavy one, and no mistake, and of course he feel it. But he 'ouldn't goo back to what he used to be; he couldn't work for no master but himself, now he knows the difference."

He brightened up a little at this. "No, no, I couldn't do that—the missus is right enough," he said. "Happen, I'll have better luck next year; and that owd powny I picked up last winter, he's a wonderful help to me, for he can do all sorts o' odd jobs for the nybours, let alone my cartin'. O' course he ain't no use for the ploughin', 'tain't likely; but I sha'n't want to hire no more for that; what's left o' the land me and my booy can dig. There ain't no use bein' mewhearted; take it all round, I like the work well, and I wouldn't change, no more'n the missus 'ould."

The real difficulty with which these small farmers have to contend is the want of capital, and a very serior

one it no doubt is. Many men can never get over the initial mistake of beginning with insufficient capital; and many more are doubtless prevented from ever making a start by the lack of this most important requisite. I was delighted to hear a gentleman of naturally cautious temperament, who knew the labourers well, say the other day that, as regards security, one might do much worse with one's money than lend it as capital to picked men of the labouring class who were anxious to better themselves.

I cannot refrain from mentioning in this connection the case of three labourers—all brothers—whose master (a more enlightened man than the majority of our farmers) allowed them two or three years ago to hire from him a six-acre field, into which they agreed to put the compensation-money paid to one of them for an injury done to his hand while working a machine. I shall not forget the sight of these three men working away side by side as if their lives depended on it, and barely looking up as we passed, though one was a rather special friend of mine. I had quite forgotten about the six-acre field, and was struck with wonder at so unusual a sight. Then the idea suddenly occurred to me, "It must be their own field!" It was, and I wondered no longer. Some months later I took occasion to ask one of these labourers how the field was prospering; and he was evidently delighted to talk of a matter so near his heart. "I ain't a mite afeard of not gettin' on," were almost his first words. "Give me a bit o' land, and I warrant I'd get a livin' out of it somehow. We've had this field rather more'n two year now, and I carried down the second year's rent t'other day. The pigs made that. The first year we couldn't look to make much, for the land wanted a deal o' cleanin'; but we didn't do so bad after all, and we got seed-corn enough for plantin'. And this year we had wheat an' 'taters and beans, and we did well o' them all; and there warn't no trouble about they beans, 'cause we just chuck 'em over to the pigs, and they ate 'em up quick enough, and did all the throshin' too. You should a heard 'em squeak when I come up with an armful; and they crackle 'em up jus' as if they'd been sugar. And my sakes, they pigs was beauties, they was 'most as fat as butter! I sent 'em right up to a salesman in London and he gann [gave] me a good price for 'em. And the wheat warn't no trouble, nudder. What we didn't want for weselves, master took one year just as it stood; and I did well by it this year too."

I interposed here, telling him I had often heard it said that directly a labourer began to grow more food than was needed by his own family his troubles would begin, on account of the impossibility of finding a good market for it. But he laughed this idea to scorn. "I don't know nothin' o' that," he said. "I warrant I'll sell all I want to get riddy on, and do well by it too."

Further conversation elicited the fact that the family lived no better than they had done before. He and his brothers, with their boys to help them, evidently worked early and late (for the master's hours must not of course be encroached upon), and their profits were in all probability such as a tradesman would turn up his nose at. But—and this is the point which I wish to bring out—he had an object in life, and it made a new man of him. Hope, energy, and self-respect were plainly visible in his face and bearing; and I have an idea that if any more olive-branches grace his already well-stocked table, they will be greeted more warmly than the existing ones were. Perhaps we may never again understand the feelings of the Jewish mothers of old, who "remembered no more the anguish, for joy that a man was born into the world;" but is it too much to hope that some day the tears shed by poor Mrs. Allen and her neighbours at the prospect of an addition to their

families, may be chased away by the thought that at least the "booy" will be able to help the father on his bit of land?

One word more, and I will leave this part of the subject. I speak with much diffidence, but I cannot help thinking that more enterprise is needed by all classes in the country. To a plain person it does seem rather strange that when many farms are letting for seven and sixpence or four and sixpence an acre, others are only too gladly given over for no rent at all to any one who will take the land and its burdens off the owner's hands, and some are even falling out of cultivation altogether. It does seem strange that the landowners, and the unfortunate possessors of glebeland, should not be at the pains of inquiring whether they might not with profit cut up some of their farms, and let to labourers instead of to farmers. It would give them some trouble, true, but not more trouble, one would think, than farming their own land, as many clergymen, as well as other landowners, have lately been obliged to do. Couple the ridiculously low rents which are given for so many farms with this fact—that in the very same parishes labourers pay for their allotments at the rate of twenty, thirty, and five and thirty shillings per acre[1] (the actual rent is much higher, but I have allowed for the owners having to pay rates, tithe, etc.) and it does seem worth while at least to try the experiment.

I believe that in many parishes more allotments would be eagerly taken up if only the land selected were near enough to the cottages—a most important point; and chances might at the same time be provided for men who want to try farming on a small, rather than gardening on a big scale. A friend of mine lets about half his bit of glebeland in allotments of various sizes, and the rest to a former labourer who pays a good rent for his fifteen acres of land, keeps pigs and a pony, and appears to be getting along well. The knowledge that more of these tiny farms were to be had would, I believe, do much to awaken a spirit of enterprise among the labourers, and to prevent the frittering away of time and money at the village ale-house, in which those who have no hope for the future are sure to indulge.

Living from hand to mouth, on poor and not always sufficient diet, is of course not conducive to this spirit of enterprise; but workers in the country should do everything they can to arouse and foster it by sympathy, help, and advice. For instance, they may bring their better informed and more alert minds to bear upon the little industries which the cottagers already do, or at any rate might take up. The keeping of chickens and bees might be greatly extended; and some amount of time may most usefully be spent in encouraging these industries, and in pointing out various ways in which they might be made more profitable. To give one example—it never occurs to many a cottage woman that a hatching of eggs is worth twice as much in February as it is in July; and that, by judiciously utilising the warmth of her house, she might have both chickens and eggs to dispose of at the very times when they are most scarce. Something may be done, again, towards securing a better market for the produce of the cottage yard and garden. With the co-operation of a few towns-people some cottagers of my acquaintance have been enabled to drive a thriving trade (in their small way) in poultry and eggs, an indirect result of this new outlet for their produce being that the "higglers" began to raise the wretchedly low prices which the cottagers had hitherto been obliged to accept from them.

Pigs, again, are a most useful adjunct to a cottage home; and though I have often heard it said

[1] Only five or six years ago I knew of allotments letting at the rate of four, and, I believe, even six pounds per acre, the landlord, of course, paying all charges on the land.

that pigs only pay when they can be fed on the leavings of a large household, I have never found a labourer who agrees with this. "I *know* that [it] pay," said a man to me the other day. "I kep' a pig for a mort o' years when I lived at one o' they housen down hinder, afore I was put to mind the farm, and I used to make five, ten, or pretty nigh twenty shill'ns on 'em, 'cordin' as how my luck went. And there was one that grew won'erful fast, and I got twenty-one and sixpence for he; and that never had a chice o' food but what I bought, 'cept as it might be a cabbage leaf or two out o' the garden." But a man must have a little capital to buy his pig, and to provide it with food; and I think that a little money lent for making a start with might be most beneficial. In chicken-keeping, too, a small loan now and then might enable a woman to keep a brood of chickens until she can make a good profit on them, instead of being obliged, as is often the case, to sell them off at once, because she cannot buy food for them.

Goats also might be kept. Their food costs but little, and the milk would be an excellent thing for the children, many of whom hardly know the taste of milk at all. A labourer of my acquaintance was helped to buy a goat a year or two ago; it was then just old enough to leave its mother and cost about six shillings. When I last saw him he was full of Jenny's praises. "We should be loth to part wi' she," he told me. "The milk's a proper comfort, 'specially where there's so many little uns. They al'ays count on their milk messes now, and it fare to do us all good, for tea a'thout milk gnaw the stomach, I do believe. And Jenny, she play along o' the children like a Christian; and when she had they two kids, she didn't gie me no trouble; when I went out one mornin' there were the dear little things lyin' alongside o' she. There was a Billy and a Nanny, and I sold both on 'em; and all the summer she gann me two good quarts o' milk, and she's givin' three pints now. And bless you, I never feel the miss o' what she eat. She pick up a little along o' the chickens and rabbits; and the booys and I, we got leave to scrap round the fields for mites o' grass, till we got enough to make a little stack; and that'll help she through the winter, along o' the lumps o' ship's parsley that the little uns bring in."

It is true the farmers are apt to look with suspicion upon the pig and poultry-keeping of their labourers, alleging that it tempts them to pilfer food, and that the women allow their chickens to roam over and damage the crops. Some farmers prohibit it altogether; and others, while not going so far as this, yet put great restrictions upon it. But if we are going to take all temptation out of a labourer's way, let us, for goodness' sake, set about doing it thoroughly, and forbid him to burn a fire; think how great is the temptation to the poor fellow to steal wood for it! But seriously, is it not the knowledge that one is kept down at every turn, and forbidden to have the least little bit of property of one's own—is not this one of the greatest temptations there can be to reckless and dishonest treatment of the property of other and more fortunate people? Surely this is a case in which a little help from a sensible friend may be of great use. Let the farmer's objections to pig and poultry keeping be set before the labourers by one who can see both sides of the question, with the warning that, if leave is granted, he will be on his trial as regards both honesty and carefulness; then let his cause be pleaded with tact and judgment before the farmer, and I believe that in most cases he will be allowed, as he certainly ought to be allowed, to try his luck.

But perhaps there is quite as much scope for work in another direction. If we cannot always help the labourer to make money, we may at least be able to prevent his losing it. I am

but stating the opinion of many others who have a far deeper knowledge of the subject than I, when I say that one of the evils of our time is the state of the poor men's sick benefit clubs. If any of my readers wishes for a good example of the devil "fashioning himself into an angel of light," let him read Canon Blackley's *Thrift and Independence*, with its appalling accounts of the mismanagement, the rottenness, and too often the fraud, of these so-called benefit clubs. Let him hear from that careful and competent observer that in 1883 an actuary of the highest eminence pronounced that of two hundred clubs whose valuations he had undertaken to make, only thirty-one were in a sound condition; adding that so far as he was aware, only seventeen out of the remaining one hundred and sixty-nine had taken any steps to redress the terrible deficiency pointed out to them. Let him hear again, that, according to a Parliamentary Return published in 1881, there were nearly four thousand adult male paupers to be found in five hundred and seventy-six of our union workhouses—unfortunate men who had been driven into "the house" by the breaking up of the clubs to which many of them had subscribed for twenty and even thirty years. Better still, let him go into our workhouses, and hear for himself the same sad tale from one and another, "My club's broke up; that's why I'm here."

I shall not easily forget the face of an old man upon whom I chanced only the other day, in a visit to a country workhouse. He was a fine looking old fellow, with a certain dignity about him which even the dejection and hopelessness of his expression could not destroy; and when I sat down beside him on the hard wooden bench, and asked how he did, he uttered no complaints, but just poured out one of those pathetic stories that are so often to be met with. "Ay, it's the rheumatics; they've took a howd on me at last, and I doubt I'll never get riddy on 'em no more this side the grave. I've been a bully man in my time, and I've worked as hard as ever I knew how; but I'm broke up now. My owd missis, she al'ays was a poor thing; she'd lie awake nights, and take on about her leg; and I often felt grieved, 'cause I couldn't ease her. But I tended she, and I kep the home together as long's ever I could, till they rheumatics come, and I couldn't do no more. I couldn't work, and I couldn't tend she; and then they took her to the hospital, and I let 'em bring me here. And I don't see as how I'm ever to get out no more, for there's nothin' to look to; we sold off 'most all we had afore I'd let 'em take her."

He never looked at me as he spoke, but sat with his head resting on his hand, his clear light blue eyes gazing absently across the dreary room to the white-washed wall opposite. They were so full of patient sorrow and (when he spoke of his absent wife) of yearning, that I felt as though it would relieve the pain at my heart if I could attach some blame to him, and said: "But you really should have been in a club, you know." "I was in a club," he replied. "I'd paid into that club for 'most thutty year, and never had but seven and sixpence out. That broke up o' Christmas three months afore I was took, and each on us got ten shill'n's; that was all there was."

But let our inquirer come into the villages, and observe for himself the working of these clubs. Let him hear that many of them are started by the publicans, and that almost all meet at the ale-house. Let him hear that—apart from the fact that most of them are started on an utterly unsound basis—they are simply "drowned in beer," as some one has neatly put it. With the rule in force that on every club-night the price of a pint of beer (sometimes even of a quart) is drawn from each member's funds, and the beer placed on the table of the club-

room whether the member is there or not, is it any wonder that the clubs get into difficulties, that the wives dread the club-nights, and that many of the members themselves know and fear the temptation to which they are exposed? How many men have moral courage enough not to try how much they can carry of, say, the eighty pints of beer which the landlord will send in, when (if the night is "coarse," and the wind "stingy") there may only be twenty or thirty members present to drink it? How many men, again, can resist the temptation, when members are more and beer less plentiful, to spend their hard-earned wages in satisfying the appetite which the first pint has but whetted?

Surely every friend of the labourer should make it his business to inquire into this subject, to do what he can towards stirring up public opinion, both among the labourers and elsewhere, against the refinement of cruelty which makes of the good and prudent impulses of the poor a means to degrade, to impoverish and too often to ruin them. While strongly holding that legislation can and should do much to prevent the ignorance and helplessness of our labourers from being traded upon by unscrupulous or reckless persons, we may yet do much by our individual efforts to counteract the mischief. It may entail some considerable trouble, for country labourers are proverbially hard to move, and apt to be suspicious of any interference with their money affairs; but branches of good clubs (such as the Odd Fellows and the Foresters) can be and have been started in villages by those who have the welfare of the inhabitants at heart. Where wages are too low to admit of the labourers making the payments required by these societies, I would recommend the National Deposit Friendly Society (head-office at Guildford, Surrey), which provides (if desired) for old age as well as for sickness, and has moreover this advantage, that each member has a special deposit fund of his own, into which he can pay what he pleases, and from which he can at any time draw. Canon Blackley urges that a penny-bank should be started in every school, and that children should be early taught the advantages of thrift and providence. It is certain that valuable work might be done if some of us would take the trouble to master the subject, and then give forth the knowledge which we have gained of benefit clubs, burial societies, and the Post Office aids to thrift, not only to school-children, but to all those among the poor who have learned to regard us as friends. We should warn them, for instance, against those burial companies (or, as the people call them, death clubs) into which many parents put their children, and which (to say nothing of the temptation—alas! a real one—which it offers to some to neglect, and even practically make away with their children) "derive colossal profits," as Canon Blackley tells us, "from the small thrift of the poor," nearly half their income being spent in collection and management.

There is one thing that our benefit clubs, bad as they have been, have taught the people; they do see and appreciate the advantages to be gained by clubbing together. Could they not be helped to extend the principle—to start, for instance, a coal-club, which would buy coal in the summer, and supply its members at a reasonable price in the winter? What should we, who buy in our coals by the ton or even by the truck-load, at the rate of two and twenty or twenty shillings per ton—what should we think of paying eighteen-pence a hundred, or in other words, half as much again? Yet that is what the poor do. A co-operative store, again, would be most useful—even though it did no more than inculcate the ready-money principle. Or should this be thought too much of an undertaking, and hard perhaps on the shopkeepers, would it be hopeless to endeavour to

instil some of our ideas into them, and get them to help us? One of the best-hearted women I know is the keeper of a small village shop. I have often thought that her crest should be a huge ledger, and her motto that of some worthy to whom I once saw a memorial-window in a public building (his history, I think, must have been a pathetic one), "I mean well." She is most patient and forbearing, as well as liberal, towards the poor; but, owing probably to her long-credit system and her bad debts, her calicoes, flannels, and tea are sold to the villagers at twenty-five per cent. more than I can get them for myself. Could not a friendly consultation with her and her kind produce some scheme for encouraging the payment of ready money, and thus helping the poor to better bargains and more thrift? To have the knowledge pressing upon him day by day of a long-outstanding bill against him at the shop, may indeed prevent a man from squandering his money after harvest; but it is a poor sort of check at best,—far inferior to the self-respect and independence of the man who has learnt to pay his way as he goes, and means to keep on as he has begun. True, the poor fellows cannot always avoid running into debt, when a week's hard frost, or a succession of wet days, keeps them from work, and from wage; but many of them could do far better than they now do, if they once got into better habits.

So much, then, for our schemes for making the labourer's life a more prosperous one. If they succeed, we shall indeed have already done much towards satisfying the second of its two imperative demands,—the demand, namely, that it shall be more interesting. But the interests of his daily work, even though it be work for himself, are not all-sufficient for him. True, he has not the quick wits and the craving for excitement of his cousins in the towns. His ignorance on politics, and on many another question, is immense, and he knows it. He knows it so well that to you it is unfathomable, for he is conscious that to speak would be to betray it, and when you, perhaps, are thinking him sulky or stupid, he is really only shielding himself from pity or ridicule by a silence which is only too eloquent for those who understand it. But he does begin to want to know more: he does feel the need of something to brighten up his life, as well as his wits; and better education will but intensify this feeling. What can he do, in many of our villages, when work is over, but sit boozing in the ale-house, or, when money is short, loiter at the street-corner with his mates, nothing on earth to think of or talk about (indeed they will sometimes stand there for hours in almost total silence) but an occasional bit of village scandal? What wonder if the more intelligent of the young men long to escape from the "immense ennui" of their life,—if the more stirring and fun-loving among them get into mischief for lack of harmless amusement? Without at all discounting the piety of our villagers, I must ask what better proof can there be of the lack of interests in village-life than this—that the loafers at the street-corner will not infrequently come in a body to evening service during the week; and that on a Sunday many of the lads will go straight from one service or class to another (I have known a young fellow attend as many as six) making a regular day of it, as one may say, and distributing their attentions quite impartially between church and chapel.

We cannot too soon set about remedying this grand defect of village life,—its dulness. Let us come down among the people, mix with them more, and try what we can do to enliven them. I believe our poor,—our country poor, at any rate—will always appreciate friendliness (not condescending patronage) on the part of the rich. It gives some interest to their lives even to see us going about amongst them. "The village

do fare so wonderful dull when you're away. 'Tain't that you speak to us, or that we even get a sight of you, always; but when you're at home, we know you'll be about the village some time in the day, and it do seem different," was said to a lady not long ago by a village-woman,—who was, I should add, quite above receiving any "charity." I believe there are many cottagers who feel just as she did; they want sympathy, friendship, something that will give colour and brightness to their dull life.

And when we have once made friends with them, they will be far more ready to listen to, and to act upon, our notions of morality, propriety, and refinement. So long as there is a great gulf fixed between us, they are content that we should have one code of morals, they another. They look upon our scruples, our delicacies, and even our principles, as of a piece with our way of living—the privileges, in fact, of gentlefolk; and if they take pains to hide their wrong-doing, it will be out of respect for our susceptibilities, or dread lest they may lose our help, rather than from any actual sense of sin or shame.

We want more evening clubs in our villages; more concerts, more classes, and if possible a recreation-ground, be it ever so small, in which games could be played, and a band occasionally listened to (if it be a village-band, so much the better) on a summer evening. Anything which gives the people something to think about, and to look forward to, is useful; and the more they can share in the entertainment, the better it will be. I have found the performance of a Service of Song, with weekly practices throughout the winter, very popular; and monthly or fortnightly concerts, in which local talent is used as much as possible, are much appreciated. "You see, miss, they last us such a nice long time," was once said to me. "We're looking forward to the concert all one week, and then the next week we're thinking how we enjoyed it." As for acting, the people pronounce it "wholly beautiful to see," and declare that "they shouldn't mind if they sat all night" to watch it. "The village'd be wholly lost athout you and your concerts," they often say.

I should think the majority of our villages have night-schools; but they too often degenerate into mere classes for teaching the three R's to boys who have just left school. We want to include a different class of scholar and an additional kind of teaching. I have known a course of simple lessons on geography and general information, given in the form of extempore and very chatty lectures, with an occasional reading from some book on the subject, and a plentiful supply of pictures, or actual specimens of the objects named—I have known these to be listened to by a large class of young men with the greatest attention. The Education Acts are often accused of having made the more intelligent of our young labourers discontented with country-life and eager to go into the towns. This is not exactly my experience. The boys are one and all eager to leave school, and go to work in the fields; and when they grow older, I believe their love for a country-life still continues, or would continue, if only (a very important *if*) it were a little more prosperous, and a good deal more interesting. Is it impossible to make it so?

THE WORLD'S AGE.

Oh, never star
Was lost here, but it rose afar!
ROBERT BROWNING.

Low in the west burned day's red line,
And stretched across the broadening sea
Dim loomed a sheltering island-shrine
Where dreams could float, and peace must be,
Such force of lonely calm it keeps,
While round it fret the Atlantic deeps.

We wandered down the fairy coast,
By stony cape, leaf-muffled lane;
Below, the clash of ocean's host,
And song of the moon-lifted main;
Above vague leagues of ghostly hill,
And night's far lights to raise and thrill.

And the still air's star-sprinkled height,
And music of the plunging wave,
To love's charmed life a new delight,
A note of loftier sweetness gave;
Ah! will our vanished love live on,
When we from the fair earth are gone?

"No! hope is faded like the leaf,
And faith has perished like the flower,
And disillusionment and grief
Moan where strove patience, ardour, power!
A glory lights the world," they say;
"'Tis autumn's glory of decay.

"The eager thought, the generous haste,
Bright castles of the building brow,
Imagination's noble waste,
Love's untired toils—what are they now?
The slain tones of a shattered lyre,
Dead ashes of ideal fire."

Too true, I murmur, as I sit,
In these forlorn and wistful years,
While shapes familiar past me flit,
Figures of beauty dashed with tears,
Life's morning stars, a thousand things
That shone in unforgotten springs.

And yet, so long as time shall be,
The years will wake with bloom and mirth,
Come singing bird to budding tree,
Young splendour to the kindling earth,
Undying lights of love arise
On mortal hearts, in mortal eyes.

And shall that realm of silence where
We all our final harbour find,
Be quite bereft of memories fair,
Of answering throb and blended mind—
No tides of thought, of feeling roll
Through the veiled kingdom of the soul?

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

IN CLASSIC WATERS.

FEW seas are more variable and stormy than the Ægean. Its waves are indeed as quick to subside as they are to rise, but the spring, which is the season of travel, is also the season of wind, and the voyager may often be forced to lie in shelter in spite of all impatience when progress would be attended with danger and discomfort.

Such a contrary wind arose the evening we embarked at Laurium, whither our vessel had preceded us from the Piræus, and after vainly attempting to make head against it through the night, the captain had no choice but to put back. For a whole day we lay off Theriko, helpless, unable to reach the shore, with our cables entangled in those of a big Turkish merchant-steamer in ballast, which had swung round upon us early that morning, carrying away our companion as she was taking up her position, and now lay unpleasantly close astern, seeming to threaten our screw and steering-gear each time the twisted cable taughtened. In the afternoon the wind fell, and we were able to proceed to the work of disengaging the cables. By evening the wind and waves had both gone to sleep, and the full moon shone over a perfectly calm sea on a March night as soft and mild as that of a northern summer. One of the pleasures of the sea is its contrasts, and when we woke soon after daybreak the following morning off the plain of Oropus, not a breath stirred the buoyant morning air; the water between Eubœa and the mainland lay as calm as an inland lake, and the sky was without a cloud; a few grebe were dotted about on the water, a diver-bird flapped his wings on a rock close by, and on the shore a motley crowd were awaiting us with ponies, mules, and donkeys. The scene was one of extraordinary beauty. The fertile border-land of Attica and Bœotia sloped in wood and cornland to the sea; away to the north-west the blue channel of Euripus narrowed to the strait of Chalcis in gentle heights and rounded hills; still further west towered the double crown of Parnassus, white with snow; over against us lay Eretria, dominated by the rocky masses of the Eubœan Olympus, and beyond the snowy dome of Delphi (*Dirphe*). The whole landscape was alive and glistening in the "everlasting wash of air."

We landed, secured the services of the heterogeneous quadrupeds grouped on the beach, and then struck inland towards the wooded slopes. We were crossing the plain of Oropus which lies in the old debatable land between Attica and Bœotia, but of Oropus itself not a trace is left, and even its site is a question of dispute. An hour's ride brought us to the village of Markoponto, finely situated on the lower heights that bound the plain, where the inevitable coffee and sweetmeats with the headman of the village awaited us; and then, after traversing the hills in a southerly direction for the best part of a second hour, we began to descend into a deep and wooded valley by a slope which bore unmistakable evidence of walls and foundations, and alighting at its foot we found ourselves among the ruins of the oracle and shrine of Amphiaraus. So little has been said or written of this site that we had not by any means anticipated the treat that was in store for us, and were enabled to appreciate the sensations of the French architect Bocher, who, wandering in the last century through the unexplored highlands of Elis, came suddenly upon the glorious temple o

Bassæ. The site was identified by Leake's unerring instinct more than fifty years ago; but it is only very recently that the Greek Archæological Society have uncovered a portion of the interesting remains and brought to light a number of inscriptions which prove the correctness of Leake's identification. The scene must have been one of peculiar and romantic beauty when all the buildings, of which many still lie buried in the hillside, were standing and complete. A little stream which seems to come spouting forth from a grotto in the rock at the valley's end divides the deep and woody glen with its bed of oleanders. The water must at one time have been conveyed along a marble channel, or trough, with small oval basins at regular invervals, skirting a colonnade some two hundred paces in length, with a marble seat running all along the inner wall. Where this colonnade terminated towards the spring are a number of pedestals for statues with dedicating inscriptions to Amphiaraus, and we found a few pieces of an unfinished colossal figure, together with many fragments of black pottery. Behind the colonnade built into the hillside is a beautiful little theatre, with the scenes still remarkably perfect, and five marble armchairs of good design inscribed with the name of the dedicator, Nicon the son of Nicon, priest of Amphiaraus. Save the fact of his war against Thebes, and that the earth opened to swallow him in his chariot, tradition has preserved but little account of this dim priest and king, and of his oracle still less.

Returning on board soon after noon, we left Eretria on the right and steamed away beneath a cloudless sky on an enchanted sea towards the narrow strait that parts Eubœa from the mainland. Through the gorges of Parnes beyond we caught occasional glimpses of Helicon and Parnassus, and as we approached Chalcis Venetian forts and towers crowned the lower heights of Eubœa towards the sea. Everywhere throughout these waters we came upon the witness of the old sea-queen's dominion; along the shores of the gulf of Corinth, in all the islands of the Ionian Sea, at Nauplia and by the stormy Matapan, in Cerigo and Eubœa, and far away in the southern Ægean at Crete and Rhodes, dominating the fortress gates and morticed into the battled wall, emblem of a glory that is departed, the Lion of St. Mark. The Kastro, or old town of Chalcis, is exceedingly picturesque with its half ruined bastions and towers; imbedded in the walls and pavements, and set up over the gates of its gardens are numbers of cannon-balls of various sizes, the relics of many sieges. Some acrobats were performing on the quay as we landed and half the male population had come out to see. The Turkish character has left a strong impress here, though but a small number of Turks are still included among the seven thousand inhabitants; scarcely any women are to be seen in the streets, and every one whose hands are not otherwise employed is fingering a string of amber beads or cowrie-shells. On board again we steamed up the Atalanta channel, as the coast of Eubœa to our right grew more and more rugged, till the precipitous range of Kandili rose up in a dark mass from the sea, and the chart marked over two hundred fathoms' depth at its feet. Behind these gloomy rocks the long central snow-spine and the white cone of Delphi caught the rose of the setting sun, as it sank through a mass of golden vapour into the hollow between the two peaks of Parnassus. Then great clouds came rolling up on every side and in a moment all was dark. The moon rose late over the range of Othrys, and showed at intervals as we turned into the Maliac Gulf and anchored for the night.

As the sun rose next morning through a thick bank of clouds which covered the snow line of Othrys, and clung round the black rock of Œta, we were lying off the village of Molo, half a mile inland on the southern side

of the gulf. The carriages ordered from Stylida on the further side were duly awaiting us in the little square, where all the male population had assembled to see us, wild-looking fellows in thick frieze cloaks with handsome bronzed faces. Two guards accompanied us, or rather followed on foot out of compliment rather than precaution, for here, as indeed everywhere in Greece nowadays, unless it be upon the Turkish frontier, the traveller may go where he will without apprehension, finding only ready hospitality from the mountaineers of such kind as their means allow them. Where else indeed will you find a peasantry who will go a mile or two on the road with you to put you in the right way, whose pride would resent the idea of any remuneration for the service? The sun quickly dispelled the clouds and the heat soon became excessive, as we drove on for some two hours along a road bordered with iris and anemone between the highlands and the marshy plains towards the sea. Suddenly the heights grew more abrupt; beyond a group of rounded hillocks and a ruined mill a white level of salt and sulphureous incrustation spread itself below the rough and almost inaccessible side of Mount Callidromus—we were at the western entrance of the pass. But the whole configuration of the land is changed. The alluvial deposits of the Spercheius, which enters the gulf of the valley dividing Œta from Othrys, have created a plain of several square miles in extent where once the sea came up in shallows to the precipitous mountain side, leaving only the narrow road some fifty feet in breadth across which ran the wall whence the Greeks sallied out for the first two days' battle. The sulphur-springs issuing from the foot of Mount Callidromus, which gave the place its name, have evidently changed their course repeatedly They appear even to have done so since Leake was here fifty years ago; and their spreading waters have also covered with a thick and ever-increasing saline and sulphureous deposit the exact spot where the main battle took place. Again, in a country so subject as this to earthquakes one cannot help presuming that the very mountain has somewhat changed its aspect. Boulders have fallen from above; the rains have washed down soil from the loftier levels; stunted firs and herbage have caught between the boulders; and instead of the inaccessible rock-wall flanking the sea-road, we find to-day a mountain side, rough and rugged and wild enough, but hardly so insurmountable that it might not somewhere be scaled by a light-armed detachment whose slings and arrows would have caused much havoc among the crowded ranks in the narrow way below. But much remains in spite of all the change. The black mass of Œta, now just veined with snow in the deeper hollows, rises like a mighty sentinel guarding the way into the heart of Greece: on the far side the blue waters of the Maliac Gulf wash a less rugged shore with dotted villages upon the green slope under the white ridges of Othrys; but on this side all is stern and desolate. The steaming sulphur-springs swirl and eddy in a deep sapphire-blue stream between their glistening barren banks, spreading out into the marshland with its miles of waving rushes over which the crane and heron flap their dusky wings; above us the peaks of Callidromus break the blue sky, grown quite cloudless now, with a pitiless sun burning down upon the yellow crystal-crusted floor, over which the shadows of the poising eagles pass as they swoop and rise again. The only sign of human habitation is the ruined mill, and the spirit of solitude seems to haunt the place. We found the hill at the western entrance where the last stand was made, and where once the lion marked the grave of Leonidas; and we thought we also traced the line by which the Persians must have descended, moving over the heights of Callidromus under guidance of th

traitor Ephialtes, when the Phocians proved unworthy of their great opportunity, as they did again two centuries later when Brennus with his Gauls was checked at the same place. But who thinks of Brennus, and the gallant stand against him? Who thinks of the Syrian Antiochus here barring the way with his elephants against Acilius and Cato, when the mercenary phalanx was proved inferior to the quick movements of the legion and the short sharp sword that was then cutting its way to the dominion of the world? The poet's magic has not touched the tale; but standing here, watching the mountain eagles soar among the crags of Œta, who would not feel the quick blood thrill with the thought of "the three hundred men of the Grecian glen"?

We steamed out of the gulf under a glorious blue sky of afternoon, heading nearly due east between the northern shore of Eubœa with its green peninsular of Lithadha and the rocky coast of Thelis. Far ahead was a glimpse of open sea dotted with faint island outlines between the Magnesian promontory and the Cape of Artemisium, which gave its name to the first sea-fight in which Grecian vessels tried their strength against the Persian galleys. A school of dolphins espied our ship and came racing after her, leaping high out of the water, passing and repassing one another till they reached our bows, and played in the wash where the nose of the vessel cut the clear water with evident delight, rolling round and round, swimming seemingly without effort and without a shade of fear. For nearly an hour they kept us company, only departing as we turned into the narrow entrance of the gulf of Volo, under the town of Trikeri which hangs along the rocky ridge that, like a bent finger, terminates the long Magnesian promontory. Two hours more and we were at the anchor of Volo, waiting for the moon to rise.

It is a long day from Volo to Tempe and back, and only possible with the assistance of a special train at Larissa; otherwise the night must be spent at the latter, with such indifferent accommodation as Thessalian inns afford. There is the same objection to visiting the mountain monasteries of Meteora, a kind of smaller Athos, which may be reached by rail to Kalabaka, a run of at least four hours from Volo, starting whence the traveller may either spend the night with the monks, or returning a short distance by rail to Trikkala will find some sort of quarters for the night. The visit to these crag-built hermitages, accessible only by swinging ladders or in a net drawn up several hundred feet through the air over a cranky windlass, offers opportunities to say the least of it unusual; but nevertheless, having discussed and abandoned the practicability of a long day on mules from Kalabaka to Larissa along the still somewhat ill-famed northern frontier, we decided to leave Meteora for another occasion and to start at sunrise on the morrow for Tempe.

At that early hour accordingly we found ourselves traversing the scanty level by the sea and ascending by rapid gradients through the pass of Pilar Tepè into the wide plain of the Peneus, the smaller of the two great Thessalian plateaux. On our right we could see the still grey waters of Lake Bœbeis lying under Maurovuni, the ancient Cynoscephalæ which links Ossa to Pelion, the remnant in that angle of mountain of a vast lake which somewhere in the remote past must have covered the whole plain. For miles and miles it stretched in a dead level before us girdled with a violet crown of mountains, the grass on the fallows blending with the young corn and covering it all with a soft carpet of green, over which the plough might drive a straight furrow for some thirty miles in any direction and never encounter an obstacle save the numerous *tumuli* which dot its surface. Not a tree relieves the eye except at Larissa and Velestino, the station where we made our first halt. This last occupies

the site of the ancient Pheræ, where once Apollo tended the flocks of King Admetus, where Hercules in his Thessalian wanderings found mourning in the house of his friend and brought him back Alcestis from the jaws of death. For nearly two hours we went on across the centre of the plateau, passing now and then a mule-train or a group of nomad Wallacks, till at last we saw the twenty-seven minarets of Larissa rising into the misty morning air. The larger proportion of the Turkish population has abandoned Thessaly since its cession to Greece, destroying the mosques, in some cases even digging up their dead to carry with them, but leaving the minarets which rise from every town and village like landmarks of a vanished race. The population here is therefore thin and the resources of the country not yet fully developed. Larissa can boast a few good modern houses, but the majority of its buildings are low one-storied cabins built of mud-brick, or lath and plaster structures with the trellised windows and enclosing wall which show their Turkish origin. After the necessary visit to the mayor, our party entered three carriages and started for a four hours' drive across the plain in a north-easterly direction, cutting a great arc of the Peneus, which skirting Larissa flows north and then east to find its way to the sea through the narrow gorge of Tempe. An escort of eight cavalry soldiers followed at a little distance, for it is still maintained that security cannot be guaranteed in the immediate vicinity of the Turkish frontier. The sky was still covered with a light film of vapour and we were spared the full fierceness of the sun as we drove over the hot and shadeless plain, without house or tree or flower, a solitude abandoned to the magpies and jackdaws and the grazing flocks.

After following a grassy track for about two hours we reached the entrance of a valley between the lower spurs of Olympus and Ossa. The plain is bordered on this side by a marsh through which runs a rough stone causeway of Turkish construction only passable on foot; so leaving the carriages to plough their way through the reeds and the water, which even now in some places covered the axles, we tramped across the half-mile of causeway. Thence, over brooks and ruts that fairly shook the breath out of one's body, we came down into the green and fruitful valley of the Peneus which had entered the hills some miles to the west. Turkish villages lay to right and left on the higher ground, with their low brown cabins, looking in the distance almost Japanese, with the white minaret of the mosque always rising in the centre. In contrast to the monotonous plain these higher lands are dotted with pink and red anemone and patches of iris not yet in full flower. Brown and white sheep, black-muzzled and active as goats, grazed by the road-side; the sheep dogs, reminding one of the Maremma breed, lay quietly in the sun, and did not rush howling after us like their kindred of Attica and Peloponnese; a shepherd in short home-spun tunic, blue leggings, brown cloak of frieze and small round white cap, with arms suspended over the crook upon his shoulders, watched us with a curious wonder as we passed. All was very peaceful and smiling, a happy land under the shadow of Olympus and the gods. At an hour's distance from the plain we reached the village of Baba, where we stayed to refresh both man and beast. A cluster of fine cypresses, with their grey and polished stems set side by side like organ-pipes, shaded a picturesque mosque fast falling into ruins, and one solitary cypress beside the minaret rose emulously to the blue. Within lies buried the bearer of the banner of Islam when first these Thessalian plains were added to the dominion of the Crescent, his mouldering flag and trappings still decking his lonely grave. The road was less solitary here,—a pack-train of donkeys jingled past, an old Turk

jolted by in his country carriage, and a patrol of troops marched through. An hour more and the mountains closed in: the road skirted a rocky wall over the bed of Peneus fringed with mighty plane trees and willows; and we entered the narrow gorge which parts the chain of Ossa from that of Olympus, hollowed, so the legend runs, by the trident of Poseidon that the waters prisoned on the Thessalian plain might find their way to the sea, haunted with its memories of Orpheus and renowned in song since poetry began. One can well understand the enthusiasm of the ancients for their fairy valley, when one realises the delights, after the long passage of the scorching plain, of entering the cool gorge with its music of rushing water and shade of noble trees elsewhere so rare in Greece. The grey walls of rock, breaking here and there into ochre and red, rise almost perpendicularly from the river-bed, in places to a height of fifteen hundred feet. The satyr-faced goats sprang from crag to crag of the lower precipices. A luxuriant vegetation clung to the cliffs, ivy and wild vine hung down in green festoons, and great ropes of clematis not yet in flower seemed to bind the boulders together; the evergreen holly-oak had root in every available cranny, and drooping tassels of blue pimpernel ran riot over the rocks to console us for the earliness of the season. The river was at this time very full with the melting snow from the mountains, and its eddies circled among the trunks of the bordering planes and willows, hiding the green fringe of meadow which in places should skirt the stream, and bearing so much alien matter along with it that we could not trace the transparent blue-grey tone for which the Peneus is renowned. Beautiful as was the gorge at the close of March, it can be nothing to what a later month must show, when these walls are dotted with rock-flowers, when the clematis drops its long festoons with the rarer passion-flower, when the oleanders blossom red and pink by the river-side, and its borders are dark in the shade of the spreading planes. Only once in all the length of the pass, a distance of four and a half miles, does a transverse gorge break from it for a short distance to the south, and here a huge square bastion of cliff looks straight through the hollow to the sea. Upon its summit may still be traced a medieval watch-tower, and at its base are remains of a fortress which once barred the way here, built perhaps upon the foundations of a wall which, as a rock inscription records, Lucius Cassius Longinus raised to fortify the pass. On the further side high overhead a number of caverns break the surface of the rock, in the least accessible of which hawks were building, flitting busily in and out of the darkness; and whoso will may identify for himself in one of these mysterious caverns, where the dripping rock is hardest to scale and the overhanging cliffs threaten from above, that fabled entrance to the nether world through which Orpheus dared to descend in search of the dead Eurydice, and where Hercules wrestled with Death for the body of Alcestis.

Our return journey was somewhat more adventurous. All went well until we reached the marsh and the causeway at the edge of the plain, just as the sun was setting. The two first carriages passed in safety, but the third stuck fast. There was a storm of angry shouting, a selection of the choicer flowers of Greek colloquial rhetoric, much floundering and splashing, when suddenly,—crack went the rotten harness and over rolled all three horses into the mud and water! Twilight came on fast, the plain grew dark and misty, and we at the further end of the causeway soon lost sight of what was going on, except that the drivers of the two other carriages had returned with four horses to the assistance of their comrade. Half an hour passed and no sign of the drivers or their horses. Night closed in, and

the moon would not rise till very late; the shepherds's fires began to twinkle on the hills and the great stars hung down like lamps from the dark sky, as we stood there with our escort grouped round us some twelve miles from Larissa, where our train was already waiting for us. At last weary of waiting, with what harness was left us we managed to fasten the two remaining horses to the traces of one of the carriages, and, filling it with the ladies of the party and our miscellaneous property, started to walk back to Larissa. It was not easy in the black night to keep upon the grass-grown track, and in the loneliness of the plain there was a feeling of security in the presence of our escort. After we had proceeded thus for the best part of an hour, one driver overtook us riding our third horse. He was weeping copiously, protesting that he was wet through, that his horse which had once been white was now coal black, and that he had a leech in his boot. Getting under way once more we were overtaken before long by a second carriage, into which the rest of us managed to cram, and so arrived at Larissa two hours after our train had been ordered. The third carriage had been abandoned for the time, and was to be extracted in the morning with the assistance of bullocks from the nearest village.

As the March winds were still boisterous we determined to return by the same route, which was also the shortest to the Cyclades, rather than trust the open sea at this season; for the eastern coast of Eubœa, so fatal to the fleet of Xerxes, is wild and rugged and offers but scanty shelter for ships. Our dolphins rejoined us at the mouth of the gulf of Volo, which we left about eight in the morning, and dropping through the strait of Chalcis about five in the afternoon, in the teeth of a gale from the south which met the current flowing from the north and churned up the sea in the narrow funnel into a perfect whirlpool, we turned into Vasco bay just below the strait and anchored for the night. Before midnight the wind fell, and soon after sunrise we dropped down further and anchored in the bay of Aulis. After consultation with the captain it was determined to land at Dramisi, a short distance below the southern strait, to visit the site of Tanagra, and getting back early in the afternoon to run through the night to Delos.

At Dramisi we were able to muster a goodly contingent of mules and donkeys and started inland over a fine country, less wooded than Oropus which lies further south, but rich in cornland with intersecting ravines full of arbutus and lentisk. The village of Skimatari, about three miles from Tanagra, is full of marble scraps and stones evidently brought from the latter; and two museums, as they grandiloquently call the outhouses where all that has been found there is stored awaiting arrangement, contain many terra-cotta coffins and tomb-stones from the graves in which were discovered those exquisite statuettes which have given this Bœotian city a second fame. Many of these graves have not yet been opened, but so strict a supervision is now maintained over the owners of the soil, that collectors will do well to distrust the specimens which dealers still offer them in plenty. The graves line the road nearly all the way from Skimatari. In contrast to the refined and delicate art of the buried figures, the stones that marked the graves are of the simplest possible description, and as a rule bear no other record than the mere name of those whose resting place they marked. One broken fragment bore the name Corinna, and thought travelled back to the tale of that Bœotian Sappho, of whose songs no line is left us, who won the lyric prize from Pindar, and whose beauty Pausanias has recorded from seeing her portrait many centuries later. The site of Tanagra, which it took us two hours to reach from the coast, may reveal a great deal hereafter to the excavator; but at present

it is nothing but a site, a wilderness of thistle, weed, and stone with its circling wall and gates and towers still well defined. The river-bed of the Asopus, skirting the city walls to the south-west, probably afforded the fine clay of which the famous figures were moulded. The inhabitants of the surrounding villages are a fine type, many of them fair, with straight features and pleasant friendly faces, having perhaps a strain of Frankish blood in their composition. But one may be pardoned for trying to cheat imagination into finding here to-day some trace of the goodliness which inspired the artists of Tanagra, who fashioned of old, not once or twice in individual perfection but in hundreds and thousands with equal care and tenderness, those embodiments of grace and beauty which we have found hidden in their graves.

Next morning found us in the port of Syra. A fresh wind had sprung up with nightfall, and after beating about for many hours off Tenos, where we had intended to land, the captain had been obliged to give it up and make for a safer shelter. But before noon the wind fell sufficiently to admit of a run to Delos, where there is snug lying in the narrow channel between the Sacred Island and the Greater Delos or Rheneia. In less than two hours we steamed into the little strait, where the water was as clear and almost as deep a blue as in the grotto of Capri.

The lesser Delos is a granite rock rising to a considerable elevation in the central height of Cynthus, which gave its name to the two children of Latona. In the distance it had appeared bare and treeless, but as we approached we discovered that it was a very isle of flowers; everywhere between the granite boulders, and above the thin corn that was sown in the light surface soil, were innumerable marigolds and scarlet poppies. Save for the solitary guardian in his hut among the ruins, the island has no regular inhabitants, but a few shepherds from the neighbouring Myconus come over with their flocks from time to time to pasture and to reap the scanty harvest. To this island of Myconus have been carried for present storage all the objects of value or interest that have been discovered by the excavations of the French Archæological School. Half-way up the slope of Cynthus stands the grotto, or to be more exact, the primitive temple of the Sun-God, probably the oldest place of worship in Greece. It is a cleft in the rock squared out into an oblong chamber, and roofed over with a penthouse of ten gigantic granite slabs, five on either side, the roof not extending quite to the bottom of the cleft where a small spring rises, but sufficing to have covered the statue which doubtless once stood here. In front of the cleft is a terrace, supported by a wall of Titanic masonry, and on the terrace is a round base which appears to have held a tripod and was presumably the seat of the oracle. Downward from this platform the way towards the sacred enclosure and the more sumptuous shrines of later days is also hewn out of the solid rock. Descending towards the theatre we passed considerable remains of what appears, from inscriptions on the spot, to have been a temple dedicated to the Egyptian Gods, Serapis, Isis, and Anubis. The *auditorium* of the theatre and the tiers of seats, though stripped of their marble covering, remain, as well as a peculiarity in construction in the form of wings adjacent to the orchestra for increasing accommodation; behind where the *scena* stood is what appears to be a reservoir or cistern. Great tufts of poppies ran down the banks to this deep cutting, overhanging the dark water, and up the tiers of the theatre they raced with the marigolds, almost hiding the whiteness of the stone and fretting the sky line of the hemicycle with their clusters of scarlet and gold. Before us lay a wilderness of ruin, the bases of what must have formed as grand a group of buildings as the world could show; fallen columns, broken cornices, masses of wrought and carven

stone piled one upon the other in formless, hopeless confusion. For what thousands and hundreds of thousands of Turkish tombstones, what generations of houses on the neighbouring isles have not the broken shrines of Delos served as a quarry; and yet, though so much has gone for ever, such a wilderness of ruin still remains! In the midst of all the havoc there is one little construction still remaining perfect, save for the statues which once decorated its ramp, a semicircular marble seat, known as the *exedra* of Soteles, just outside the greater *propylæa*. It is just such a seat as Mr. Alma-Tadema has so often reconstructed for us, standing here just as he would place it by the blue sea; and one cannot but wonder how the shock which overthrew the great stone of Philip can have spared this fragile seat. Some fragments of the colossal statue of Apollo, dedicated by the Naxians, of which the foot is in the British Museum, still lie scattered about; a great number of inscriptions on pedestals and balustrades record the dedicators of statues that have long perished; the great temple of Apollo still admits of identification, the rest of little more than conjecture, save to the confident archæologist. We left Delos regretfully; there was still so much to explore, so much to dream over. The glory and the wonder of it must have been great at the zenith of the ancient worships; now it is a mere hilly waste of broken granite with a marble confusion of ruins, almost hidden under the flowers of forgetfulness and death.

From Delos our course should have lain to Antiparos, but the evening grew ominous and stormy, and upon our charts there was no indication of that Æolian island where the Father of the Winds has been said to imprison his unruly family in consideration for a favoured guest. So we were perforce compelled to abandon our explorations for the present, and run directly to the secure shelter of Nauplia. As the night closed in, dark fangs of rock seemed to stand up menacingly all round us from the gloomy sea, and few or no lights shone to indicate the dangerous headlands. But morning found us safely anchored under the Venetian battlements of Napoli di Romania; the plains of Argolis lay in an amphitheatre of mountain before us; and there for a while ended our cruise in classic waters.

RENNELL RODD.

ATHENS, 1889.

THE YOUNG CAVOUR.

We may know a writer of an alien country thoroughly, but the knowledge that people have of a foreign statesman is simply confined to his political acts. No one knows what he was before he became a power in the political world. The poet or novelist is subjective, he shows himself in his works and is not unwilling to let us know something of his early life and personal experiences; while in what the diplomatist writes there is no hint of his personality. The poet loves to reveal his thoughts and sentiments; the diplomatist studies to conceal his. In spite of this reticence we know our own statesmen—or we think we do; but a foreign statesman we do not know. If he be friendly to England we have a vague liking for him; if unfriendly, we have an equally vague prejudice against him, and would not be surprised to hear that he was a very bad man. Camillo Cavour is an example of this. As Minister of State he excited great interest; all eyes were fixed on him, either with admiration or dislike, during the years in which he guided the destinies of Italy. Much has been written about him in England, France, and Germany, since his death, nearly thirty years ago; but it all treats of his political career and covers only a period of little more than ten years—for Cavour entered parliament for the first time on the eve of the Battle of Novara, 1849, became a Cabinet Minister in the following year and died early in 1861. For nearly forty years of his life he was unknown to fame and had not even a seat in the Chamber. Cavour's character cannot be fairly estimated by his political acts, great and important as they were, for it was a character with many sides, and intense as was his devotion to his duties as minister before he became minister he had other interests besides politics. He led a retired life devoted to agriculture and, in his own little country, was known only as a student of political economy and a philanthropist endeavouring to improve the conditions of the poorer classes, in politics a moderate Liberal. The world outside Piedmont knew little of him, and even now it knows him only as a great statesman whose highest ambition was crowned with brilliant success. In Italy, however, as is natural, his life is viewed in more just proportions. His character as a whole is not unknown to his own people, for his numerous friends, acquaintances, colleagues, have made public their personal experiences of him. Many volumes of his letters have been collected, and his family have lately yielded up private documents and letters to one of his many biographers.

It is proposed here to give a brief glance at the early life and character of this great man, who, notwithstanding his passionate patriotism, had a kindly place in his large and liberal heart for other nations, and felt a deep interest in the progress and welfare of mankind.

Camillo Cavour, who was born in 1810, was from infancy the centre of attraction and interest to a large family circle of unusually clever, cultivated people who lived on terms of great intimacy and affection. He was an attractive child, full of quaint, original sayings, affectionate and docile under gentle treatment, but passionate and desperately defiant if his childish dignity were offended. As a schoolboy in the military academy, which he entered when ten years old, he was brilliant, lively, strong, abounding in energy of every sort, occasionally mutinous, but always generous and forgiving. His affections were very

warm, but there is not recorded of him any act of tyranny or animosity. He was put under arrest sometimes for disobedience and arrogant replies, but never for inattention to his studies, where he almost always excelled his companions. In his leisure hours he was fond of playing on the violin, and read Lingard's History of England for his amusement.

At fourteen, Camillo became a page to Prince Carlo Alberto, the future king, but he continued for two years more a pupil in the academy, and all his expenses were paid out of the royal purse. The Prince had a great friendship for the Marchese Cavour, and Conte d'Augers, the boy's uncle, and he thought thus to do them honour. Camillo did not so regard it; it seemed only a splendid servitude to him. He was a little democrat by nature, born by some strange chance into a world of ideas that belonged to a past generation. Personal devotion to the royal family as something half-divine was part of the creed of the old cavaliers of Piedmont, and in this he did not share. But the little Cavour was a gentleman born and bred; his manners were perfect, and he fulfilled his courtly duties with propriety. To the Prince he was always "That charming Camillo!"

At sixteen he left the academy and entered the Royal Engineers. His examinations, we are told, were *splendidissimi*, and he had the highest encomiums from the commandant for the help he had given his companions in the study of mathematics, in which he excelled. A bad illness—almost the only one of his life till the last—followed immediately on his emancipation from college, to the great concern of his family and friends; but the country, in happy ignorance of what a precious life was in danger, took no interest in the embryo statesman's condition. Restored to his usual robust health, Cavour assumed his military duties and began to go into society, a welcome guest in every house. The ordinary youth of that age will generally "take the goods the gods provide" and enjoy himself. But not so Cavour; even at sixteen his genius was quickening into life. He thought too much and too deeply to be quite happy, or continuously so. The spirit of the reformer was in him, which made him desire a complete change of the old system in Piedmont; and not less active was the spirit of nationality, swaying his young imagination and filling it with dreams of a free, united Italy. But he was no idle dreamer. He set himself to hard work not to let his talents rust, and his favourite studies were mathematics, mechanics, history, and social philosophy. Except from his brother he found little sympathy for his modern ideas in his own family, but his Swiss uncles were liberal and well informed. At eighteen he wrote thus to one of them, the Conte de Sellon, who was a well-known philanthropist in Geneva, with whom he used to discuss all kinds of social questions in his letters. "I believe the profound study of history to be most useful, and the study of languages highly beneficial. But I think for one who wishes to acquire a name and raise himself above mediocrity, it is not wise to attempt too many things or apply the faculties to too many subjects. The rays of the sun united in one point can burn even wood, while distended here and there they make no effect." After speaking of dedicating his time to the positive sciences, he goes on to say: "But if I found myself in other circumstances, and if I believed that even in a distant day I might be employed in offices of government without betraying my principles, I would abandon the arid and fatiguing study of calculation, and dedicate myself with ardour to other species of work. I cannot, however, and must not, nourish illusions; and so, if I do not wish the faculties which God has given me to become unproductive or feeble, I must cultivate the exact sciences, which at least one may apply in all places and times."

Most people are anxious to know

the precise date and the circumstances of a reformer's choice of sides in the conflicts in which he is afterwards engaged. But real political convictions are of gradual growth and not sudden conversions. Cavour's love of liberty and independence of mind would naturally place him in a hostile attitude to a domineering priesthood even apart from their political influence, which was almost always on the side of absolutism. His hostility to clericalism, however, was more pronounced after an incident which occurred when, as an officer of the Engineers, he was superintending the building of fortifications on the frontier near Ventimiglia. A monk murdered a man to whom he had already done a great wrong, and then took refuge in his monastery out of which the civil power could not take him without permission from Rome. The police kept watch on the monastery and waited patiently for the order; but even then it seems that some slight informality in the proceedings obliged them to restore the criminal again to his sanctuary until all due etiquette had been observed in taking possession of a member of the privileged priesthood. Count Cavour records this incident in his private journal with indignant comments, and henceforth all clerical offences are carefully noted by him. On one occasion he writes: "The finger of Providence has marked them out for destruction."

With regard to religious ideas, Cavour,—who remained a nominal Catholic all his life, with that Italian dislike to cause a scandal or "disedify" the populace,—in his early youth, of which we are now treating, had ceased to believe in the Papal infallibility and probably in some other dogmas. "But we must keep up appearances," he said. His creed as expressed in a letter to his Protestant aunt was rather vague, but may be described broadly as Christian, and such it continued to be to the end. "You speak, my dearest aunt, of the Bible. As I have promised you, and as reason dictates to me, I have read it and profoundly meditated on it for three years; I cannot tell you how much I have been struck by the divine morality of the Evangelists, which leaves at an infinite distance all that man could conceive. . . . . My view of this subject is not yet absolutely fixed. I should desire nothing better than to be led by reason, *bien entendu*, to the most religious opinions. There is no obstinacy in my composition, and you will always find me ready to receive with attention your counsel and advice."

Few strangers who recollect Cavour only as the smiling, complaisant, self-confident minister, always hopeful, sometimes joyful, would imagine what hard mental struggles he had to sustain in his youth, and from what profound depression of spirits he sometimes suffered. There were moments when he wished for death, and if he had not regarded self-destruction as an immoral act he might have been tempted to commit it. There is no doubt that much of this suffering was caused unnecessarily by injudicious treatment on the part of his family. He had what Azeglio once called "a diabolical activity," and if he had the work he liked and was allowed to pursue his own course he was happy and amiable. If on the other hand he was subject to restraint and interference he was depressed, gloomy, and given to outbursts of temper. Unhappily he was a younger son, and consequently his liberty was curtailed even more than that of his brother. He was a man in mind, yet treated as a boy and subject to rebukes for trivial things, but chiefly for his liberal opinions. In fact his position towards his father at that time was very like that of Macaulay when he first went out into the world and shook off the restraints of the early Evangelicals, who regarded the reading of novels as a sin. But the religious and political differences between Cavour and his older relations were more pronounced. We cannot better illustrate his proud

spirit, his sense of justice, his conception of friendship, and the bitter struggle between the new ideas and the old, than by quoting a letter to his brother Gustavo, written when our hero was about twenty-three. We make no excuse for its length, it being so interesting, but rather offer an apology for the translation which is so poor a rendering of Camillo's vigorous style.

My Dear Brother,—Your letter has much surprised me. I cannot conceive how they attribute so much importance to such a little thing. Because in a letter written in a hurry I forgot the usual formulas which have no significance since they are the same for all, they accuse me of suffocating natural feeling in philosophic pride; and they preach to me a false sensibility injurious to the heart and the mind! In the first heat of the moment I wrote a vehement letter to my uncle Franchino, but a more cool reflection made me burn it. I cannot, however, and I will not remain altogether silent, but in a calm and moderate tone I address you, so that you may show this to Franchino and to the others if you think well. It will serve as a reply to another accusation, which is equally far from the truth as that of having laboured to harden my heart. The rebuke for omitting a phrase is only a pretext, and I know well that they mean to allude to my liberal opinions, which I have never wished to conceal.

I was silent when my father in an access of rage threatened to let me perish of want in America, and when he said I would kill him with grief. His state was known to me, and I considered it a duty not to aggravate it by imprudent replies. But when my mother and an uncle that loves me, address such reproaches to me, some great cause of complaint must have excited them against me. Even in the academy they told me that I was the cause of my mother's illness by my foolishness, and by my aversion to humiliate myself in order to put an end to my punishment. Even now I do not think I was so much to blame, or that a quick temper (*vivacità*) is an indication of a bad heart. The excuses which they wished for, I made too often; they were the heaviest trials to me and most repugnant, because they lowered me in my own eyes and those of the persons to whom they were addressed, because they proved nothing but a vile fear of punishment. I have always seen the superiors despise the youths who, abjuring all sense of dignity, dragged themselves in the mud to obtain a pardon, the price of an act disgusting to any spirit not yet contaminated by society.

I had in the academy a friend in whom I found a soul ardent and noble, who when he went home suffered so much from the annoyance of his family that he was reduced almost to death's door. He confided everything to me, he loved me deeply, and he begged me to abandon him in order that I should not be suspected. Was it necessary, even at the age of sixteen, to sacrifice the most tender affections to a mean interest or ambition? Was it necessary to make me contemptible in my own eyes and in the eyes of those who had esteemed me? I weakly yielded half of the demand; but that state of things could not last. At the end of a year I asked pardon of my friend, and I have atoned and will atone for the wrong I did him. And this is a proper occasion to make my profession of faith with regard to him. Cassio is my friend, and shall be always while I live until all sense of honour is extinguished in me. Nothing shall induce me to commit another act of baseness and leave him. If others believe this sentiment contrary to nature I shall be deeply grieved, but nothing can make me change. Roger Collard has triumphantly shown that there can be no right against other right. In the same way I say there is no affection incompatible with other affection. And however deep my feelings towards my own family they cannot destroy the ties of friendship, which are as sacred as those of blood. My opinions have been made the occasion of bitter reproaches. I have been told that I have degenerated from my ancestors, that I am a traitor to my country and my caste. But heaven is my witness that I would rather finish my days in prison than commit a reprehensible act unworthy of my name or of the dignity of a freeborn man—a dignity that stands above all; that I would die a thousand times for my country or the good of mankind if I believed it really useful so to do. Is it my fault if I see things differently from them? Am I master of my convictions? But it is as impossible for me to admit the greater part of their doctrines as it is to believe that two and two make five.

If a mad ambition, a cruel hatred, or vile passions had led me into a false path, then indeed I should have been unworthy of my ancestors, and no words would have bee

too severe for such conduct. Certainly all worldly advantages invite me to fight under the banner of absolutism. But an innate sentiment of moral dignity which I have always preserved with care, has repelled me from the road in which the first condition of success was to disown my private convictions. The older I grow, the more I observe the course of things, the more am I persuaded that I am not mistaken. But time only can prove the justice of my opinions and their solidity. . . .

If I have taken this thing up hotly, it is because I fear the evil effect of sentimentalism for a spirit that reasons. From it is born those false vibrations which put the whole instrument out of tune and end by rendering it incapable of giving any sound. Apathy frightens me, especially in my position. Your career is established and you know how to meet your future. . . If I allowed myself to fall into an apathy the least false step might ruin me for life; energy of spirit is indispensable to me. I must struggle then with all my force against anything that might give a false bend to the spring of my character.

They complain that you do not show my letters. If you were only my brother the reproach might have some foundation. But you are to me much more than a brother; you are a friend from whom I conceal nothing, and that my parents know very well. All I confide to you is for you alone, and no person must seek to penetrate into our private correspondence for that would destroy all its charm.

To account for the bitterness of this letter it is necessary to explain that Camillo while still in the army had been subject to police supervision, and had suffered from insulting insinuations from the old court party. In fact it required all the Marquis Cavour's influence to save him from imprisonment as a suspect. It should be needless to say that the accusations were unjust. "I am liberal—very liberal. I desire a complete change of the system,"—was the language of a reformer not of a revolutionist or conspirator. Cavour had kept aloof from the party of violent action, not only for his oath's sake, but because he did not hold their views. His moral code was fairly Christian, while theirs was frankly and entirely pagan. Their ideal patriot was Brutus, with his dagger dyed in the blood of Cæsar; and Camillo Cavour, even as a boy, never thirsted for the blood of a tyrant, as his more conservative rival, Azeglio, confessed to having done in his teens.

After his patron, Carlo Alberto, ascended the throne, Camillo, so soon as he decently could, asked permission to resign his commission in the army, and was happy to be liberated from a position he had never enjoyed. He was now twenty-three years old, and his bent was undoubtedly towards political life, but finding no opening in that line, he joyfully accepted his father's offer to take the management of a large estate on which the family did not live, and which was consequently neglected. For eleven years he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits with the intense energy of his nature, and, while still continuing his favourite studies, he worked so incessantly that he was able to give personal supervision to all the new work of mills, canals, drainage, &c., which he introduced on the property. His land became a model estate and yielded a large increase of profit to the owner, while the condition of the tenantry was proportionately improved. "What happiness," he wrote in his journal, "to live among these people, working with them and for them, and winning their affections!"

To extend to the country generally the beneficial effects of his reforms the popular young landlord founded an agrarian association, which had four thousand members, mostly but not all landowners, and a journal full of useful information. On the family estate of Leri Camillo lived as contentedly as it was possible for him to live while his country was in such an unhappy condition. He kept aloof from politics, but he wrote and spoke on various social questions, such as education, the reform of prison discipline, pauperism, state-charity, &c. And when he visited foreign countries, England especially, he studied these

subjects carefully, and collected all the best works on political economy. Education was a favourite subject of his. He disliked the old Piedmontese system, a cross between militarism and monasticism, from which he had suffered, and he often disputed with his brother over the training of his little nephews whom he loved dearly. His faith in liberty and the virtues it fosters was so large that he believed in a judicious application of it to children. He thought the dignity of man ought to be respected to a certain extent even in childhood.

The young Cavour was good-looking, of middle height and strong build; there was intellect in the broad and lofty forehead, determination in the square chin; his nose and mouth were well cut, his gray eyes keen and penetrating, but short-sighted, which obliged him to wear spectacles. His manners were attractive, and though his moods were variable, his conversation was always interesting and instructive. The vein of ironical humour which runs through his sayings and letters has given an impression of cynicism which we think unmerited. Though he tolerated and made use of men he despised, that did not destroy his faith in humanity. He believed in the progress of the race; and his kindly benevolent feelings ever found expression in practical deeds, of which many examples could be quoted. Notwithstanding little family quarrels in early youth before he had learned to control his temper, he was a devoted and exemplary son. He showed also great tenderness to all his female relations, and as he had no sister he bestowed a brother's affection on Gustavo's wife whose early death caused him deep grief, while as an uncle he was only equalled by Macaulay. He was a faithful and constant friend, as we have seen, and he had innumerable friends from youth onwards who were strongly attached to him. He hated the appearance of sentimentalism, and those who knew him best say he put on a brusque or ironical tone as an armour to shield a tender heart; but it would appear that this protective weapon—like Mr. Balfour's famous battering-ram—sometimes became slightly aggressive in its operations and wounded unintentionally. Hence the Count had some remorseful moments, and there are many letters in which he asks his friends to forgive his brusqueness or irritability when he was overworked and nervous. A passage from the journal in which the young Count recorded all his thoughts and feelings, helps to show that he struggled not only to conceal all soft emotions, but to extinguish them, lest possibly they might weaken his will and lead him into a false path.

> When I have passed some hours alone, I feel ready for the greatest things. Who knows if I lead for some time a life of solitude, calm, silent, in converse with Nature, that my sensibility which has been almost suffocated in the inward struggle my soul has sustained since earliest youth to keep it from becoming vitiated — who knows that such a life might not raise me by degrees to become again accessible to the sweet emotions I was born to feel? But my heart is embittered and hardened by these constant battles, and this happiness is not for me. The good effect of a few days' solitude will be destroyed by the atmosphere of the world, in which my life is at constant variance with many persons who ought to be dear to me.

This was written in one of his melancholy moods, when he was quarrelling with his family; even his brother with whom he was in sympathy on most subjects, had taken offence at Camillo's strongly-expressed disapproval of his mode of rearing the children.

> And to be wroth with one we love
> Doth work like madness in the brain.

But happily these troubles became less frequent after he settled at Leri and found himself in an independent position. The hard work, and the simple life in communion with nature and the poor country people whom he

laboured to educate and civilise, had a salutary effect on his fiery spirit. And his family affection never diminished with years. When his young nephew was killed in battle, a friend came to offer what consolation he could, and found Cavour lying on the floor of his chamber sobbing like a heart-broken child and refusing to be comforted.

It is not to be credited that so warm a heart, however well guarded from all assaults, could have passed the critical period from twenty to thirty quite scathless. Camillo was too clever and too keen to be taken in by the wily arts of the coquette, but he was not insensible to the attractions of a sweet and lovely woman, whose grace, refinement, and cultivated mind won his admiration almost at the first meeting. Intense sympathy drew them together, and before they were aware of it they had become deeply attached to each other. They separated with the sad feeling that they should never meet again, for unhappily there was an insurmountable obstacle to their union; the young lady's hand had already been disposed of by her father, after the manner of Italian marriages of that day. They seemed made for each other, but they met too late. Cavour was only twenty and the girl probably about the same age. He heard nothing of her for three years, except that she lived in Milan and was a constant sufferer from bad health. Once he wrote to express his sympathy and received a brief reply to thank him, but that was all. He preserved a tender remembrance of her, and a feeling of regret that fate had divided them; but his love had subsided into friendship, nor did he dream that the unhappy girl's health had been ruined by her devoted attachment to him. But it was so. After three years' absence she returned to Turin, and it only needed the sight of her sad beautiful face with its traces of suffering to re-kindle Camillo's almost extinct love. After two or three painful interviews they parted once more, the fair unknown going to the baths with her parents, who probably wished to remove their daughter from the dangerous vicinity of the young Count. Then began the correspondence which lasted for years. They sometimes wrote twice a day to each other; her letters were preserved and numbered by Cavour, but her name, even her Christian name, carefully erased. He calls his lady *L'Inconnue* in his diary, where he relates the whole story of his unhappy love in the most passionate and touching language. Cavour's letters are lost, but from those of the unknown we can gather an idea of their contents. Hers are very beautifully written, and express the intense, all-absorbing hopeless love which had prostrated her strength for years and was slowly sapping her life. It is impossible to convey in a few words the painful impression left on the reader's mind by the perusal of these heart-broken letters. At one time her parents thought her mind was giving way, and threatened to put her under some restraint. Cavour, who hated and cursed himself for being the cause of so much misery to this "heavenly woman," moved as much by pity for her position in her family as by his own feelings, was tempted to ask her to fly with him to a foreign country. Happily he put away the mad thought before communicating it to her; and then he writes in his diary: "Oh, my God, let the bitter cup pass from this angel, and I will be content to drain it to the dregs!"

After a while the correspondence became calmer; the letters continued to be affectionate in tone, but they discoursed of politics, literature, and sometimes exchanged ideas on religious subjects. *L'Inconnue* had been a violent Republican, but Cavour converted her to more moderate views. "My soul is but a reflection of thine," she wrote *à propos* of her change of opinions. After a space of time she ceased to write to her friend at all, and, retiring to a solitary country home away from all society, led the life of a hermit-saint devoted to the

poor. "You will have no trouble," she wrote in an earlier stage of their correspondence, "to make me find in religion the only comfort for the inevitable ills of our condition. I have always felt in my heart that our whole destinies are not accomplished here. Belief in a future state is part of my very being."

When she felt her end at hand, she wrote a pathetic farewell to the man whom she had so loved, who seemed to her a "celestial intelligence," and for whom her life was sacrificed, for she died literally of a broken heart. In that last sad letter she told Camillo that he had never fully comprehended her love; how could he, when no human language could explain it? "When you read these lines an insurmountable barrier will have been raised between us. I shall have been initiated in the grand secrets of the tomb; and perhaps—I tremble at the thought—I may then have forgotten you."

And Cavour?

——Oh, never yet beneath
The breast of man such trusty love may breathe.

It is only woman who is capable of such insensate constancy. Cavour was far from insensible or unresponsive to the affection which this young, fair, and gifted creature bestowed upon him. He loved her in return, and he—usually so full of self-esteem—in his relations to her felt humble, and said sincerely, "I am unworthy of such love." His bosom sometimes was a volcano of love, pity, and grief. But when this passion had been subdued and reason and duty asserted themselves, he could crush down his feelings as he had long taught himself to do, and train himself to regard the fair unknown as a friend, a "sweet child" whose intellectual progress he was bound to guide. Cavour had other interests in life besides his love, if he had not he would have been contemptible; but his were great and absorbing interests, such as a wife would not have been jealous of if she were worthy of him, but which without the close tie of marriage, naturally weaned him from his youthful passion. Yet the death of the unknown wrung his heart, and continued to be a life-long regret and remorse to him. He carefully numbered and preserved the letters, and on the back of the last is written in the hand of the great statesman, evidently intended for his only confidant, his brother: "If you still doubt, read this letter. You will return it to me afterwards, for it is perhaps the last souvenir that will remain to me of her to whom I have caused so much suffering, and who never has addressed the slightest reproach to me."

Cavour was still under thirty when he made up his mind never to marry, because with his "unequal temper he feared he could not make a woman happy." And so he dedicated himself with undivided devotion to the service of his country. Italy reigned without a rival in his heart, for, as Victor Emmanuel truly said, *La patria era la sua sposa.*

We take our leave of Cavour before he established his journal *Il Risorgimento*, on the eve of great events in which he was to play such a brilliant and thrilling part, for which he had trained himself by hard work, profound study, and firm self-repression, without which he could never have attained the object of his noble ambition.

G. S. Godkin.

CONFLICTS OF EXPERIENCE.

PERSONS who accept Lord John Russell's definition of a proverb must sometimes be puzzled to find that one and the same community is in the habit of using adages which are diametrically opposed to one another. If it were true that a proverb is the wisdom of the many and the wit of one, we should surely be justified in expecting all accepted proverbs to resemble laws of nature or formulas of mathematics. But we see that this is far from being the case; and no sooner do we think that we have obtained an irrefragable maxim from the crystallization of experience than another, equally authoritative, confronts us with an absolutely opposite direction.

"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," is a traditional rule that must have been quoted many millions of times by persons disposed to economy. Its principle is reinforced in the proverbial philosophy of other nations besides our own. "Little streams make large rivers," say the French, and the Scots match them with "Many a little makes a mickle." English domestic economists declare that "A pin a day is a groat a year," though it may be doubted whether there was ever a community in which fourpence *per annum* was held a commensurate return for the trouble of stooping to the daily pin. Yet, after we have digested all this mass of concurrent testimony, it is not a little baffling to be checked in our decision by an equally respectable body of evidence which tells us that we must not be Penny wise and pound foolish." For a careful husbandry of copper in the integer leads to an idiotic treatment of two hundred and forty pence in the aggregate, where is the wisdom of leaving the pounds to take care of themselves?

"More haste less speed" is one of our English expressions of caution as to the dangers of precipitation. The Hindu has put the same thought in various shapes, after his concrete manner; one of these is, "He took off his shoes before he came to the ford." "He who goes slow has long to go (*Chi va piano va lontano*)," says the melodious Italian; and neither in India nor in Italy does there appear to be much danger from superfluous energy. But our forefathers seem to have been aware of the opposite risk, and to have provided a number of countervailing maxims. Such, for example, are "Take time by the forelock," "Delays are dangerous," "Time and tide for no man bide."

Nowhere is this contradictory tendency more seen than in those sayings which partake of the nature of aphorisms. Aphorisms, if we may trust to etymology, are the marking off or delimitation of experience from the confused reasonings of careless minds. "Use is second nature" has been often cited as an excuse for persons who are opposed to change. Yet many opposite sayings remind us that men love novelty and will welcome "anything for a change."

In Archbishop Whately's edition of Bacon's essays is collected an abundance of saws that the philosophic chancellor had put together under the title of *Antitheta*. Ranged in parallel columns we find these conflicting maxims at the foot of the more important papers. Thus, on the subject

last mentioned, the following are amongst the *Antitheta* appended to the Essay of Innovations.

Time is the great innovator; why then do we not imitate time?	What innovator imitates time, who so insinuates his innovations that they escape notice?

Here the reformer says plainly that we should imitate time who is the great reformer; while the conservative answers that no reformer can do so, for the reason that time's reforms are imperceptible. A singular commentary on which is given in the essay itself to which these texts are appended. "For otherwise," says Bacon, "if men do not follow the gentle example of time's innovations, whatsoever is new is unlooked for, and ever it mends some and impairs others; and he that is holpen takes it for a fortune and thanks the time; and he that is hurt for a wrong and imputeth it to the author." We are reminded that Bacon stood at the parting of the ways, when the Tudor monarchy had done its work and was perishing in the feeble hands of the first Stuart.

It is unknown from what source Bacon derived the greater portion of these maxims. But, in the authentic deliverances of the philosophers and poets one meets with similar conflicts. A French writer has said that he is able to reconcile two of such utterances: namely, the saying of Tacitus, "The unknown always passes for the marvellous (*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*)."; and that of Ovid, "No one cares about the unknown (*Ignoti nulla cupido*)"; and evidently there is a sense in which both are true. A due synthesis of such apparently opposite maxims will result, not in a mutual cancelment but, in a composite principle. For men may not desire the unknown yet may admire it when it comes under their observation, when it ceases to be unknown. But there are more startling contradictions to be found in the recorded experience of very great men. When Juvenal conceived his magnificent defiance of Fortune he was so pleased with it that he used it twice, each time in the same words. The most familiar and appropriate use is, no doubt, in the grand passage which concludes the tenth satire on the vanity of our wishes. The passage has been translated by Dryden and imitated by Johnson, but neither of those masculine and skilful writers has done justice to Juvenal's meaning. And, what is still more unfortunate, the text itself is unsettled. According to one reading the satirist meant to say: "If one has wisdom one has every deity on one's side." According to the other he says to Fortune: "Thou hast no authority where wisdom is," *i.e.*, it is only the fool who wants luck to befriend him. Great as the difference is, the two readings agree in this, that prudence is worth more than luck; and this is, manifestly, a salutary principle. The difficulty is to reconcile it with such a saying as "Fortune favours the brave," or with the still more audacious law of Bonaparte, "Providence is on the side of the big battalions." One tells us that strength is the criterion and cause of success, the other puts it in wisdom. We think of Horace and his "Mere brute force perishes by its own strength (*Vis concili expers mole ruit sua*)." Athens of old drove in ignominious flight the mighty hosts of Xerxes. Clive at Plassy and elsewhere puffed away the big battalions of Asia with a handful of men formed by European discipline. Wellington, with a force of thirty thousand British troops, pushed the hosts of Napoleon's own marshals out of the Peninsula and across the Pyrenees. Here, also, there may be a synthesis such as was supposed in the last case, but it is far from obvious.

Even more irreconcilable appears the conflict if we understand Juvenal's saying in a still deeper sense. Suppose that he meant more than either of the above interpretations, and th

his view implied not merely that the wise man had no luck because he had no need for it, but that the weak and foolish had chances without which they could not prosper, or even exist? There is no doubt a specious reasonableness about such a proposition; and it is more than ever opposed to the counter-maxims.

No one has contributed more to the aphoristic treasures of his country than Shakespeare. In at least one instance he has supplied a saying upon what, though noticed elsewhere, had never received due notice in English. The saying occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*, where we are told that "He jests at scars who never felt a wound." This goes to the very foundation of human sympathy as described by Aristotle; showing that it is only those who have suffered who can really feel for the suffering of others. Our countrymen, as a race, have not been of sufficiently tender mood to trouble themselves over this question enough to make it into a proverb; it was left for gentle Shakespeare to find them a household word on sympathy and its true source. They have been mostly content with sayings that have strengthened their natural hardness; such as, "Keep your breath to cool your own porridge," or (in the most modern form), "Paddle your own canoe." The Hindus, however, have a couplet, as pertinent if not as poetical as the line from Romeo, which may be thus rendered:

Whose heels have never cracked in sun-baked fields,
How can he know what pain my heel-crack yields?

This is almost an equivalent of the truth conveyed in Dido's words: "We must suffer before we can learn to sympathize with suffering (*Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco*)."

There are few proverbs of more wide acceptance than the maxim *Esse quam videri*, showing us the vanity of imposture, but teaching a more subtle lesson still. To be what you seem would indeed be but a poor expedient if what you seem is bad; and it would almost be better, like Johnson, to have nothing of the bear but the skin. An old gentleman, of more wit than manners, is reported to have given a happy turn to the adage. In rebuking the self-assertion of a young Mr. Carr who was boasting of his sincerity, our friend blustered out the following impromptu:

Be what you seem's a good old rule,
You bear it out, my Carr!
You look a most infernal fool,
And so, by G—, you are.

Thus, too, we are bidden to admire him whose "bark is worse than his bite," and so forth. Perhaps the deepest, kindliest, thing on this topic is a remark which was quoted from Fénelon in Diderot's *Hor. Subsc.* 2, 129: "Simplicity is the rectitude of a soul which refuses all return to itself and its doings. Many persons are sincere without being simple. They do not want to pass for more than they are, but fear to pass for what they are not. The real simplicity is to have lost the 'I' which causes so much jealousy." Whether this absolute simplicity of the soul that "refuses all return upon itself" is a grace or a weakness may well be discussed. In any case there must always be good men and women who find it easy not to pass for what they are not, but not easy to renounce the fear of being taken for what they are not.

Among Shakespeare's aphorisms another well-known line reminds us that "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." This was a king's opinion, while among the oracles of the people were such sayings as "Happy as a King," and the like, showing admiration and envy of royal privileges. Yet we need not go back to Shakespeare's kings for evidence of the peculiar sorrows and cares of regal state. The death of Charles the First, the overthrow of his son James, the fate of several czars of Russia, the miseries of Louis the Sixteenth and his consort, and the tremendous vicissitudes of our current

century, and even of its most recent years, are full of matter to justify the poet. If we look back only to the life-time of persons still young, we cannot but be struck by the tragedies in which heads have fallen which seemed held high above the common chances of humanity. In 1868 the writer of these sentences saw the imperial family of France in the saloons of the Tuileries; the Emperor with his cold blue eyes and face of inexpressive reserve, the Empress beautiful and splendid, leading her boy by the hand. In a few years the Emperor had been defeated, deposed, and had died by a cruel death in a strange land; the Empress, bowed beneath the weight of an untimely age, was mourning in exile for her husband and for the brave lad slain in a foreign quarrel. Think of the sufferings of Maximilian in Mexico, the cares of the Czar Alexander the Second—each ending in a bloody and public death; the mysterious scene on the shores of the Bavarian lake; the assassination of two American Presidents; the protracted agony of the late Emperor Frederick; the sorrows of the House of Hapsburg ending—for the present—in the unrevealed horror of the shooting-box at Meyerling!

Do those who have passed through such furnaces of affliction look back on their brighter days with pain? Dante says so, in the memorable lines attributed to Francesca di Rimini which our own poet has adopted, in *Locksley Hall*:

> This is truth the poet sings,
> That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Is it so indeed? Or are those right who say with Horace:

> Cras vel atra
> Nube polum pater occupato
> Vel sole puro; non tamen irritum
> Quodcunque retro est efficiet?

Dryden's masculine paraphrase will be remembered:

> Not heaven itself over the past has power,
> For what has been has been, and I have had my hour.

This conflicting doctrine—that the memory of past joy is a possession and not a pain—has been maintained by Alfred de Musset, a man whose pleasures and pains had been of a less dignified kind than Dante's, but to whom nevertheless joy and sorrow had been equally known. De Musset does not content himself with a mere counterstatement; he challenges Dante in plain words and with a personal appeal.

> Why saidst thou, Dante, that 'tis grief's worst sting
> To tell, in sorrow, of past happiness?
> What spasm from thee that bitter cry could wring,
> That insult to distress?
> Is then the light less certain or less glad,
> And—when night falls—forgotten in the gloom
> Is it from thee, Spirit sublimely sad!
> From thee, we have such doom?
> No! by the splendour of yon rising moon,
> Not from thy heart a blasphemy so void:
> A happy memory is a truer boon
> For life, than bliss enjoyed.
>
> And to Francesca—angel of thy glory—
> Thou couldst assign a sentence such as this,
> She who broke off, to tell her tragic story,
> From an eternal kiss.
>
> For me, I only say, Here, for an hour,
> A day, I loved, was loved, and she was fair;
> Close to my heart I press the faded flower,
> And Death shall find it there.

These stanzas, from the poem written on his rupture with George Sand, show that de Musset regarded past joy quite otherwise than did Dante. He treasured it as a possession, while the older and graver author lamented it as a loss. It cannot be even said that the words *nella miseria* are left out, as in Lord Tennyson's reference. The English poet has undoubtedly weakened the thought; it is not the memory of past joy alone, but its memory in the midst of present suffering, that, according to the great Florentine, makes the woe. But de Musset is earnest and sincere where Lord Tennyson is but an artist. He expressly includes the Dantean con

dition, wanting which indeed the plaint is little but a phrase, a commonplace "of little meaning though the words be strong." The difference between the modern Frenchman and the medieval Italian is a deliberate opposition of temperament.

In this fluctuating world all that men can do will barely avail to establish for them a compromise with the unheeding forces about them which, for want of a better word, they are wont to term nature. Hence they learn to encourage and organize a counteracting force for their own use and protection; and the social army fortifies itself with proverbs. They are not infallible weapons; when one breaks the combatants have to betake themselves to another. As the witty and sagacious Whately has pointed out, a proverb will usually be merely a compendious expression of some principle, true or false, applicable or non-applicable, as the case may be in which it is employed. "When, then, a proverb is introduced," says the archbishop, "the speaker employs it as a major premise, and is understood to imply, as a minor, that the principle thus referred to is applicable in the existing case."

It is much the same with the great writers whose conclusions pass into the rank of our household words. When a poet, in his criticism of life, appears to have generalized his wide and kindly observation into a rule of conduct, he must not be regarded as upon his oath. He only means to say that, in given conditions, certain results may be expected to follow. He is a prophet of contingent predictions. Or, we may say, he is a wise judge fully conscious of the fallacy of inapplicable precedents.

H. G. KEENE.

POETS AND PURITANS.

HOWEVER history may change its countenance the one problem which is the heart of it remains everlastingly the same. Through all thought and action, all civilization and life in every age, there beats the sombre monotone of one question—What does it mean? Human destiny is a problem that never ends, and according as men have answered the question, so have men lived. They have danced to it; they have groaned and perished under it. Nations and races have felt its burden, and they have risen to its inspiration. They have made life beautiful with the radiance of Greece or strong with the strength of Rome, ponderous as Egypt, proud as Israel, dark with the ugliness of Islam or of Scotland, according as the eternal tone sounded in their ears. And so, too, individuals make believe to fill the brief hour with light and song, and try to forget that they were born and have to die. Or they turn away from the music and the mirth, and wrestling drearily with the destiny of death and hereafter meanwhile forget that they might live. Or with Shakespeare's eye and Shakespeare's calm they have known both the beauty and the darkness, have seen the frolic and felt its pathos, and having done their worldly task and finished joy and moan have gone home to quiet consummation. But from the book of Job to *In Memoriam* humanity is still only a rock round which surge the waters of the infinite, and its clearest light is hung about thick and dark with the shadow of destiny.

The true significance of the problem is not as it questions the darkness but as it relates to the light. "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be." Death reveals no secrets, but life puts us riddles which we must solve or perish. Even religion in all its forms bears out the justice of this view of the problem. For these forms, though they are distinguished according to the various messages they profess to bring from the unknown, yet depend for their most sustaining power upon the directions they have to deliver concerning the known. The pith and marrow of a religion consist in its ethics not in its theology. Religion itself, not ignoring this, appeals to man's concern in the finite, and only interprets his destiny by projecting that finite into the infinite. So that for an individual the true reading of the problem is not, "What shall become of me when I am dead?" but, "What does this life mean to me?" It is possible for a man to deny the supernatural and live. And even where he finds the power of a new and stronger life accruing to him from a belief in the supernatural, he still must begin with the facts around him and translate his divine faith to meet the elementary issues of human affairs. These two sides together form the medal of life, a medal on whose obverse may be traced sprigs of flowers, implements of toil, and weapons of battle, and at the foot a skull and bones, but on the reverse there is written a hieroglyphic which no eye has read.

Perhaps nowhere else in the history of a nation do we find these two sides so absolutely and irreconcilably dissevered as in the antagonism of parties which reft asunder English life in the early part and middle of the seventeenth century,—the one party lightly smiling on the flower-sprigs and the battle-gear, the other too darkly pondering the hieroglyphic. Cavalier and Puritan may be taken as in a sense repre

senting the comedy and the tragedy of life, its finite and its infinite, its natural and its supernatural. Their opposition presents only a partial phase of the profounder problem. Their violent division contains little of philosophy in it, but however partial and however exaggerated both sides were, they embody a historical solution under which a philosophy may be found to lie. To Chillingworth's quaint and pathetical humour, the struggle was only between publicans and sinners on the one side, and scribes and pharisees on the other. Milton, again, while he had still the alternative before him of espousing either side, presented the choice as it appeared to him in his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. But Milton, moving in his seclusion at Horton between the sunshine of Euphrosyne and the secret shades of woody Ida's inmost grove, was as far from realizing the mirth of the Cavalier as he was from being darkened by the moroseness of the Puritan, and was incapacitated by his idealism from furnishing a true picture of either of the fragmentary sections into which English life was split. His deeper-toned picture has in it as much of Ariel as the lighter one has of Puck. The Penseroso from the temper of his mind might have been a Greek, and have written choruses to the *Prometheus*. The light-hearted Allegro, poet though he is, could never have joined hands with the author of the *Ballad on a Wedding*. Milton has clarified the contrast of all its less refined though more realistic elements, has idealized both sides, and has translated the merry sinner and the sad pharisee into the universal tongue. If we regard the contrasted pictures through the refracting glass of Milton's "visionary rhyme," we lose sight of the veritable features of which *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are an unhistorical reflex. We must read Chillingworth's epigram into Milton's poem, and see pharisee and sinner as they were.

From their earliest emergence as Nonconformists of the Reformation epoch, or to speak with greater historical accuracy (since they did partially conform), from their first appearance as the ultra-Protestants of the Tudor period, the Puritans held up an ideal of life which even at its best represented only one side of the truth and one which embodied elements essentially false in themselves. Their restless and fermenting zeal exerted itself as a continual protest against the gracious worldliness of the Renascence, and when that zeal became more and more active and Puritan influence effectively powerful, as happened before the close of the sixteenth century, there awoke a reactive movement among the representatives of the Renascence ideal. It hardly touched men like Sidney and Shakespeare, but it succeeded in introducing into English life and thought a rupture which grew ever wider. The humanists drew away from the zealots as Erasmus had drawn away from Luther. The more serious element became shy of contact with all this gracious worldliness and left dramatists and poets to address themselves to a changed audience. Now this Puritan antagonism did not proceed originally from a loathing of the stage; it sprung from a religious ground. It was an objection founded on religious principle, and Shakespeare was tabooed and anathematized as heartily as ever Dryden or Congreve. The result was that long before Puritanism had assumed the supremacy, it had driven poetry and the drama into open protest. When the Puritans came to usurp seriousness to themselves as their own special quality, and were now presenting seriousness in a light which was never prepossessing and was frequently odious, those who deemed that this world was worth living in, as well as dying in, revolted from such a travesty, and were impelled to lay an exaggerated emphasis on the other side of life.

This emphasis of revolt finds expression in the view of life upheld by the Cavalier poets. With these

life was in the main a matter of love among the roses.

> Out upon it, I have loved
> Three whole days together.

The Cavalier's joyous temperament sought only the light of ladies' eyes, the sparkle of the wine-bowl, and a song that had the ring of Rupert's march in it,

> Carabine slung, stirrup well hung,
> Flagon at saddlebow merrily swung.

It was enough for him if Julia smiled, and the hours slipped to the passing of the toast and a chorus of "Begone, Dull Care." Robert Herrick, last of the Elizabethans, sat in his vicarage in Devon and lisped hedonistic songs like a bibulous oriental deity. Suckling, concerned as he was in laying siege to the Lady Froths of court with that "brisk impudence" of which he was the first professional master, would scarcely trouble to write down the verses that make his name remembered. Lovelace, "the handsomest man in his generation," with his "incomparably graceful" manners, chirruped on every tree while the summer lasted, and when the winter came, having squandered a fortune, died of starvation in a cellar. Carew, the first and according to some the best of the group, devoted his fine talent almost entirely to praise of the rosy lip and the rosy glass, and wrote of love's raptures with an exuberance that makes one of his best poems unfit to be quoted. The Cavalier was not aweary to be rid of this world. He saw it, and to him it was all very good. He could record his emotions because he did not suspect them. He could hold up the mirror to natural beauty, because he did not mistrust its significance. Parson Herrick's song *To the Virgins* furnishes the key to the Cavalier's view of life and reveals the secret of the Cavalier's art; but the face of a Puritan like Cheynell (that member of the Westminster Assembly who at Chillingworth's burial cursed the dead body over the open grave) would have turned green with disgust could he have heard a Christian divine trilling

> Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
> Old time is still a-flying.

This is the Cavalier's protest against the incomplete, gaunt, and deformed ideal of the Puritan.

> Where the rose reigns and locks with ointment shine,
> Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

We observe its limitation, its want and waste, its frivolity and insipidity, its elevation of coquetry and flirting into man's chief end, its regardlessness of exalted motive except when the war-note sounds, and then a thrill of bravery leaps into words eloquent of the ideal soldier:

> I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more.

It is possible that too much as well as too little may be made of the good things of life. If the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them were to the Puritan the allurements of Satan, the Cavalier was only too ready to build up therein a heaven of his own. Neither saw the full meaning of the vision of life. The Puritan recoiled from its glory and its bounty as from something that imperilled his eternal welfare; the Cavalier with his limitations was unfit to realize its deeper purposes. If the Puritan wanted sunshine, the Cavalier wanted shadow. If the Cavalier lived too much like the butterfly, the Puritan lived too much like the worm. With their limited range the Cavaliers had never looked seriously upon death; they felt none of the tragedy of life, but lived on in the sunbeam of royal favour or under the smiles of their mistresses like a cluster of beautiful, musical, merry insects.

We are not to quarrel with the old Puritan or the new because he deems that life has more serious concerns than gathering rosebuds. It is no very strong creed to carry one through life

and face the destinies with. But the antagonism which Puritanic narrowness provoked did not rest with the light laugh of the Cavalier. It deepened. The sensuous tenderness and touching grace of some of the Cavalier poets, while representing an inadequate view of life, were only dwelling on human needs with an easy emphasis which Puritanism was rendering necessary by its denial of them. But when the Puritans deepened the emphasis on their side and sought to enforce their crude conception of seriousness with the fetters of a social despotism, they drove seriousness out of the minds of their opponents. A divorce was introduced into the harmony of existence and the soul's life held up as distinct from and opposed to that of the body. Contempt was thrown upon the world and the flesh, and things beautiful were regarded either with callousness or with hatred. Life was sought to be made entirely spiritual, and the spiritual life was clothed in such a grotesque garb that poetry was forced from spiritual things into a more intimate alliance with the other side of life. A soul was held to be identical with Puritanism and was thought to be a discreditable possession. When the Puritanism, therefore, broke down, what usurped its place was this other side of the truth driven to an opposite extreme, distorted, and converted into what was as truly a caricature of mirth as the Puritan ideal was a caricature of solemnity. The nation had had enough and to spare of seriousness and now it plunged into riot and revelry. When the drama was once more free to make way, it spoke through such organs as Nell Gwynne and Mrs. Behn, and rather plumed itself than otherwise upon its identity with mere worldliness and mere flesh. It was not only that the Puritans were themselves incapable of poetry, although that also is true. All the social and spiritual influences of the tyranny which they instituted are as faithfully reflected in the contemporary and succeeding poetry as they are in the politics and court life of the Restoration, as they are in its philosophy so hard and material, in its theology so cold and rationalistic, in its religion so formal and worldly, in its theatre, its public manners, its private life.

Here then is the Puritan solution of the human problem. Psychologically it is made to consist in a divorce between spirit and sense, and historically this divorce is founded upon a religious ground. It was their religion which made the Puritans discard all the poetic constituents of life, split sense away from spirit, relegate this world and this body to the companionship of the devil, and seek their human consummation through the development of spirit alone. This implies a radical mistake in their philosophy of life quite apart from the extravagant details through which their spiritual development aimed at realizing itself; and it is the more significant when we consider the extent to which the religious sentiment has always been combined with the poetic, and religion in all its forms has not only allied itself with poetry but depended upon creative art for its emotional sustenance. For poetry is not merely a native instinct of our humanity as it is an instinct of the bird to sing; it is besides in a special and peculiar sense an instinct of religion. In approaching the divine, man has always sought for a rhythmic utterance of his spiritual needs and aspirations, and the voice of prayer has always blended itself with the voice of praise, whether in words or music. Prophet and bard hold the same divine mission, and poetry has been and is the highest vehicle of approach to God, the fiery chariot that bears man heavenwards.

Even in the England of Puritan times, troubled as it was and inauspicious to poetry, there was beyond the strife a circle of quiet like that cloistered peace into which Milton withdrew to write *Paradise Lost*, and there we find a cluster of religious poets interpreting the needs of the

spiritual life with an inspiration that even now has power to sweeten and to soothe. The plainest requirements of the human soul are idealized under the light they bring, and its vaguest yearnings are made to assume a bodily and realistic complexion. There is George Sandys whom Lord Falkland praised. There is George Herbert whose wistful trust and mingled longing and resignation touch the universal chord, who can tell in a single couplet the entire secret of Christian peace when he says,

> Methought I heard one calling "Child!"
> And I replied, "My Lord!"

And whose single poem *On Sunday*, which he sung to his lute the Sunday before he died, is worth the whole library of literature the Puritans have given us on the Sabbath question;

> O day most calm, most bright—
> The week were dark but for thy light.

Again, there is Crashaw, who though he passed through no spiritual stress makes us feel the fresh rapture of love with which he binds earth to heaven. He is rendered all the more human by the haunting need that brought him along the way trodden by St. Theresa to touch the robes of the Mater Dolorosa. There is Henry Vaughan, whose poem, *The Retreat*, preludes that of Wordsworth upon the heaven that lies about us in our infancy:

> Happy those early hours when I
> Shined in my angel infancy.

His longing—

> That I might once more reach that plain,
> Where I have left my glorious train—

is the source, almost in the same language, of the later poet's Intimation that "Trailing clouds of glory do we come from God who is our home." There is Quarles, and there is Habington, whose *Castara*, like Vaughan's first love, became for him a revelation and embodiment of the divine. Having mentioned these, we have mentioned all the religious poets of the period (except Milton, who dwells apart) whom posterity has thought worthy of remembrance, but Puritanism, our most intense English form of religion, has produced no poetry worthy of the name. It is idle to regard Andrew Marvell as a Puritan poet, though he did for Puritanism what it would never do for itself,—wrote for it one fine song. Religion enters into his verse only in an undertone that might as properly proceed from a Brahmin as from a Puritan.

There is at least one volume extant of genuine Puritan verse, George Wither's *Hallelujah*, and in this writer's conversion we have summary illustration of the relations of Puritan to poet. Remarkable, as a young man, for his ardent and impulsive nature, a gallant as well as a satirist, and as ready to sing the praises of beauty as to scourge abuses, he threw himself into the political conflict, and preserving in his later years the enthusiasm of his youth, he put on the whole armour of Puritanism as he cast off the old garments of worldliness. In 1641 he published his *Hallelujah*, dedicating to "the Representative Bodies of these Kingdoms" this "Sweet perfume of pious praises compounded according to the art of the spiritual apothecary to further performance of thankful devotions." His preface is peculiarly characteristic. He not only laments the "muddle of dirt" with which his early poems had defiled him, but in view of the "profane songs now delighted in to the dishonour of our language and our religion," he petitions that Parliament, by its wisdom and piety, will provide for the suppression of such, and will by senatorial edict enjoin the use of the *Hallelujah* instead. It is difficult to decide which is the more ludicrous —Wither holding up his *Hallelujah* and groaning over the lyrics of his youth, or Wither petitioning Parliament that Herrick should be interdicted and the *Hallelujah* legalized.

He is now chiefly remembered for one song;

> Shall I wasting in despair
> Die because a woman's fair?

Think of his remorse on reading over again this lyric, and of the fatuity that claimed parliamentary approval for lines such as the following upon a house-heating! What would Burns not have made of the subject!

> Among those points of neighbourhood
> Which our forefathers did allow,
> That custom in esteem hath stood
> Which we do put in practice now:
> For when their friends new dwellings had,
> Them thus they welcome thither made.

Or again, *Upon a Ride in the Country*:

> With what great speed, with how much ease,
> On this Thy creature am I borne,
> Which at my will and how I please
> Doth forward go and back return!

One can hardly credit them to come from the same pen. Yet there are hundreds such in the volume—upon walking to church and walking from church, upon parents having children and parents hopeful of children; songs to sing when we put off our apparel, and songs to sing when we cannot sleep; verses upon all manner of subjects, written for all manner of people, from man in general and woman in general, to the widower or widow deprived of a troublesome yoke-fellow—all in all a bundle of poverty-stricken doggerel. The poet's art was ruined by his change of faith.

Wither's appeal to Parliament introduces an element indissolubly associated with Puritan fervour, that inherent tendency to propagandism which ended in the organized coercion, political, social, and religious, of the Commonwealth. The Puritan could not rest in his own fervid faith: he was impelled to assume the prerogative of interference; and because in his eyes, as they were in Chrysostom's, all secular shows were a joy to Satan, because he himself believed that the brightness of Greek life could be lovable only to "owls educated in the Cimmerian darkness of Anti-Christ," when his hour came, he said emphatically that such things must not be. This interdictory attitude towards alien elements becomes the important item of account when we consider the influence of Puritanism upon English life and literature. But the Puritan faith may also be considered by itself and tested on its own merits. When we adduce the Puritan earnestness and fervour, sustained with such loyalty as theirs, and amid such difficulties as they encountered, there can be no two opinions. At its best it constituted a sublimity of life sufficient to have raised them to the highest range of spiritual greatness, if they could have possessed the sincerity and the seriousness without the dogma. But these were related as cause and effect. They attained to this sincerity and seriousness simply because they had that view of life which their creed inculcated.

Tested by its own merits the earnestness of the Puritan is not the greatest possible; it is not even equal to the earnestness of the best Christianity. We might compare it with the earnestness of medieval Catholicism; with the full and sweet fervour with which Anselm bound humanity to the feet of God; or with the compassionate idealism of St. Francis; or even with the languors of the *De Imitatione*, whose half Puritanic refrain of *vanitas vanitatum* communicates the secret of spiritual consolation in its wistful pleading for sympathy; and thus comparing we should find in the Puritan's earnestness a note of something harsh and even outside the range of kind humanity. We should find the spirit of medieval Catholicism rise as far above the spirit of Puritan preaching as the *Pilgrim's Progress* falls below the *Divina Commedia* and the vision of Beatrice. But even as a Protestant movement, recoiling as it did into an extreme hatred of Popery, Puritanism has the incompleteness of all violent

reactions and its ideal appears fragmentary when set beside the Protestantism of Hooker, and Chillingworth, and Jeremy Taylor. The religion of these Anglicans included within their range of vision wide spheres of human endeavour while they sought a glimpse of the divine; that of the Puritan is only a fevered isolation.

Or we might compare the Puritan seriousness with other English seriousness of the same epoch. Soon after the English Reformation was settled and while Puritanism was just rising into strength, Spenser published his *Shepherd's Calendar* and began to write the *Fairy Queen*. A little later, when Nicholas Bound was formulating the Puritan characteristic dogma of the Sabbath, Shakespeare was writing *All's Well that Ends Well*, and was already engaged upon *Hamlet*. Later still when Puritanism like the Blatant Beast had spewed a hundred devouring and irreconcilable sects, each with its formula that could measure the universe and the soul of man, and all of them united only by their common antipathy to what is rational and what is beautiful, Lord Falkland was holding those social gatherings at Tew which amid the strife and heat of that age were like fountains of water in dry places. When the Puritans had issued victorious and were striving to bind the intellect of England in bands of iron, when they were endeavouring their utmost to bring the country to a state of spiritual destitution that would have rendered her unfit to produce a literature at all, Jeremy Taylor, true Elizabethan and poet in all but the verse, let his imagination bloom into a renewed luxuriance of the Renascence in his *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, and in his *Liberty of Prophesying* vindicated the authority of reason against Presbyterial Calvinism. If we consider the age in which the Puritans lived, the age of Spenser and Shakespeare, of Lord Falkland and Jeremy Taylor, and recollect that it was the aim of Puritanism to crush at once the Renascence and the Anglican Revival of which these men were the genuine issue; if we consider further the start which England had made in Elizabeth's time, and observe how the poetic bravery of Elizabethan life was dashed and its beauty soiled as Puritan influence became strong, we shall not lightly say that the Puritans were the right men for the right place, without first reflecting how far the need for their existence was a necessity of their own creation.

The radical mistake of the Puritan view and of every view of life which tends thitherwards lay in their divorce between spirit and sense. The difference between this and other religious views familiar to English minds, is a difference of degree rather than of kind. The mistake is a radical one; in Puritanism the error is only intensified. All the fluctuating forms of this error are only repetitions of the error made by the anchorites of the early Catholic church and uplifted in monumental absurdity on the pillar of Simeon. The poetic ideal is "to see life clearly and to see it whole." One who rendered to poetry his most profound devotion as a faith has so expressed it; and the utterance of poetry must possess moreover "the accent of high seriousness born of absolute sincerity." This was to some extent the ideal of the Hebrew bards. It was the ideal of Athens, the ideal of Shakespeare, of Goethe. It implies that view of life which has regard for the entire harmony of man's being, which without dissevering spirit from sense seeks to combine the complex and discordant elements of existence in a way that will render necessary the absolute sacrifice of no integral part. The Puritan ideal is the religious ideal intensified to a white heat. It seeks to reach the divine by debasing the human, to make the tree shoot higher by cutting off the branches. While the highest effort of poetry is never either purely sensuous or purely spiritual but that strong health which grows out of their fusion, Puritanism throws degrading epithets at the sen

suous nature and seeks victory by sacrifice and suppression. The result instead of being healthy is morbid. Even at its best Puritanism, and every such faith, is morbid. The spirit of man will not endure this divorce. The physical organism cannot be peeled off. No agony of asceticism or of religion can ever purge away the sensuous nature. The highest life is as much a life of the seen as it is of the unseen universe, and whether he be fanatic or philosopher it is only by a mutilation of his being that a man can reach the Beautiful Gates if he perpetrates this divorce between spirit and sense. Mind and body, faith and reason, thought and passion, soul, intellect, and senses are one life and not several, and the divorce which any such theory, be it religious or philosophical, introduces into the life of man, is one which nature herself never instituted, and one for which nature always takes her revenge.

The question then with which religion faces the problem is, "What will become of me when I die?" The other form is that which underlies poetry, "What is the highest meaning of this life for man?" All true literature is, as Matthew Arnold said, a criticism of life; and this is what poetry does more than other literature, far more than Puritanism or any phase of religion akin to it; it regards the problem of life in the only way in which it will now endure to be regarded. It recognizes the darkness and knows the hopelessness of groping in it by the help of fitful false gleams struck from "the everlasting flint." It looks upon the hieroglyphic, and acknowledges its impotence to interpret. It turns to the light, and finding that man's destiny is concerned more with health here than salvation hereafter, it seeks to unravel the finite ends of those threads that stretch into the infinite, and to weave them into an harmonious woof blended with shining colours of "the light that never was on sea or land." Or it catches those best swift moments of evanescent emotion, "passions caught i' the midway swim of sea," or those noblest and brightest flashes of human action, and fixes them jewelled in the human firmament. Or it transforms and recombines the wayward materials of human life, and purifying them of every element of death, presents them in immortal transfiguration.

> ——Fleet the years,
> And still the poet's page holds Helena
> At gaze from topmost Troy.

But its power and its assurance of ascendency rest always upon its truthfulness to human nature and the world in which we live. It knows that we cannot rid ourselves of this world nor of any part of ourselves; and seeking as it does instinctively the most beautiful and the most healthful life, it knows also that this life is found where no such riddance is attempted. It is ethical indeed, in the sense in which all true art is ethical, but such ethical quality is found in the presentation of results conspicuous for no marked and positive didacticism rather than in dictation of the process by which health is attained. Poetry never preaches. It recognizes the undying need that consciously or unconsciously dwells in the heart of every one of us, the need to be human. To meet this need it idealizes and harmonizes the humanity that is our favourite heritage, and ignoring the feebler distinctions that have regard for only a partial section of our being, it presents us with the satisfying fulness of a human and earthly ideal.

JOHN G. DOW.

THE MAN WHO WAS.

LET it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of western peoples instead of the most westerly of easterns that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.

Dirkovitch was a Russian—a Russian of the Russians—who appeared to get his bread by serving the Czar as an officer in a Cossack Regiment and corresponding for a Russian newspaper with a name that was never twice alike. He was a handsome young Oriental fond of wandering through unexplored portions of the earth, and he arrived in India from nowhere in particular. At least no living man could ascertain whether it was by way of Balkh, Badakshan, Chitral, Beluchistan, or Nepaul, or anywhere else. The Indian Government being in an unusually affable mood gave orders that he was to be civilly treated and shown everything that was to be seen. So he drifted, talking bad English and worse French, from one city to another till he foregathered with Her Majesty's White Hussars in the city of Peshawur which stands at the mouth of that narrow sword-cut in the hills that men call the Khyber Pass. He was undoubtedly an officer, and he was decorated after the manner of the Russians with little enamelled crosses, and he could talk, and (though this has nothing to do with his merits) he had been given up as a hopeless task, or cask, by the Black Tyrone who individually and collectively with hot whisky and honey, mulled brandy and mixed spirits of every kind had striven in all hospitality to make him drunk. And when the Black Tyrone, who are exclusively Irish, fail to disturb the peace of head of a foreigner—that foreigner is certain to be a superior man.

The White Hussars were as conscientious in choosing their wine as in charging the enemy. All that they possessed, including some wondrous brandy, was placed at the absolute disposition of Dirkovitch, and he enjoyed himself hugely—even more than among the Black Tyrones.

But he remained distressingly European through it all. The White Hussars were "My dear true friends," "Fellow-soldiers glorious" and "Brothers inseparable." He would unburden himself by the hour on the glorious future that awaited the combined arms of England and Russia when their hearts and their territories should run side by side and the great mission of civilising Asia should begin. That was unsatisfactory, because Asia is not going to be civilised after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia and she is too old. You cannot reform a lady of many lovers, and Asia has been insatiable in her flirtations aforetime. She will never attend Sunday school or learn to vote save with swords for tickets.

Dirkovitch knew this as well as any one else, but it suited him to talk special-correspondently and to make himself as genial as he could. Now and then he volunteered a little, a very little information about his own sotnia of Cossacks, left apparently to look after themselves somewhere at the back of beyond. He had done rough work in Central Asia, and had seen rather more help-yourself fighting than most men of his years. But he was careful never to betray his superiority, and more than careful to praise on

all occasions the appearance, drill, uniform, and organisation of Her Majesty's White Hussars. And indeed they were a regiment to be admired. When Mrs. Durgan, widow of the late Sir John Durgan, arrived in their station, and after a short time had been proposed to by every single man at mess, she put the public sentiment very neatly when she explained that they were all so nice that unless she could marry them all, including the colonel and some majors already married, she was not going to content herself with one hussar. Wherefore she wedded a little man in a rifle regiment, being by nature contradictious; and the White Hussars were going to wear crape on their arms, but compromised by attending the wedding in full force, and lining the aisle with unutterable reproach. She had jilted them all—from Basset-Holmer the senior captain to little Mildred the junior subaltern, who could have given her four thousand a year and a title.

The only persons who did not share the general regard for the White Hussars were a few thousand gentlemen of Jewish extraction who lived across the border, and answered to the name of Pathan. They had once met the regiment officially and for something less than twenty minutes, but the interview, which was complicated with many casualties, had filled them with prejudice. They even called the White Hussars children of the devil and sons of persons whom it would be perfectly impossible to meet in decent society. Yet they were not above making their aversion fill their money-belts. The regiment possessed carbines—beautiful Martini-Henri carbines that would lob a bullet into an enemy's camp at one thousand yards, and were even handier than the long rifle. Therefore they were coveted all along the border, and since demand inevitably breeds supply they were supplied at the risk of life and limb for exactly their weight in coined silver—seven and one half pounds weight of rupees, or sixteen pounds sterling reckoning the rupee at par. They were stolen at night by snaky-haired thieves who crawled on their stomachs under the nose of the sentries; they disappeared mysteriously from locked arm-racks, and in the hot weather when all the barrack doors and windows were open they vanished like puffs of their own smoke. The border people desired them for family vendettas and contingencies. But in the long cold nights of the northern Indian winter they were stolen most extensively. The traffic of murder was liveliest among the hills at that season, and prices ruled high. The regimental guards were first doubled and then trebled. A trooper does not much care if he loses a weapon—Government must make it good—but he deeply resents the loss of his sleep. The regiment grew very angry, and one rifle-thief bears the visible marks of their anger upon him to this hour. That incident stopped the burglaries for a time, and the guards were reduced accordingly, and the regiment devoted itself to polo with unexpected results; for it beat by two goals to one that very terrible polo corps the Lushkar Light Horse, though the latter had four ponies apiece for a short hour's fight, as well as a native officer who played like a lambent flame across the ground.

They gave a dinner to celebrate the event. The Lushkar team came, and Dirkovitch came, in the fullest full uniform of a Cossack officer, which is as full as a dressing-gown, and was introduced to the Lushkars, and opened his eyes as he regarded. They were lighter men than the Hussars and they carried themselves with the swing that is the peculiar right of the Punjab Frontier Force, and all Irregular Horse. Like everything else in the service it has to be learnt, but, unlike many things, it is never forgotten, and remains on the body till death.

The great beam-roofed mess-room of the White Hussars was a sight to be

remembered. All the mess plate was out on the long table—the same table that had served up the bodies of five officers after a forgotten fight long and long ago—the dingy, battered standards faced the door of entrance, clumps of winter-roses lay between the silver candlesticks, and the portraits of eminent officers deceased looked down on their successors from between the heads of sambhur, nilghai, markhor, and, pride of all the mess, two grinning snow-leopards that had cost Basset-Holmer four months' leave that he might have spent in England, instead of on the road to Thibet and the daily risk of his life by ledge, snow-slide and grassy slope.

The servants in spotless white muslin and the crest of their regiments on the brow of their turbans waited behind their masters, who were clad in the scarlet and gold of the White Hussars, and the cream and silver of the Lushkar Light Horse. Dirkovitch's dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big onyx eyes made up for it. He was fraternising effusively with the captain of the Lushkar team, who was wondering how many of Dirkovitch's Cossacks his own long lathy down-countrymen could account for in a fair charge. But one does not speak of these things openly.

The talk rose higher and higher, and the regimental band played between the courses, as is the immemorial custom, till all tongues ceased for a moment with the removal of the dinner-slips and the first toast of obligation, when the colonel rising said, "Mr. Vice, the Queen," and little Mildred from the bottom of the table answered, "The Queen, God bless her," and the big spurs clanked as the big men heaved themselves up and drank the Queen upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to settle their mess-bills. That sacrament of the mess never grows old, and never ceases to bring a lump into the throat of the listener wherever he be by sea or by land. Dirkovitch rose with his "brothers glorious" but he could not understand. No one but an officer can tell what the toast means; and the bulk have more sentiment than comprehension. Immediately after the little silence that follows on the ceremony there entered the native officer who had played for the Lushkar Team. He could not of course eat with the mess, but he came in at dessert, all six feet of him, with the blue and silver turban atop, and the big black boots below. The mess rose joyously as he thrust forward the hilt of his sabre in token of fealty for the colonel of the White Hussars to touch, and dropped into a vacant chair amid shouts of:—"*Rung ho*, Hira Singh!" (which being translated means "Go in and win"). "Did I whack you over the knee, old man?" "Ressaidar Sahib, what the devil made you play that kicking pig of a pony in the last ten minutes?" "*Shabash*, Ressaidar Sahib!" Then the voice of the colonel, "The health of Ressaidar Hira Singh!"

After the shouting had died away Hira Singh rose to reply, for he was the cadet of a royal house, the son of a king's son, and knew what was due on these occasions. Thus he spoke in the vernacular. "Colonel Sahib and officers of this regiment. Much honour have you done me. This will I remember. We came down from afar to play you. But we were beaten" ("No fault of yours, Ressaidar Sahib. Played on our own ground y' know. Your ponies were cramped from the railway. Don't apologise!") "Therefore perhaps we will come again if it be so ordained." ("Hear! Hear! Hear, indeed! Bravo! Hsh!") "Then we will play you afresh" ("Happy to meet you.") "till there are left no feet upon our ponies. Thus far for sport." He dropped one hand on his sword-hilt and his eye wandered to Dirkovitch lolling back in his chair. "But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo game then be assured, Colonel Sahib and officers, that we will play it out

side by side, though *they*," again his eye sought Dirkovitch, "though *they* I say have fifty ponies to our one horse." And with a deep-mouthed *Rung ho!* that sounded like a musket butt on flagstones he sat down amid leaping glasses.

Dirkovitch who had devoted himself steadily to the brandy—the terrible brandy aforementioned—did not understand, nor did the expurgated translations offered to him at all convey the point. Decidedly Hira Singh's was the speech of the evening, and the clamour might have continued to the dawn had it not been broken by the noise of a shot without that sent every man feeling at his defenceless left side. Then there was a scuffle and a yell of pain.

"Carbine-stealing again!" said the adjutant, calmly sinking back in his chair. "This comes of reducing the guards. I hope the sentries have killed him."

The feet of armed men pounded on the verandah flags, and it was as though something was being dragged.

"Why don't they put him in the cells till the morning?" said the colonel testily. "See, if they've damaged him, sergeant."

The mess sergeant fled out into the darkness and returned with two troopers and a corporal, all very much perplexed.

"'Caught a man stealin' carbines, sir," said the corporal. "Leastways 'e was crawlin' towards the barricks, sir, past the main road sentries, an' the sentry 'e sez, sir ——"

The limp heap of rags upheld by the three men groaned. Never was seen so destitute and demoralized an Afghan. He was turbanless, shoeless, caked with dirt, and all but dead with rough handling. Hira Singh started slightly at the sound of the man's pain. Dirkovitch took another glass of brandy.

"*What* does the sentry say?" said the colonel.

"Sez 'e speaks English, sir," said he corporal.

"So you brought him into mess instead of handing him over to the sergeant! If he spoke all the tongues of the Pentecost you've no business——"

Again the bundle groaned and muttered. Little Mildred had risen from his place to inspect. He jumped back as though he had been shot.

"Perhaps it would be better, sir, to send the men away," said he to the colonel, for he was a much privileged subaltern. He put his arms round the rag-bound horror as he spoke, and dropped him into a chair. It may not have been explained that the littleness of Mildred lay in his being six feet four and big in proportion. The corporal seeing that an officer was disposed to look after the capture, and that the colonel's eye was beginning to blaze, promptly removed himself and his men. The mess was left alone with the carbine-thief who laid his head on the table and wept bitterly, hopelessly, and inconsolably, as little children weep.

Hira Singh leapt to his feet. "Colonel Sahib," said he, "That man is no Afghan for they weep *Ai! Ai!* Nor is he of Hindustan, for they weep *Oh! Ho!* He weeps after the fashion of the white men who say *Ow! Ow!*"

"Now where the dickens did you get that knowledge, Hira Singh?" said the captain of the Lushkar team.

"Hear him!" said Hira Singh, simply, pointing at the crumpled figure that wept as though it would never cease.

"He said, 'My God!'" said little Mildred. "I heard him say it."

The colonel and the mess-room looked at the man in silence. It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man must cry from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces.

"Poor devil!" said the colonel coughing tremendously. "We ought to send him to hospital. He's been man-handled."

Now the adjutant loved his carbines. They were to him as his grandchildren.

the men standing in the first place. He grunted rebelliously: "I can understand an Afghan stealing because he's built that way. But I can't understand his crying. That makes it worse."

The brandy must have affected Dirkovitch for he lay back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. There was nothing special in the ceiling beyond a shadow as of a huge black coffin. Owing to some peculiarity in the construction of the mess-room this shadow was always thrown when the candles were lighted. It never disturbed the digestion of the White Hussars. They were in fact rather proud of it.

"Is he going to cry all night?" said the colonel, "or are we supposed to sit up with little Mildred's guest until he feels better?"

The man in the chair threw up his head and stared at the mess. "Oh, my God!" he said, and every soul in the mess rose to his feet. Then the Lushkar captain did a deed for which he ought to have been given the Victoria Cross —distinguished gallantry in a fight against overwhelming curiosity. He picked up his team with his eyes as the hostess picks up the ladies at the opportune moment, and pausing only by the colonel's chair to say, "This isn't *our* affair, you know, sir," led them into the verandah and the gardens. Hira Singh was the last to go and he looked at Dirkovitch. But Dirkovitch had departed into a brandy-paradise of his own. His lips moved without sound and he was studying the coffin on the ceiling.

"White — white all over," said Basset-Holmer, the adjutant. "What a pernicious renegade he must be! I wonder where he came from?"

The colonel shook the man gently by the arm, and "Who are you?" said he.

There was no answer. The man stared round the mess-room and smiled in the colonel's face. Little Mildred, who was always more of a woman than a man till "Boot and saddle" was sounded, repeated the question in a voice that would have drawn confidences from a geyser. The man only smiled. Dirkovitch at the far end of the table slid gently from his chair to the floor. No son of Adam in this present imperfect world can mix the Hussars' champagne with the Hussars, brandy by five and eight glasses of each without remembering the pit whence he was digged and descending thither. The band began to play the tune with which the White Hussars from the date of their formation have concluded all their functions. They would sooner be disbanded than abandon that tune; it is a part of their system. The man straightened himself in his chair and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I don't see why we should entertain lunatics," said the colonel. "Call a guard and send him off to the cells. We'll look into the business in the morning. Give him a glass of wine first though."

Little Mildred filled a sherry-glass with the brandy and thrust it over to the man. He drank, and the tune rose louder, and he straightened himself yet more. Then he put out his long-taloned hands to a piece of plate opposite and fingered it lovingly. There was a mystery connected with that piece of plate, in the shape of a spring which converted what was a seven branched candlestick, three springs on each side and one in the middle, into a sort of wheel-spoke candelabrum. He found the spring, pressed it, and laughed weakly. He rose from his chair and inspected a picture on the wall, then moved on to another picture the mess watching him without a word. When he came to the mantelpiece he shook his head and seemed distressed. A piece of plate representing a mounted hussar in full uniform caught his eye. He pointed to it, and then to the mantelpiece with inquiry in his eyes.

"What is it—Oh what is it?" said little Mildred. Then as a mother might speak to a child, "That is a horse. Yes, a horse."

Very slowly came the answer in a thick, passionless gutteral—"Yes, I-have seen. But—where is *the* horse

You could have heard the hearts of the mess beating as the men drew back to give the stranger full room in his wanderings. There was no question of calling the guard.

Again he spoke — very slowly, "Where is *our* horse?"

There is but one horse in the White Hussars and his portrait hangs outside the door of the mess room. He is the piebald drum-horse, the king of the regimental band, that served the regiment for seven-and-thirty years, and in the end was shot for old age. Half the mess tore the thing down from its place and thrust it into the man's hands. He placed it above the mantelpiece, it clattered on the ledge as his poor hands dropped it, and he staggered towards the bottom of the table falling into Mildred's chair. Then all the men spoke to one another something after this fashion, "The drum-horse hasn't hung over the mantelpiece since '67." "How does he know?" "Mildred go and speak to him again." "Colonel, what are you going to do?" "Oh, dry up, and give the poor devil a chance to pull himself together." "It isn't possible anyhow. The man's a lunatic."

Little Mildred stood at the colonel's side talking in his ear. "Will you be good enough to take your seats please, gentlemen!" he said, and the mess dropped into the chairs. Only Dirkovitch's seat, next to little Mildred's, was blank, and little Mildred himself had found Hira Singh's place. The wide-eyed mess-sergeant filled the glasses in dead silence. Once more the colonel rose, but his hand shook, and the port spilled on the table as he looked straight at the man in little Mildred's chair and said hoarsely, "Mr. Vice, the Queen." There was a little pause, but the man sprung to his feet and answered without hesitation, "The Queen, God bless her!" and as he emptied the thin glass he snapped the shank between his fingers.

Long and long ago, when the Empress of India was a young woman and there were no unclean ideals in the land, it was the custom of a few messes to drink the Queen's toast in broken glass, to the huge delight of the mess contractors. The custom is now dead because there is nothing to break anything for, except now and again the word of a Government, and that has been broken already.

"That settles it," said the colonel, with a gasp. "He's not a sergeant. What in the world is he?"

The entire mess echoed the word, and the volley of questions would have scared any man. Small wonder that the ragged, filthy invader could only smile and shake his head.

From under the table, calm and smiling, rose Dirkovitch who had been roused from healthful slumber by feet upon his body. By the side of the man he rose, and the man shrieked and grovelled. It was a horrible sight coming so swiftly upon the pride and glory of the toast that had brought the strayed wits together.

Dirkovitch made no offer to raise him, but little Mildred heaved him up in an instant. It is not good that a gentleman who can answer to the Queen's toast should lie at the feet of a subaltern of Cossacks.

The hasty action tore the wretch's upper clothing nearly to the waist, and his body was seamed with dry black scars. There is only one weapon in the world that cuts in parallel lines, and it is neither the cane nor the cat. Dirkovitch saw the marks and the pupils of his eyes dilated. Also his face changed. He said something that sounded like *Shto ve takete*, and the man fawning answered, *Chetvre*.

"What's that?" said everybody together.

"His number. That is number four, you know," Dirkovitch spoke very thickly.

"What has a Queen's officer to do with a qualified number?" said the Colonel, and there was an unpleasant growl round the table.

"How can I tell?" said the affable Oriental with a sweet smile. "He is a—how you have it?—escape—run-a-

way, from over there." He nodded towards the darkness of the night.

"Speak to him if he'll answer you, and speak to him gently," said little Mildred settling the man in a chair. It seemed most improper to all present that Dirkovitch should sip brandy as he talked in purring, spitting Russian to the creature who answered so feebly and with such evident dread. But since Dirkovitch appeared to understand no one said a word. They breathed heavily, leaning forward, in the long gaps of the conversation. The next time that they have no engagements on hand the White Hussars intend to go to St. Petersburg in a body to learn Russian.

"He does not know how many years ago," said Dirkovitch facing the mess, "but he says it was very long ago in a war. I think that there was an accident. He says he was of this glorious and distinguished regiment in the war."

"The rolls! The rolls! Holmer get the rolls!" said little Mildred, and the adjutant dashed off bare-headed to the orderly-room where the muster-rolls of the regiment were kept. He returned just in time to hear Dirkovitch conclude, "Therefore, my dear friends, I am most sorry to say there was an accident which would have been reparable if he had apologised to that our colonel, which he had insulted."

Then followed another growl which the colonel tried to beat down. The mess was in no mood just then to weigh insults to Russian colonels.

"He does not remember, but I think that there was an accident, and so he was not exchanged among the prisoners, but he was sent to another place—how do you say?—the country. *So*, he says, he came here. He does not know how he came. Eh? He was at Chepany"—the man caught the word, nodded and shivered—"at Zhigansk and Irkutsk. I cannot understand how he escaped. He says, too, that he was in the forests for many years, but how many years he has forgotten—that with many things. It was an accident; done because he did not apologise to that our colonel. Ah!"

Instead of echoing Dirkovitch's sigh of regret, it is sad to record that the White Hussars livelily exhibited un-Christian delight and other emotions, hardly restrained by their sense of hospitality. Holmer flung the frayed and yellow regimental rolls on the table, and the men flung themselves a-top of these.

"Steady! Fifty-six—fifty-five—fifty-four," said Holmer. "Here we are. 'Lieutenant Austin Limmason. *Missing.*' That was before Sebastopol. What an infernal shame! Insulted one of their colonels, and was quietly shipped off. Thirty years of his life wiped out."

"But he never apologised. Said he'd see him d——d first," chorused the mess.

"Poor chap! I suppose he never had the chance afterwards. How did he come here?" said the colonel.

The dingy heap in the chair could give no answer.

"Do you know who you are?"

It laughed weakly.

"Do you know that you are Limmason—Lieutenant Limmason of the White Hussars?"

Swiftly as a shot came the answer, in a slightly surprised tone, "Yes, I'm Limmason, of course." The light died out in his eyes, and he collapsed afresh, watching every motion of Dirkovitch with terror. A flight from Siberia may fix a few elementary facts in the mind, but it does not seem to lead to continuity of thought. The man could not explain how, like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his own old mess again. Of what he had suffered or seen he knew nothing. He cringed before Dirkovitch as instinctively as he had pressed the spring of the candlestick, sought the picture of the drum-horse, and answered to the toast of the Queen. The rest was a blank that the dreaded Russian tongue could only in part remove. His head bowed on his breast, and he giggled and cowered alternately.

The devil that lived in the brandy prompted Dirkovitch at this extremely inopportune moment to make a speech. He rose, swaying slightly, gripped the table-edge, while his eyes glowed like opals, and began:

"Fellow-soldiers glorious — true friends and hospitables. It was an accident, and deplorable—most deplorable." Here he smiled sweetly all round the mess. "But you will think of this little, little thing. So little, is it not? The Czar! Posh! I slap my fingers—I snap my fingers at him. Do I believe in him? No! But in us Slav who has done nothing, *him* I believe. Seventy—how much—millions peoples that have done nothing—not one thing. Posh! Napoleon was an episode." He banged a hand on the table. "Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world—out here. All our work is to do; and it shall be done, old peoples. Get a-way!" He waved his hand imperiously, and pointed to the man. "You see him. He is not good to see. He was just one little—oh, so little—accident, that no one remembered. Now he is *That*. So will you be, brother soldiers so brave—so will you be. But you will never come back. You will all go where he is gone, or"—he pointed to the great coffin-shadow on the ceiling, and muttering, "Seventy millions—get a-way, you old peoples," fell asleep.

"Sweet, and to the point," said Little Mildred. "What's the use of getting wroth? Let's make this poor devil comfortable."

But that was a matter suddenly and swiftly taken from the loving hands of the White Hussars. The lieutenant had returned only to go away again three days later, when the wail of the Dead March, and the tramp of the squadrons, told the wondering Station who saw no gap in the mess-table, that an officer of the regiment had resigned his new-found commission.

And Dirkovitch, bland, supple, and always genial, went away too by a night-train. Little Mildred and another man saw him off, for he was the guest of the mess, and even had he smitten the colonel with the open hand, the law of that mess allowed no relaxation of hospitality.

"Good-bye, Dirkovitch, and a pleasant journey," said little Mildred.

"*Au revoir*," said the Russian.

"Indeed! But we thought you were going home?"

"Yes, but I will come again. My dear friends, is that road shut?" He pointed to where the north star burned over the Khyber Pass.

"By Jove! I forgot. Of course. Happy to meet you, old man, any time you like. Got everything you want? Cheroots, ice, bedding? That's all right. Well, *au revoir*, Dirkovitch."

"Um," said the other man, as the tail-lights of the train grew small. "Of—all—the—unmitigated ——!"

Little Mildred answered nothing, but watched the north star and hummed a selection from a recent Simla burlesque that had much delighted the White Hussars. It ran:

> I'm sorry for Mister Bluebeard,
> I'm sorry to cause him pain;
> But a terrible spree there's sure to be
> When he comes back again.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

INSIDE THE HOUSE.

BY A SPECTATOR.

FIVE weeks of the session have passed away. We are within a fortnight of the Easter holidays. No work has yet been done. It is true that the work of Parliament ought not to be estimated merely by the record of the bills which have been passed, or by the amount of money that has been voted. The House of Commons is the great arena of national discussion, and the jostling together of antagonistic views that there takes place, and the keen criticism to which the party system subjects every act and speech of our leading statesmen, are often eminently fruitful of good results, though no immediate legislation be the consequence. A good debate in Parliament clears the air. In these days Parliament has not, as it had practically in former times, a monopoly of the business of national discussion. In the press and the platform keen competitors in this field have arisen. But it is in Parliament alone that opposing statesmen meet each other face to face. There platitudes, which are good enough for packed public meetings, have to be abandoned for exhortations and arguments which the orator knows well will be dissected the very moment he sits down by some opponent who possesses as much knowledge and skill as himself. It is there that statesmen disclose to the public the true stuff of which they are made, that reputations are won and lost, and that the beginnings of fresh parties and new combinations are first disclosed.

Early in January and shortly before Parliament met, Mr. Goschen addressing his constituents rejoiced at the approach of a session which, however much it would increase the personal labours of himself and his colleagues, would yet force their opponents to formulate in plain language any charges they had to bring. He was speaking of certain whispered suggestions of gross misconduct on the part of Government, which Mr. Labouchere professed would, when made fully public, cover the Ministry with the disgrace of having tampered in the interest of criminals with the due administration of the criminal law. One night of the House of Commons blew these malignant slanders into the air. Mr. Labouchere's case was no sooner stated than it was refuted; and the interest of the evening consisted less in the disclosures which Mr. Labouchere had to make than in the suspension of the honourable member himself for a week from the service of the House for disregarding the authority of the Chair. The Chairman of Committees holds that it is contrary to order to give the lie (in effect) to a member of the House of Lords; and Mr. Labouchere had done this to Lord Salisbury. Now, if there is one man in the House of Commons who on every occasion knows his own mind, it is Mr. Courtney, the Chairman of Committees. It is admitted that a member must not, in debate, give the lie to another member, and the Chairman declares that Parliamentary usage extends the same courtesy to members of the other branch of the legislature. Accordingly he promptly requires Mr. Labouchere to withdraw the objectionable words. The latter, somewhat to the amusement of the House, declares that "his conscience" prevents his obeying the Chairman's ruling, and he repeats the offence. "Then I name you, Mr. Henry Labouchere for disregarding the authority of the Chair," and the

other steps are rapidly taken which entail the banishment for a whole week from the House of Commons of its brightest ornament below the gangway. Mr. Labouchere might of course, had he so chosen, by a single word of explanation, have put himself in order, have escaped suspension, and yet have maintained his own view of the case. For Mr. Labouchere, however, suspension has few terrors. With the rowdy element, in Northampton and in the country, increased popularity is to be won by an ostentatious resistance to every form of authority, and no doubt Mr. Labouchere has his reward. Mr. Conybeare has found himself a popular hero in Cornwall from the frequency with which he used to hurl defiance against the tyranny of the Chair. That which has made Mr. Conybeare intolerable and ridiculous at Westminster, has made him a hero in the eyes of his constituents in distant Cornwall. Unfortunately on the present occasion the offender against order is something more than an ordinary independent member. It is useless to pretend that Mr. Labouchere, whom till the present Parliament was elected no one dreamed of taking seriously, is not now to some extent the leader of a party, one of those chiefs upon whom by force of circumstances Mr. Gladstone is compelled to lean. Indeed were a Home Rule cabinet to come into power to-morrow, most men (with the exception probably of Mr. Gladstone's late colleagues) believe that Mr. Labouchere would take his place within the charmed circle; for assuredly there are not more than two men amongst Mr. Gladstone's friends on the front Opposition bench who exercise greater power over the Gladstonian party either in Parliament or outside. It is a most singular circumstance that Mr. Labouchere should have attained his present position. He possesses great cleverness, and a keen eye for the weak spots in the case of his opponents. Absolutely incapable of making a great speech, he generally makes a clever, and almost always an amusing one. Yet it is often very evident that the House, though pleased at the temporary relief afforded from the monotonous tedium of the bores, at heart resents being treated as if the end and object of the House of Commons were to provide a stage on which the senior member for Northampton may play his antics and cut his jokes. Amongst his friends Mr. Labouchere disarms criticism by the perfect frankness with which he disclaims all seriousness Till quite lately Gladstonian leaders, though very willing to receive his assistance in Parliament, were not often found beside him on the platform. This coyness on their part is, however, passing away, and his receptions in the country at public meetings, and the countenance he has lately received on these occasions from men of high position in the party of Mr. Gladstone, indicate the rapid advance he has made towards high rank in the Home Rule army. There is something almost grotesque in the fact that the Radical member, whose name, more than that of any other member of Parliament of the day, is associated with the most advanced radical and democratic cause, should be the editor of a newspaper whose special province it is weekly to record all the tittle-tattle of the West End, and to which the sayings and doings, visitings and journeyings of princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, earls and countesses, are of the most supreme importance. It is of course essential that a social newspaper should grovel to "Society." Mr. Gladstone, has, moreover, so much earnestness in his character, that perhaps it is useful that his lieutenants should be conspicuous for other and lighter qualities. Nevertheless, the public cannot forbear smiling when it reflects that the rampant Radical of politics in Parliament is also the editor of *Truth*.

The relations that exist between the orthodox leaders of the Opposition in

the present House of Commons, and those who sit on the same side of the House below the gangway, are in many respects full of interest. In old days the "Radicals below the gangway" were a sturdy body of men very much in earnest, with whom a man of the temperament of Mr. Labouchere would never have acquired influence. Nowadays two-thirds of the seats in that part of the House are occupied by the followers of Mr. Parnell, mostly, of course, Roman Catholics. Yet Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Gladstone's successor, can never hope for a working Parliamentary majority, unless he can entirely rely both upon the party of Mr. Labouchere (cleverly nicknamed Jacobyns by Mr. Goschen, after Mr. Jacoby, Mr. Labouchere's whip) and the party of Mr. Parnell. A difficulty, and one perhaps pregnant with future consequences, arose, even before the debate on the Address had come to an end. The Gladstonian party was showing its zeal in the cause of free education, by pressing against the Government an amendment to the Address. Almost all Liberals are now in favour of relieving parents from the burden of paying for the schooling of children whom the State compels them to educate. But if the public undertake the pecuniary burden, should it not also control the management of the schools? The Radicals have always been and still are opposed to the denominational system of education. The Roman Catholics, on the contrary, here and all over the world, insist upon having their children separately educated in their own schools under the control of the Roman Catholic Church. If free education is adopted, what will happen to the voluntary schools? The great body of the voluntary schools are, in fact, Church of England schools, subject of course, like all state-aided schools, to "a conscience clause." If the education in these, and the Roman Catholic and other voluntary schools, is to be "freed" at the expense of the nation, is it nevertheless right and wise to leave their whole management to the several denominations? The English Radicals say, No! There must be some representation of the public interest upon every board of school managers. Mr. Gladstone is absent, and Mr. Morley is for the moment leading the Opposition; and he knows well that unless he can lead both English Radicals and Irish Parnellites with him into the lobby, the division will cover himself and his friends with ridicule. In a rash moment, in order to avoid an imminent and most pressing difficulty, Mr. Morley took a course which will probably prepare for himself much future trouble. He secured the Parnellite vote on that occasion by promising to leave to denominational control the schools of such religious bodies as the Roman Catholics and the Jews, while freeing their education; and he kept for the moment the support of the English Radicals by declaring that the same treatment was not to be extended to the schools of the Church of England, where some sort of State control would have to be introduced. The latter schools and these only were intended, according to Mr. Morley, for the general public.

This threatened inequality of treatment has startled the public not a little. And the proposal to endow with State funds the Roman Catholic schools, and to give up their entire management to the Roman Catholic Church, is of a nature to revolt the consciences of a large number of Mr. Morley's followers in the country. For the moment, however, his tactics were successful, and the whole of his ill-assorted following supported him in the lobby. Mr. Chamberlain has an eye for a weak place in his opponent's armour, as well as a liking for the equal treatment of rival religions. He has called public attention so pointedly to the peculiarity of Mr. Morley's position, that the burning zeal of Gladstonians for the discussion of free education has become somewhat cooled, and the subject will stand

over till the arrival of that dim and distant future known in the House of Commons as "after Easter."

According to the Opposition orators of the Recess, the present Session was to disclose a deliberate and hideous plot on the part of *The Times*, the Government, and certain eminent Unionists, to ruin by false charges the fair fame of their political opponents. The tables were to be turned, and the charge of conspiracy was to be pressed against those who had made it. Upon the publication of the report of the three judges on the "charges and allegations" of *The Times*, Gladstonians and Parnellites began to assume a less aggressive attitude. On the question of the conduct of the Parnellite members, politicians had of course, unfortunately, long taken sides, and the opinion of the country has in all probability hardly been affected one way or the other by all the speeches that have been delivered during seven days' debate in the House of Commons. The debate has not been one of those which clears the air. But the Blue-book which contains the report of the judges will remain long after it has ceased to be made use of for the mere party purpose of the moment, a most important State Paper, recording in calm and weighty language the history of a remarkable political organization. It is written with singular impartiality and moderation, and it conclusively establishes the truth of certain hitherto much disputed facts, which will not soon fade from the memory of the British people. Mr. Smith, in moving the adoption of the report, rightly made use of studiously moderate language; yet he hardly appeared to appreciate adequately the gravity of the judges' deliverance and the great importance to the nation that it should realise fully the true character of an organization which claimed to be a constitutional political movemeent.

As between Mr. Parnell and *The Times*, the question of the authenticity of the famous letters was of the greatest importance. The judges had found that the letters were forgeries, that *The Times* had been defrauded, and that Mr. Parnell had been calumniated. This is, however, a matter of only secondary and temporary interest to the nation. It is, on the other hand, of great and lasting importance that the objects of the Irish Home Rule Party should be understood, and that the means by which they have tried to advance those objects should be understood also. Never in the history of this country, in constitutional times, has so heavy an indictment been laid and proved against a political party. The object of Mr. Davitt and Mr. Dillon, and of half-a-dozen others, the leading spirits of the Land League and now members of Parliament, in establishing and maintaining that organization, was "by its means to bring about the absolute independence of Ireland as a separate nation." The means employed by these gentlemen and by other members of the Land League were in the first place the establishment in Ireland of "a system of intimidation of a most severe and cruel character." "An elaborate and all pervading tyranny" it is called elsewhere, by which the Irish landlords, who were described as the English garrison, were to be driven out of the country. Secondly, by circulating newspapers whose advocacy of a policy of dynamite and whose occasional praises of assassination were a disgrace to civilization. Thirdly, by obtaining the assistance of the Irish National League of America, a body completely controlled by the infamous Clan-na-Gael. In 1886 and 1887 there was paid to the Parnellite members of the House of Commons by the enemies of England in America a sum of 18,000*l.*, and the judges declared that in order to obtain the assistance of the most violent section of the American Irish, Mr. Parnell and his friends had abstained from repudiating or condemning the action of the Physical

Force party, including this very Clanna-Gael. Mr. Bright, then, had spoken merely the simple truth, when three years ago he declared "that Mr. Parnell's right hand clasped the hand of Mr. Gladstone on this side of the Atlantic, whilst with the other he maintained a fraternal greeting with the gang in New York by whom outrage and murder were deemed patriotism in Ireland, and who collected the funds out of which more than half the Irish party received their pay."

As Mr. Smith resumes his seat, Mr. Gladstone, amidst the ringing cheers of the Parnellites, and the less noisy demonstrations of his English followers, springs to his feet. To a bad speaker with a good case, succeeded the greatest orator in England with almost no case at all. He invited the House of Commons to disregard the whole of the Report, *with the exception* of that part which dealt with the forged letters, and to record in heated language its condemnation of the flagrant inquity of that particular "allegation." Mr. Gladstone, in a crowded House, spoke with extraordinary rhetorical power. It was evident that at times he was under the influence of intense passion. No one who reads his language in the newspapers, given though it is verbatim, can form an idea of the impression that such a speech produces, for the moment at least, upon those who hear him. The intensity of his earnestness, the impossibility of doubting the sincerity of the feeling which for the time animates him, are felt even by his strongest opponents; though these opponents are evidently in the view of the orator himself, wicked men rather than mistaken ones. All this distinguishes his speaking from that of every other public man of the present day. Mr. Gladstone at eighty is still *the* orator of the House of Commons. There is no one who can be named as second to him. He stands alone. Yet it is neither wise nor right that men should surrender their individual judgments to the absolute sway of even the most splendid rhetoric. And, alas! the great speech when subjected to calm reasoning breaks down. Then, the quiet language of the judges is weighed in the scales against the passionate utterances of the party leader, and the latter kick the beam. *The Times* newspaper may be denounced; but what then? Doubtless parliamentary leaders, in the days of the Long Parliament, did deeds it is impossible to justify; but what then? Can we look upon the misdeeds of great men in the most trying periods in our history as precedents to justify modern conspiracy against the unity of the nation, or to excuse the recourse of the Parnellites to the methods condemned by the judges? And even Home Rulers could not but call to mind that Mr. Gladstone, the leader of the Opposition, was excusing the very men, and palliating the very crimes that Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister, had most sternly condemned.

The debate afterwards languished, at times becoming intolerably dreary. Members, perhaps because many of them were gentlemen who had been professionally engaged as lawyers before the Commission, *would* go behind the Report of the judges, and themselves attempt to re-try the case. It is known that Sir Henry James had been anxious that he and all the other counsel in the case should abstain altogether from joining in the debate. Had his wishes prevailed, the House would have been saved many speeches which would have been appropriate enough had the learned members been moving a court of law for a new trial, but which were quite irrelevant to the real issue before the House of Commons. It was inevitable perhaps that Mr. Reid, Q.C., considering his position, should take a different view from the Commissioners as to the non-production by his clients of the Land League books. The boycotting system, so sharply condemned by the judges, appeared to

him no more than the ordinary practice of the Primrose League! Mr. Asquith, Q.C., spoke of the Clan-na-Gael as a "friendly society"! and Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., abounded in argument to prove that the findings of the Commissioners were against the weight of evidence! Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., was "unable to affirm" (from his independent standpoint forsooth!) "that the three judges were "free from prepossessions and prejudices, or were capable of dealing judicially with many of the questions that arose in the course of the inquiry." It had almost bordered on the ludicrous when in the earlier part of the debate, Mr. Gladstone, himself at times almost in a whirlwind of passion, more than suggested that the judges could not form a calm judicial judgment upon the facts before them. "A right temper and disposition and honour and good faith," he had declared, "do not expel from the human mind and from human action all the effects of prepossession." But now we have the very counsel in the cause posing as superior in impartiality to the judges who have decided against them! And of course they could not help regarding the interest of their clients as against *The Times* as of infinitely greater importance than the proper appreciation by the public of the character, objects, and methods of Mr. Parnell's party, which it is in truth the essential merit of the Report to have disclosed. This it was that gave an unfortunate tendency to the whole debate, the tone of which further suffered from the occasional personal asperity and warmth of feeling between opposing counsel which had much better have been left behind them in court. The Report is the result of an impartial inquiry into matters of supreme national importance; it is a gross error to treat it merely as the judgment of a court of law in the private lawsuit of Parnell *v. The Times.*

The speeches of Sir Charles Russell and of Sir Henry James were however worthy of their great position at the bar. The latter took part in the debate with reluctance; yet the speech which he delivered was one which the House of Commons would not willingly have missed. Mr. Gladstone had declared that Irish outrages between 1880-82, "were the outcome of the contest between liberty and tyranny." "If so," said Sir Henry James turning to the Irish benches, "who were the oppressed? Was it the members of the Land League who at this time had set all lawful authority at defiance, and had the virtual control of the lives and property of the tenants of Ireland?" Then turning to Mr. Gladstone beside him he asked "and who were the tyrants? If the oppressed were sitting there below the gangway, the tyrants were those who are now sitting here on the front Opposition bench."

Curiosity and perhaps even a little anxiety was aroused on the same evening, the fifth evening of the debate, when Mr. Jennings, the member for Stockport, gave notice of his intention to add to Mr. Smith's motion a few words conveying the censure of the House upon the conduct of those responsible for the accusation connected with the forged letters; for Mr. Jennings is universally recognized as a devoted follower of Lord Randolph Churchill. The Government had again and again declared its wish to adopt the Report of the Commissioners "without note or comment." If censure was to be inflicted upon those found guilty under one charge, clearly it must be inflicted also upon those found guilty under other charges. The late Conservative leader of the House of Commons, it appears, intends to oppose a Conservative Ministry. Two or three Liberal Unionists are believed to disapprove the policy of the Government with regard to the Report of the Parnell Commision. Is there any chance that the House as a whole will leave the Government in a

minority and so produce a Ministerial crisis?

For these reasons the attention of the House is less occupied on Monday by the speeches, though among them was one of great force from Mr. Balfour, and by the division on Mr. Gladstone's amendment, than in speculating what the next day might produce.

Lord Randolph Churchill's importance as a statesman it is difficult to estimate. He first became known to the public, as the leader of the "Fourth Party," that little band of four members, who in the Parliament of 1880-1885 distinguished themselves no less by the persistency and recklessness of their opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Government, than by their defiance of the authority of Sir Stafford Northcote and the Conservative leaders: on occasions when the latter were restrained, by a sense of responsibility to the higher interests of the country, from making political capital out of party attacks. It is not easy to say what were, or what are, the political principles of Lord Randolph Churchill. In June, 1885, he was to all appearance acting in close co-operation with the followers of Mr. Parnell. Mr. Gladstone's ministry fell, and the Free Lance below the gangway becomes at once Secretary of State for India in the first cabinet of Lord Salisbury. On Lord Salisbury's return to power at the beginning of the existing Parliament, Lord Randolph steps on to the stage as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, but before the end of the year (1886), he has thrown the Government into confusion by resigning office, on the ground of his unappreciated and unsupported efforts to guard the public purse in the cause of national economy. Since then he has played the part of an independent member, and though professing attachment to the party of the Union, he has on several occasions shown very little love for the Unionist Government. He is a ready and brilliant debater; he is never afraid to stand alone, and he possesses in a very singular degree the "ear of the country." These qualities necessarily give power, unless they are neutralized by very serious defects. Lord Randolph Churchill, in office or out of it, has yet to show that he can work with other men. Politicians may admire him, may fear him; but they do not trust him. The public may throng to hear his speeches, may cheer them to the echo; but is there one amongst his hearers who comes away believing "that all the ends he aims at are his country's," and that in the trying times that are before us his accession to any government would give it increased claim to the confidence and support of the people? When the ex-Leader of the House rose on the seventh evening of the debate from his accustomed corner-seat above the gangway, all ears were strained towards him. His attitude was one of declared hostility to the Government. They had discarded the ordinary law courts of the land. They had erected an unconstitutional tribunal composed of their own nominees, before which they had dragged their political opponents. His speech was of course welcomed by Parnellites and Gladstonians with repeated cheers. "At what is he driving?" members on his own side ask. "Only a few weeks ago he was reproaching Mr. Bradlaugh with the Conservative prejudice that rendered him an opponent of the 'Eight Hours Bill'! He is now using the language of Sir William Harcourt! Is the late leader of the Conservatives going to break altogether with his own party, and attach to himself new friends?" Mr. Jennings, at all events, was staggered. He refused to move an amendment that had been made use of by Lord Randolph as the pretext of a speech which, he declared, was nothing less than "a stab in the back" to Lord Salisbury's Government. His place was taken by Mr.

Caine, who found a seconder in the Gladstonian member for Ilkeston (Sir B. W. Foster). After a vehement fighting speech from Mr. Goschen, which greatly stirred the House, and a reply from Mr. Morley, members filed into their respective lobbies and it was discovered that only one Conservative had followed the lead of Lord Randolph Churchill. By the abstention, however, of several members, the majority of the previous evening of seventy-one for Government was reduced to a majority of sixty-two.

Mr. Parnell, though his character has suffered severely from the findings of the Commissioners, did not address the House. Indeed, he can scarcely be said to have attended the debate, though he voted in both divisions.

So ends the debate on the Parnell Commission. The Blue Book remains: and assuredly it deserves the careful examination of all who wish to understand that great Home Rule controversy, the present cause of division between parties.

The debate on Privilege, the debate on the Address, and the debate on the Parnell Commission, have been at last brought to an end. The way is now clear for the House of Commons to address itself to business.

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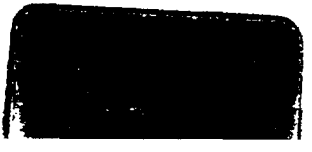

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